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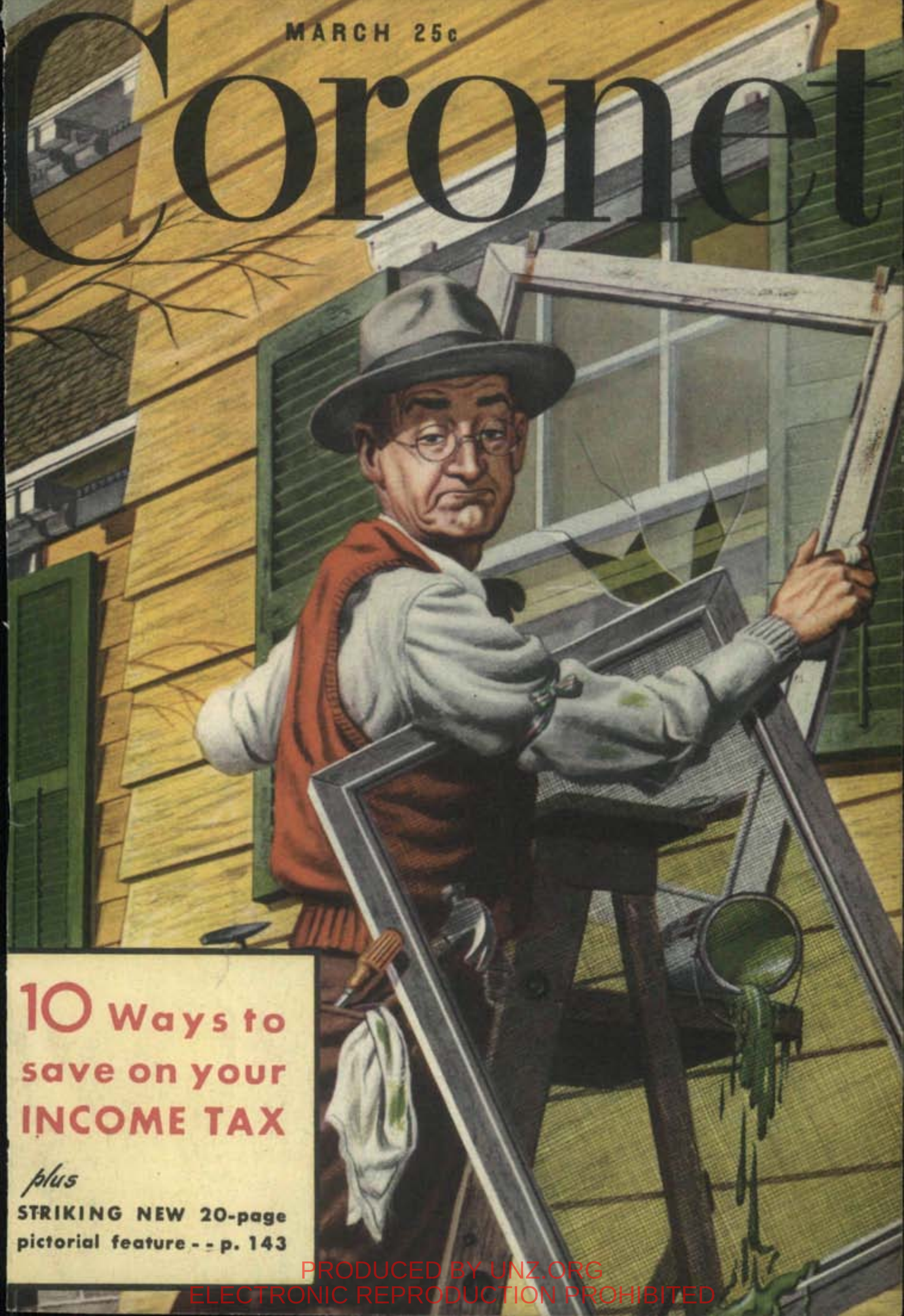
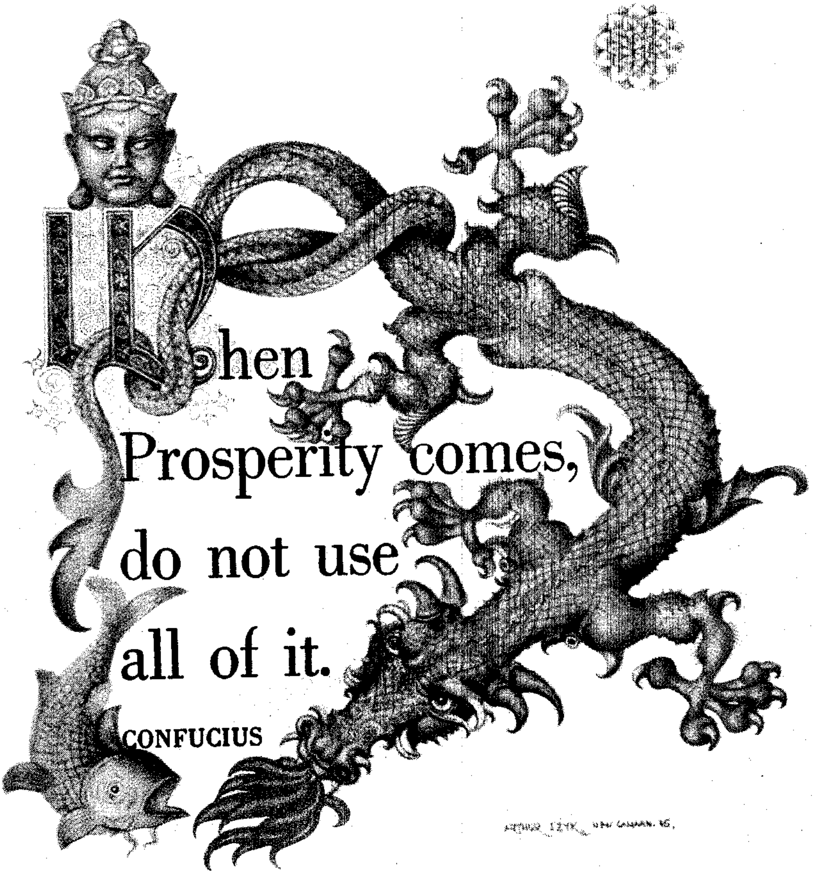


10 Ways to save on your INCOME TAX

plus

STRIKING NEW 20-page pictorial feature - - p. 143



When Prosperity comes, do not use all of it.

CONFUCIUS

The dragon, prominent in Chinese legend, dominates Arthur Szyk's interpretation of a proverb by Confucius. The head of Buddha, and the fish—Christian symbol of faith—suggest that faith in God is a common denominator for all mankind. This is another in Coronet's series of illuminated proverbs.

Vol. 21, No. 5 Coronet March, 1947

Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

10 Ways to Save on Your Income Tax

by J. K. LASSER

MY BUSINESS IS SAVING people money on their income taxes. Each year as March 15th nears, I talk personally with hundreds of men and women from all walks of life about their indebtedness to Uncle Sam. In addition, through my books, my associates and university contacts, thousands of tax problems are dropped in my lap.

Out of years of experience, I have learned one startling fact: *about seven of every ten Americans overpay on their income tax, often through ignorance or carelessness.*

Millions of men and women—including lawyers, accountants and seasoned business and professional men—come close to being ignoramuses on income-tax matters. Some make a feeble attempt to read the fine print on the Treasury's instruction sheets, but usually the tax return is filled out on the doubtful basis of scanty information or misinformation gleaned from past years when the revenue laws were different, or when the taxpayer enjoyed a different economic status.

The situation is further involved by the fact that ignorance of tax laws breeds timidity. People are afraid to make deductions that are both valid and justified. Yet, the Treasury Department doesn't want tax dollars to which it is not entitled, as witness the 30 million refunds in 1945 amounting to almost one and a half billion dollars in overpayments. The government makes every effort to correct obvious errors and refund the money to grateful customers. But the boners that I come across in thousands of cases are *not* apparent on the face of the returns. They remain forever

Vol. 21, No. 5; Whole No. 125. Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 per year in advance; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U.S.A.

undiscovered and uncorrected.

Do they cost the taxpayer real money? They do, indeed. On an income of $2,500, you can easily overpay $70; on an income of $5,000, the figure may rise to $165; and on a $10,000 income, overpayments as high as $600 are not unusual. In fact, even a modest income of $1,000 can be overpaid 28 per cent!

For this article I have selected 10 questions, under which I have grouped common tax boners that account for a big share of the overpayments. Even "experts" fall into one or more of these traps. So if you are just the "average" taxpayer, it will pay you to keep the list handy, and check it carefully as you fill out your tax form for the March 15th deadline.

1. *Did you choose the right form?*

Consider Bill Smith, whose salary is $4,500 but whose obligations, including taxes on his home, interest on his mortgage, and contributions to charity total $900. Smith can overpay $99, merely by picking the wrong form! Too many of those who receive the short form (W-2) from their boss at the end of the year, fill it out without question.

Actually, it pays to use W-2 if your deductions are less than 10 per cent of your gross income. But in border-line cases, where your deductions are just above 10 per cent, you should figure your tax on both the short and long forms, to see which is cheapest. Of course as your percentage of deductions gets considerably higher, it always pays to use the long form (1040).

2. *Did you use the "standard deduction" correctly?*

You are allowed a standard deduction of 10 per cent of adjusted gross income (the total you earn less legitimate expenses) up to $500. Yet many persons blithely ignore the standard allowance where it would save money while others blandly accept it when it would be cheaper to list *all* legitimate deductions and subtract the total figure.

Mrs. Jones was a married woman with an income of $2,000, but no deductions. Eagerly she took advantage of the 10 per cent standard deduction of $200. But her pleasure vanished when it developed that, as a result, her husband, whose gross income was $5,000 with deductions totaling $1,000, was also obliged to use the standard 10 per cent. The $500 he was able to subtract gave the couple a total of $700 in deductions. The $300 extra deduction would have paid for the new washing machine they wanted.

Then there was the traveling salesman with an income of $5,000 in commissions. His auto and travel expenses of $500 came out of his own pocket. With no other deductions, he reported his $5,000 income, took the standard $500 deduction and two exemptions applicable to his particular case. His total tax was $694. You should have seen his face when I told him he could have saved $90 of that amount! All he needed to do was subtract his $500 in legitimate business expenses, take a standard deduction of $450 on the balance of $4,500 in adjusted gross income and his tax would have come to $604.

3. *Did you take all your exemptions?*

A neighbor of mine pulled a three-way error on this one. Like many of us, he had a boy just back from the Army and at college. Because the boy was over 21 and was receiving some compensation from the Army, my neighbor wrongly decided that he could not list the young veteran as an exemption. It turned out to be a $200 decision—the difference on the total tax bill.

A younger son, Tom, had played a saxophone at the country club during the summer and earned $520 toward a new car. That was exactly $21 too much, for by earning more than $500, Tom was not an exemption and my neighbor was out another $200. Had he warned Tom to keep his earnings under $500, he might have completed the car deal for Tom with the tax saving.

Finally, to top it all, my neighbor was told that his wife's niece, whom he also supported, was *not* a bona-fide exemption. It seems he had filed an individual return rather than a joint return with his wife, who had no income. He should have added his wife's name to the return and signed it. But he didn't.

Another friend of mine failed to take all his exemptions for dependents, because he erroneously believed they had to live with him to be eligible. Still another friend thought the last day of the year determined the dependency status. Not so. Here is the rule:

A dependent is any person in the proper relationship, regardless of age or physical or mental condition, who received more than one-half of his or her support from you during the year, and whose own gross income was less than $500.

4. *Have you excluded all non-taxable income?*

For years, a widow mistakenly paid taxes on a pension received from her late husband's employers. In other cases, men and women pay too much tax by including proceeds from health, accident and life-insurance policies. Recently I was able to advise a man to exclude funds from endowment policies until he had recovered their entire cost.

And so it goes. Because an apartment-house superintendent was required to be on the premises constantly, an apartment was supplied his family. He paid a rent of $60, not knowing that this arrangement was costing him annually a tax overpayment on $720. Had he arranged, instead, to receive $60 less salary each month, he would have effected a real tax saving.

The rule is that an employee has no income when he accepts services for the convenience of his employer.

Yet many employees of hotels, resorts and restaurants are in the same position as the apartment-house superintendent. Under such circumstances, board and lodging is not taxable as income.

5. *Have you taken all the business deductions to which you are entitled?*

The short tax form W-2, which

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employers give to each employee as a statement of salary paid and withheld during the year, is so simple and alluring that thousands fill it out automatically—*and thereby overpay*. The tax on these forms is computed by the government by a table that allows 10 per cent of income for presumed deductions. Often, where there are legitimate business deductions, tax economy would dictate using longer forms.

All business expenses are deductible. And in addition, you can still take a standard deduction, whether or not you have any actual non-business deductions.

What are deductible business expenses? A Chicago plumber found he could deduct living costs incurred while traveling to work in other cities. A teacher forgot to deduct her expenses for attending a teachers' convention. Many salesmen are paid travel costs but not expenses for ordinary living on the road. Such men can deduct meals, rooms, etc., when not reimbursed by the company.

In the past year alone, I have encountered cases varying all the way from a baseball player who neglected to deduct the cost of uniforms furnished by himself, to a union member who did not realize his dues were business expenses. A nurse overlooked the cost of laundering uniforms. A railroad engineer had not thought about hotel costs while away from home.

6. *Have you deducted all medical expenses?*

If your dependent has an income of more than $500, you cannot claim an exemption. Remember my neighbor whose boy earned $520 playing a saxophone? Yet regardless of your dependent's income, if you contribute more than half of his support, *including* medical expenses, you can deduct the medical expenses. Incredibly, my neighbor, with three tax boners already under his belt, didn't know this either.

As a result, when his saxophone-playing son was injured while playing football and required expensive hospitalization, he assumed wrongly that since he was not able to claim his son as an exemption, he could not deduct the hospital costs, either.

Even men whose circumstances are less involved overpay on medical expenses. Another father whose son was sick kept track of medical costs carefully, down to the last roll of bandage. Yet for all his care, he managed to make not one, but two mistakes, each resulting in overpayment on his income tax.

First, he did not deduct costs for the required traveling with his boy from their California home to a clinic in Minnesota. And second, though he received his medical bills almost at the end of the year, he paid them all before December 31. Only when he calculated his tax did he realize he had exceeded the maximum limit for medical deductions. If he had deferred some of the bills until after January 1, they would have become part of his legitimate medical deductions for the next year.

Many people are unaware that wide latitude is allowed in medical deductions. All the following, for instance, can be properly included:

Nurses' board; dentures, crutches, eyeglasses, hearing aids, wheel chairs; ambulance hire, hydrotherapeutic baths and even a gym course, if prescribed; premiums for health and accident policies.

7. *Have you made all possible deductions for contributions and taxes?*

Many people deduct as contributions only those payments made in cash. But the total may swell considerably if you recall the instances where you gave away property, for you can deduct the fair-market value of any such gift.

A man who returned from Army service considerably heavier than when he enlisted gave away all his old civilian clothes to a charitable organization. He was amazed when I said that this was a deductible contribution. His wife had earlier given some furniture to a child-welfare auction. This too was deductible. I know several men who carry insurance policies made out to their churches. All such premium payments are charitable deductions.

In deductions for real-estate taxes, a common error arises in situations similar to that of the Stevens family. Their home was owned in Mrs. Stevens' name, yet Mr. Stevens always paid the taxes. And since they chose to file separate income-tax returns, neither was able to take the deduction. Had they filed a joint return, they could have taken the deduction—or Mrs. Stevens could have paid the tax herself and taken it. As it was, they overpaid year after year.

8. *Have you any casualty losses which can be deducted?*

In the case of one extremely unlucky man, a single year left his home damaged by a storm and much of his shrubbery ruined by blight. Moreover, his car was stolen by thieves and recovered in a wrecked condition.

Jones realized, too late, that all these losses, not covered by insurance, could have been deducted from his tax return! Jones paid $400 tax that year—but he would have gotten off scot-free had he known the rules.

Here is a list of deductible losses that you can afford to consult when you make your tax return this year:

Fire loss—damage to or destruction of your furniture, automobile, clothing, home and other personal property.

Losses due to natural causes—damage by hurricane, tornado, heavy rains, freezing, lightning, floods, shipwreck, sinking of land, earthquake, tidal wave, disturbances below the earth's surface, ice pressure, damage to trees on residential property caused by ice and sleet, damage to trees, shrubs, etc. by drought (sale of land is not necessary to determine the loss).

Automobile casualty—damage to your car from wreck caused by icy road, collision caused by faulty driving when it is not due to your willful negligence. But damages paid and expenses of defending suit for damages for your negligence in operating a pleasure car are not casualty losses.

Damage to your home or grounds from explosion of boiler, damage to pipes following freezing, blasting.

Theft of your cash, jewelry, automobile, furniture, clothing and other personal property.

9. *Have you timed your business transactions properly?*

Often, you can control the time element in your income, your losses and your deductions. Suppose you are about to sell property. You have had an exceptionally good income year, and now you are wondering whether timing can make any difference, taxwise. It can indeed!

If you are selling at a loss, by all means arrange for closing this year; it will cut your taxes. But if you are selling at a profit, consider the advisability of postponing the closing to next year, when your income may be less or the tax-rate lower.

10. *Have You Kept Posted on Tax Regulations?*

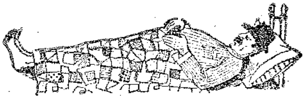
Continually I find cases where people are overpaying in accordance with regulations no longer in effect. So try to keep up with the ever-expanding tax world. If your income is large or your transactions complex, consult a tax expert. But keeping posted on everyday problems is a part of everybody's job.

When problems arise for which you lack the answer, call on an experienced adviser. And likewise, if you are about to embark on an important enterprise, consult your adviser *before* negotiations start.

No one likes to pay too much for anything, but somehow overpayment of income taxes hits most of us in a particularly tender spot. Our reaction is emphasized when we see how much these foolish little errors mean in dollars and cents. Yet remember that seven out of ten of us do make these errors every year—and consequently overpay!

Next month, Coronet will present a sequel to this article. Appearing after March 15, "You Can't Beat the Tax Collector!" will disclose the various ways in which Treasury sleuths track down the unwary citizen who tries to get away with faking his income-tax return.

Facts of Life



A New Englander who reached the age of 105 said he felt his long life was partially due to his habit of sleeping with his hat on.

Interviewed on his 100th birthday, a French citizen attributed his long life to the fact that he slept with his head toward the North Pole, which allowed the magnetic currents free play through his entire body and kept him in tune with the infinite.

Explaining his exceptional life span, a Chicagoan said, "Whenever a doctor gave me a prescription, I translated it to mean a glass of beer."

A resident of Yorkshire, England, who claimed he was 169 years old, said he had kept healthy by following a strenuous daily exercise schedule which included swimming, running, and chopping down trees. But he admitted tapering off just after he reached 165.—Myrick E. Land

The warm generosity and good will of America's children have won the hearts of Europe's less-fortunate youngsters

YOUNG HANDS

Across the Sea

by Otto Zoff

THANKS TO INTERNATIONAL relief organizations, the war-weary little orphans at the public home in Otwoch, Poland, were eating regularly. They had a roof over their heads; once in a while clothing was issued to them; there was medical attention now, as well as recreation. But still, the orphans were ragged and none too cheerful. Obviously, these pathetic waifs needed special attention.

Soon, that aid was forthcoming. Word of the Polish children's plight reached a group of New York City boys and girls. Within a fortnight several bundles bulging with clothes were packed and shipped overseas. Into every bundle went a warm personal message, a message abounding in friendliness and understanding.

The Polish youngsters, deeply stirred, replied promptly. "We needed clothes badly," they wrote the New York children. "Even more we needed to be remembered. You in America remembered about us. Now we feel that we are no longer alone."

Because of America's "remembering" children, many other youngsters in Austria, Norway, France, Italy, the Low Countries, Czechoslovakia and the Balkans share that sentiment today. For thousands of American kids from Bangor to Honolulu are collecting supplies and sending packages of food, clothing, toys, books, vitamin concentrates and other desperately needed items to the children of the Old World. More than 1,000,000 boxes have been acknowledged since the war ended in Europe, and the work of America's schoolchildren is still expanding.

These Good Samaritans of the Atomic Age are boys and girls who operate in independently organized local groups, providing relief on a school-to-school and child-to-child arrangement. In Milwaukee, 215 grammar-school youngsters devoted 2,142 hours to repairing toys and preparing notebooks for one European school. In New England, a seven-year-old, having gathered supplies for a gift package, labored long and pensively over a message to accompany his contribution. Toiling with tongue out and pencil firmly gripped, he scrawled in big letters: "From our house to your house with love."

As a little girl in a Midwestern community proved, the gifts can be unusually bulky. Learning of an agency which sends farm animals to Greece, she persuaded her parents to donate a horse. Then she had to write a letter to the future owners. "My horse and I cried a lot last night," she confessed, "because we had to say good-bye. But I am glad you will get him. He is the nicest horse in the world."

High-school students at Manchester, New Hampshire, saw a newspaper item about a war-ravaged European school and decided to raise funds to buy new equipment. First, they contributed part of their daily lunch allowances, then imposed fines on themselves when caught chewing gum in classroom. Within a week they had accumulated $380. Still dissatisfied, they raffled off prizes ranging from blind dates to the football used in the Thanksgiving game. When the drive ended, $800 was available for their good-will purchases.

These enterprises are carried out by the youngsters themselves, with a minimum of adult interference. The children go about their projects with a fervor and ingenuity which few elders can match.

Horace Mann-Lincoln High School of Teachers College in New York went into the show business, writing and producing a musical comedy which netted $400. At Elizabeth Irving High School and the experimental Little Red School House in Greenwich Village, students took on the responsibility of outfitting boys and girls in a public school in Florence, Italy. Youngsters at Shady Hill School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, shipped 400 pairs of shoes to children in Czechoslovakia, which had been a center of shoe manufacturing before the war.

Adults who take part in the young people's conferences are tolerated because sometimes their suggestions are helpful. For example, the American Youth for World Youth, a federation of 3,000 school and camp organizations, makes recommendations as to what to send and where to send it. Combs, toothbrushes, washcloths, safety pins and hairpins, handkerchiefs and hair brushes were sent last year. And each gift was accompanied by a personal letter.

THE AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS operates on a more impersonal basis. With the help of some 20,000,000 youthful members throughout the nation, the society has delivered thousands of tons of supplies to Europe. A boy in Plainfield, New Jersey, donated a package with the request that the recipient write to him. Within a month he was exchanging letters with a boy in the Netherlands, to the envy of his grade-school class.

This personal touch in international relief has led to a world-wide child-to-child relationship which creates awe and respect in even the most hardened career diplomat.

Letters carry such illustrated intelligence as crayon drawings, ink sketches and snapshots of Our Dog, Our House, My School, the corner of Main and Locust Streets and other facets of community life. There may be picture postcards showing the Nebraska capitol at Lincoln, the Golden Gate, a Chicago skyscraper, or an air view of the Smoky Mountains. Such bits of Americana elicit equally informative mail about places overseas.

Examples of "I-did-it-myself" craftsmanship are more meaningful as tokens of friendship than store-bought items. That is why church organizations say, "Send them things people donate to you, of course, but still better, send them things made with your own hands."

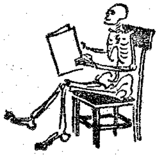
Yet when money is needed to purchase items like dried milk and dehydrated foods, the youngsters begin by organizing their own school committees, each usually composed of two children and a grownup. Then the entire school embarks on projects. Older girls make trips to near-by farms to buy produce for canning in domestic-science classrooms. Other children visit factories to see how playthings are assembled and repaired.

Occasionally you may see boys and girls canvassing from door to door for old clothes, shoes and other attic plunder. Chances are these children are volunteer workers for the Save the Children Federation, which sponsors "Bundle Days" in many communities. When a representative of the Federation returned from Europe with eyewitness accounts of what the clothes had meant there, numerous schools decided to "adopt" or sponsor overseas schools as a continuing activity.

American youngsters are better propagandists than their parents. Tales reaching Europe about interracial strife in the United States are offset by letters which directly or indirectly describe the melting pot of populations in America. And on one occasion, Czechoslovakian children, misconstruing reports of a sugar shortage in the United States and Canada, hastened to do something about it. There is no such shortage in Czechoslovakia, so the schoolchildren sent sugar to their friends in America.

Here was proof that children abroad were truly grateful for being remembered the year-round by America's gift kids. ●

Bedside Manner



THE DOCTOR'S SON was 12 years old and had a vivid imagination. When he put it to work, his father's professional reputation sometimes suffered. One day the boy invited a playmate into the house and they discovered a skeleton—relic of the physician's medical school days—in the closet of the consultation room.

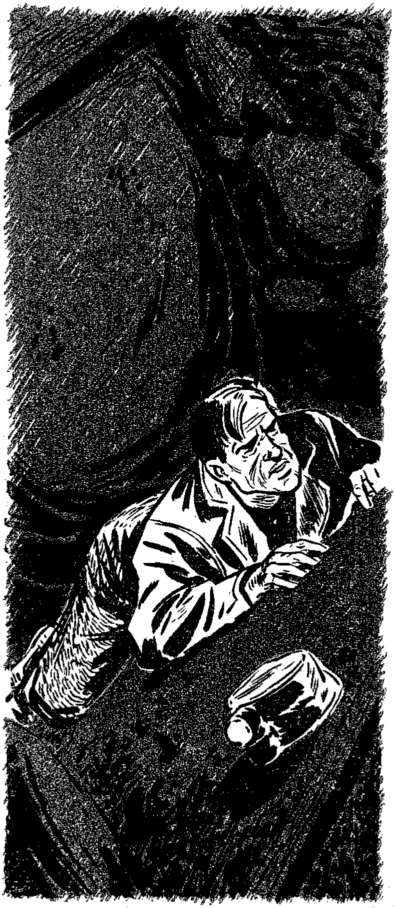
"Gosh! What's that?" asked the young visitor.

"Oh, that," said the doctor's son. "That's Dad's first patient."

—*Is There a Doctor In the House*, by DR. FRANCIS LEO GOLDEN

The Death of Floyd Collins
—an American Saga

by **Scott Hart**



For 17 days, a nation tense with excitement watched the epic battle for the life of an obscure man trapped in a sand cave

IT WAS SURELY A HUMAN voice coming from the black, lonely entrance to Sand Cave in the rolling Kentucky countryside. A hillsman aimlessly strolling in late January, 1925, heard it, stopped, and listened hard.

Another man came up. He crawled on his belly like a snake into the blackness under the earth. The voice became a mingling of groan and appeal. The hillsman recognized it now. His friend, Floyd Collins, who was always prowling under-earth in search of new cavern wonders, was trapped.

In the blackness of the narrow imprisoning gallery, some 60 feet down from sunlight, Collins lay with a seven-ton boulder on his foot. A day and a night before he had crawled in, exploring, and had found a marvelous coliseum, a breath-taking new cavern. And in crawling up from this, his foot dislodged the great boulder. He was caught now in the narrow passage, so low that none but a small man could work in the place where he was pinned. Rocks, gravel and mud covered him to the hips, hindering rescue.

Alarm rang like a bell across the cave country. Floyd's brothers, Homer and Marshall, crawled in with an oilcloth to shield him from the cold. They covered him with a blanket and gave him food. His father stood ankle-deep in mud at the black hole, listening for any sound from inside. Neighbors came with anxious faces and stood in the quiet winter cold. A pot of coffee boiled on a blazing fire.

Inside, the brothers, lying in mud, heated the rock with torches to soften it for hacking, but this proved futile. Time passed under the slow monotonous drip of water from the soggy roof. Exhaustion lay heavily on the trapped man. Once he muttered he would sleep until they got him out. By Sunday, the third day, almost in panic, he asked them to drag him out, tearing off the foot if they had to. But amputation of Collins' leg was impossible in the tight gallery.

The pain in his foot grew unbearable. The movement of even a toe agonized his whole body. Then someone gave him whisky and a sudden warmth roamed through him. He talked and fell unconscious or asleep.

The rescuers grew increasingly apprehensive. To reach Collins they must go single file down a 65-foot drop at a 60-degree angle, level off into a low tortuous passage for 20 feet, then descend another 50 feet to a passageway which in some places was only eight inches high. The way lay through cold mud and cutting rocks. They did what seemed the obvious thing: clawing at the debris about Collins, they passed it back, hand to hand, to the entrance, clearing him off to the knees. Outside, Marshall Collins, overcome by rescue attempts, lay on the ground in exhaustion.

Floyd now was entering the fifth day of entombment. The rescuers, still without precise knowledge of how the rock held his foot, feared that any attempt to move it might unsettle the gallery roof and bring death not only to the trapped man but to themselves. So far, only a homemade rescue had been undertaken, joined in by the family and friends. Their efforts had been heroic, unrelenting, but haphazard.

Now the State of Kentucky felt the captive's horror. A detachment of militia moved to the scene to keep order. Eight members of the National Guard were sent into the mine. Crack miners from Southern pits hurried in. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad dispatched trains and specialized workmen to the cave. A local banker set a rescue fund in motion. Outside the cave, in the mud and cold, the landscape looked like the rear of a battlefront, with pitched tents and milling people.

BEYOND KENTUCKY, all America suddenly began to watch the cave. Correspondents and news photographers rushed in to tell the world of one man's hideous torment. It was something that could be understood, for Floyd's torture was rooted in the dread of being buried alive. Every individual could feel the breath of this unknown man fighting for air.

Telegraph wires brought the inevitable messages of hope and advice. From Schenectady: "Suggest working heavy iron hook with long shank under Collins' foot; pull on shank of hook with tackle until foot is torn loose." From Washington, D. C.: "Be courageous, calm and don't worry; trust in God and all will be well."

Feverish, uncertain accounts spread now as to how Floyd fared. Lieut. Robert Burdon of the Louisville Fire Department crawled bruised and wet from the cave to say he had negotiated the entire distance to Collins and found bottles of coffee and packages of food strewn along the way, lost by rescuers who never reached their man. Some reached him, however, and of one he asked a gallon of milk.

Now it looked possible to chip away the rock that held the foot. William Burke ("Skeets") Miller, reporter for the Louisville *Courier-Journal* who was later to win a Pulitzer prize for his coverage of the story, had for days crawled unendingly to Collins. He believed he could cut the stone enough to insert his head and shoulders under it and release the foot.

Then, before the plan could work, the roof fell in on the last straight 20-foot level. Now Collins was separated from his rescuers.

Again Miller squirmed in. A barricade had formed, two feet thick. Miller looked at the barricade. It was of soft rock and earth. Suddenly Homer Collins entered. Frantic now, he began flailing at the barricade. Rock and debris fell. Fearing an avalanche, Miller managed to make him leave.

They supported the roof with 100 feet of lumber, then cut through the barricade and passed the dirt and rock out by hand. They hung an electric light bulb around Floyd's neck and put heated pads on his body. His nerve was strong. He thought he would survive.

But he was noticeably failing now. Five days and six nights had passed. With each spell of loneliness, when the rescuers were out of sight and sound, came the terror. He asked them, incessantly, not to leave him.

The dauntless Miller, the hard miners, crawled back through the cold mud into the cave. Rescue seemed almost a matter of hours. Then word flashed out: all traces of a cave had been obliterated 45 feet from Collins. The floor itself had uplifted. Floyd was cut off.

Perhaps Collins was crushed. Maybe his air supply was gone. In any event, he would surely starve or die of thirst unless speedily reached. Working now like whipped slaves, miners sank a shaft from above. But two days would be required to reach him. And even this final resort might precipitate an avalanche carrying rocks, miners and all into such an abyss as Collins had mentioned discovering near the spot of his entombment.

MEANWHILE, IN THE midst of enlarging calamity, the scene by the cave grew wilder. Automobiles came in streams with license tags from 20 states. The scene was a frayed inventory of wire cable, lumber, picks, hammers, coffee pots and discarded overalls.

The banker cried for more relief funds. The Red Cross took over relief and the militia commander placed a guard over Homer Collins lest he try and return, now against hope, into the cave.

The dark wings of premonition came to haunt the scene. Mrs. Jeannie Collins, the stepmother, 65 and ill, appeared and told of a dream Floyd had had a week before the tragedy. He was in a tight place and rocks fell on him while ugly big things clawed him. He couldn't sleep afterward. "I'm not going in any more tight places," he had promised.

The dark tongue of slander also came. People whispered there was drinking among the rescuers; some asserted that relatives and friends of Collins had rejected outside suggestions for a rescue; some whispered that the whole thing was a hoax, a publicity stunt. And some even suggested that Collins had been murdered in the cave. As the shaft went down, a solemn inquiry heard witnesses and the Governor of Kentucky denounced the scandalmongers.

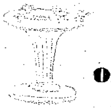
The miners at the shaft looked up one night and saw silhouetted against a campfire a slim outline of a 22-year-old girl. She was Collins' fiancee, who stared down at the straining miners. People looked at her and said, "That's why Floyd is holding on so."

There was nothing left to do but wait. Exactly two weeks had passed. In millions of American homes the suspense became personal, the sound of the miners' boring was an almost audible throb. The tension broke once—in Washington, D. C. There flashed a sudden report that Collins, down to 80 pounds, had been brought out alive. Business was upset for a day.

The miners dug deeper and deeper; and on the morning of February 14, word came that Collins could be heard breathing. A miner had penetrated close to him. The following day the miner bent over Floyd. Within calling distance, two physicians hovered. They asked the miner to feel for a pulse beat. There was none. They asked the miner to lift the eyelids. He couldn't do so; the eyes were sunken too deep. The miner was looking on the dead face of Floyd Collins. The 17-day national battle for one obscure human life had ended.

People came to the funeral on lazy-eyed mules and in every sort of automobile, a stream of sorrowing Sunday-dressed people of the cavelands who knew what Floyd, their neighbor, had suffered. Now most of the curiosity seekers were gone, so they massed the choirs of their three churches and sang their old hymns. A preacher told them simply that God had wanted it the way it turned out. A dim February sun came out.

There was no use trying to take the body from the cave. Too many people could get hurt. So they filled in the cave with timbers and cement, blasted the great boulders into a strong seal on the grave. As they finished, the thunder roamed and died off in the hills. It was the end of a curious but typically American saga.



The Magic of Water

Simon Benson, noted Oregon lumberman, noticed that his loggers were not up to par after their week ends in Portland. Hoping to encourage them to drink fewer alcoholic beverages and more water on these visits, Benson presented the city of Portland with bronze drinking fountains. Soon after installation of the fountains, local saloons reported that business had fallen off 30 per cent.—Marilynn Moehlenbrock

Beware of the JEWELRY GYPS!

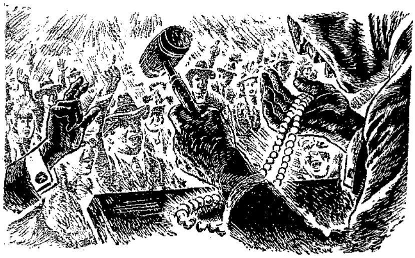
by LAWRENCE LADER

Don't fall for the glib sales talk and dishonest claims of gem swindlers who prey on the ignorance of their buyers

A WEALTHY CALIFORNIA woman recently met a South American businessman at a cocktail party. For a week he took her everywhere—the theater, night clubs, dancing. Then he received a telegram to rush home.

Short on cash, he offered to sacrifice his diamond ring for $1,000. The woman took it to her appraiser, found it was worth twice the price and promptly gave the money to the businessman. But a little later, when she wanted to sell the diamond, it turned out to be nothing but glass. The South American had switched rings at the last second.

A Chicago woman saved for months to buy her husband a gold ring. The first day he wore it he struck his hand against a door. The ring broke. It was made of brass.



A New York man found a diamond ring at a Bowery dealer's that seemed to be identical with one priced far higher at his Fifth Avenue jeweler's. But when he tried to sell the ring later he discovered it was full of flaws and worth next to nothing.

In Seattle, a dealer offered jewelry set with "Laska Diamonds." But when the Federal Trade Commission investigated the store, it found that the "diamonds" were merely hematite, or iron ore.

All these true stories are typical of the jewelry swindles that loot the pockets of Americans every day. Thousands of cases are listed at the Federal Trade Commission in Washington and in police departments and Better Business Bureaus in our cities. Every week, more and more people are being fleeced in an ancient racket that is now rapidly growing into a modern big business.

The gyps find new suckers with terrifying ease.

In the fiscal year 1945-46, the American people spent more than $1,340,000,000 on jewelry, with the world-wide sale of rough diamonds alone topping $100,000,000. Flush with war savings, men and women rushed to buy any kind of necklace, ring or pendant they could lay hands on, although they knew nothing about true values.

During 1947, thousands more will join the sucker list. The reason is simple. When you buy a suit or dress, you know the cloth, style and color you want. If you purchase furniture or a radio, you voice your exact specifications. But 99 out of 100 people have no more knowledge of a diamond than the fact that it sparkles, no more knowledge of a sapphire than the fact that it's blue.

HERE ARE A FEW of the traps waiting for you. In the last few years the market has been flooded with synthetic gems. Up to 10 per cent of all rubies imported from India are imitations. Dr. A. E. Alexander, expert appraiser of the Gem Trade Laboratories in New York, runs across them constantly. Men and women who have paid large prices bring him jewels which turn out to be "pastes" or "doublets"—a sliver of real diamond or sapphire cleverly pasted on a base of glass or lead.

Consider the "contract" racket. You are working in a factory with a steady job. The swindler meets you at lunch one day, shows you a glittering diamond pendant—something you've always wanted to give your wife. With quick sales talk he gets you to put $25 down on the $250 total price and sign a contract for the rest. Now you're hooked! Even if you discover the pendant is worth only half the price, you must still fulfill the contract. And if you raise a fuss, the swindler threatens to go to your boss and attach your pay check.

Maybe you have eyed an inexpensive ring in the window of one of those fly-by-night jewelry stores you see around town. Before you know it, the clerk has talked you out of the $25 ring in the window and into a small down payment on the buy-of-the-week. "Just $10 down" he says. "Just $10 down and a whole year to pay the balance of $150." Later, when you realize you have been a sucker, it's too late. The signed contract will have to be paid to the last installment.

Beware of the "auction" racket. At a sidewalk gallery a necklace sparkles. Bidding starts low. But the moment a few suckers like yourself join in, accomplices in the crowd start raising the ante. Before you know it you have paid a $10 deposit on the necklace, and now you're stuck.

Then there's the "confidence game," that's as old as Methuselah. During the war gem swindlers worked it with new twists. Using a pretty girl as an accomplice, they fleeced lonely GIs by the dozens. The girl would meet the GI on furlough, just before he went overseas. After seeing him constantly for a week, she could usually push him into an engagement. When he went to buy the ring, the girl offered to introduce him to a friend who could "get it wholesale." The GI not only forked over $150 or more for a piece of glass, but a day later the girl usually disappeared.

These are the cases that fill police

blotters. But the commonest method of fleecing suckers is less sensational. A large company advertises: "Two large white diamonds set in white gold. Customary retail price: $145. Our net cost to you: $75." Dozens of small buyers, who may have $25 to $150 to spend, think they have found a bargain. They think they are getting a special wholesale price. Actually the company is nothing but a regular retail outlet, luring customers with misleading advertising.

Here are a few cases of "bait" advertising uncovered by the Federal Trade Commission. A New York company advertised rings of "10K yellow gold with ruby or sapphires"—but the stones were artificial. A Southern concern advertised rings of "solid, natural gold" and "natural yellow gold." Actually the descriptions were traps for suckers who thought the rings were of finest 24K gold.

One jewelry company called its rings "14K gold-plated." But this was a misleading slogan to make metal colored with gold seem like real gold. A New York jeweler offered cheap pendants with birthstones, listing the appropriate stone for each month, such as "garnet" or "topaz." Actually the stones were colored glass.

But the big swindlers have an even better racket. Suppose you have just finished dinner and are settling down for your evening's reading. An advertisement hits your eye: "Real dazzling diamonds. Set in solid 10K yellow gold. $7.95 each. Absolute money-back guarantee."

Sucker, beware! The diamond is nothing but a "chip"—a piece of the original stone thrown away as the cutter does his work. The 10K yellow gold is nothing but brass. Yet for every mail-order swindler exposed by the Federal Trade Commission, a dozen more spring up.

Just glance through some more advertisements. A Pennsylvania company offers a "full karat" diamond ring for $4.80. An Arizona advertiser offers a packet of "Arizona rubies" (garnets) for 50 cents. A jewelry store sings the praises of "a ring with 6 genuine diamonds" for only $10.95.

Small-time swindlers? Perhaps. The $5 to $10 that you throw away on these fakes may not break you, but that's one of the secrets of swindlers. Almost no one who gets stuck for such small sums is going to complain. Invariably, the sucker keeps his embarrassment to himself, thus making it easier for the gyps to reach into the pockets of other citizens.

The traffic in imitation rubies is also flourishing today. Synthetic stones made by a chemical process in the U.S. are exported to India. There they are mixed with rocks and washed until they are waterworn. Small amounts are then added to each shipment of real rubies from Indian mines. American importers are continually plagued with the job of spotting these imitations. Time and again the synthetic stones slip through, often passing as rubies until they are detected.

Although cultured pearls appeared on the market as far back as 1894, it was not until 1921 that Japanese scientists, experimenting with the lowly oyster, learned to produce them as round and lustrous as the genuine pearl. Gyps have made the most of this similarity. In window displays and advertisements, they have shouted the praises of "oriental pearls." They have vigorously campaigned to make the public believe that the cultured pearl and the genuine pearl are the same. Now the Federal Trade Commission has put its foot down. Any imitation must be clearly labeled with the word "cultured." But legal dodgers are keeping the racket alive.

Basic reason for the success of jewelry swindlers is the ignorance of the buying public, as typified by the Air Forces sergeant in India. Stumbling on a native with a bag of rubies to sell, he haggled over price until he had bought it for a few hundred dollars. Convinced he had made his fortune, the sergeant took his rubies to an appraiser. Every stone was red glass, taken from the smashed wing light of a plane on his own field!

But don't laugh at the sergeant. Run down the list of precious metals and gems and check your own knowledge. If you don't know the difference between 14K gold and 1/10 14K gold-filled, then start worrying. If you think topaz and topaz quartz are the same, or if you think German Silver has any silver in it, watch your step. Your name may soon be on a sucker list.

Public ignorance, however, reaches its peak in the field of diamonds. Only a seasoned expert can calculate a diamond's worth, yet day after day they are bought from gyp dealers as carelessly as groceries. In coloration, beware of unethical merchants who often misuse the description "blue white." A gemologist who recently examined 500 high-grade diamonds found only one with a trace of blue.

In cutting, the full-cut round diamond should have a total of 58 facets, all in proper relation to one another. Beware of the phrases "perfect cut" and "commercially cut," which are sometimes purposely misleading. In weight, diamonds are measured in karats. Yet even expressing value by karats can be confusing because small stones are not worth as much per karat as large stones, although color and brilliancy may be the same.

Yes, the swindlers have baited their traps, but there's no reason for you to fall into them if you act with intelligence. Reputable jewelers want you to get genuine gems at fair prices. Here are the rules they have drawn up to guide you in your buying:

1. Always consult an expert before purchasing expensive jewelry, unless you patronize a reliable jewelry store or dealer. The expert's opinion costs only a few dollars. If you don't know of an appraiser, inquire at any reputable jewelry store.

2. Stop, look and listen before falling for any scheme of buying jewelry. Don't make a down-payment unless you fully understand and approve the contract or have followed Rule 1.

3. Beware of rhapsodic advertisements or gaudy window displays. The only thing that counts is the jewelry itself, not the way it is presented.

4. Learn as much as you can about the jewelry you're buying. If seeking a sapphire, learn all about

color, characteristics and average price. The more you know about a gem, the less chance you have of being swindled.

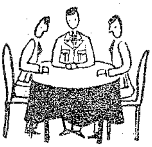
5. Most important of all, patronize only a reliable store or dealer. Contrary to popular impression, the largest and oldest shops charge no more for the same article than a fly-by-night credit house.

6. If someone does play you for a sucker, it's not smart to keep quiet. The Jewelers Vigilance Committee, founded to maintain high standards in the trade, should be informed about unethical dealers. Your local Better Business Bureau stands ready to help. In most cities, supervisory bureaus, like the Bureau of Weights and Measures in New York, have the power to prosecute swindlers.

Follow these rules, and you can enjoy the glittering splendor of the finest gems in the world. Disobey them, and sooner or later the unscrupulous jewelry swindlers will add your name to the fastest-growing sucker list in America.

In Loving Memory

It was at Leon and Eddie's that I encountered one of the most spine-chilling incidents of my entire life. The year was 1943 and in the audience were many men in uniform. Eddie Davis was entertaining, and the audience was screaming with laughter. That is, everybody but the people at one table next to me. There were three of them—a marine colonel, a corporal, and a private. They were watching Eddie with somber faces. The "boss" was in great form that night; the packed crowd was hysterical at his gags and songs—all but the solemn three at the table to my right. I couldn't take my eyes off them. I noticed that Eddie looked in their direction, too.



After the show, as I went over to compliment the 52nd Street minstrel on his great performance, I saw the colonel approaching us. "I enjoyed your show very much, Mr. Davis," he said.

"Well, you certainly didn't show it, sir," said Eddie.

"I feel you deserve an explanation," said the elderly officer. "There were 2,000 of us on Guadalcanal. We had been on the island for months. Our ammunition and food were getting very low, with no help in sight. The Jap snipers were picking us off daily. The only amusement we had was a copy of *Esquire* with pictures of Leon and Eddie's and all its gaiety.

"Every man on the island read that magazine at least 50 times. It was our only contact with home and fun. And on that island we all made a vow, from the smallest private to the commanding officer, that if any of us ever came out of this alive, we would all meet at Leon and Eddie's on our first day on American soil. So you see, Mr. Davis, there are only three of us left, and we were watching and enjoying the show for almost 2,000 dead marines."

—From *Gags to Riches*, by Joey Adams, published by Frederick Fell, Inc.

Operation Friendship

by **Lawrence Galton**

A former GI with an urge to be helpful has reunited hundreds of ex-servicemen and women with missing wartime buddies

FIRST, YOU HAVE TO GO through the restaurant—a famous one, Roth's Grill, on New York's Broadway. You walk past all the diners, then up a flight of stairs past two signs marked "To Rest Rooms," and "Veterans Address Exchange." The office is up there. It doesn't look like much; not even a sign on the door. . . .

The man with the ruptured duck in his lapel shuffled in, looked around despondently, then said to the husky young man behind the desk: "My name's Ventner. Guess you can't help me much. The War Department couldn't. Neither could the Red Cross."

"Suppose you tell me about—"

"It's like this," Johnny Ventner went on. "I'm back from overseas a month. In Germany, me and a buddy decided we'd go partners on a poultry farm when we got home. We saved dough, and together we got enough to swing the deal. But he got re-deployed ahead of me and I can't find him. All I know is he's from a small town in Indiana.

"Nice, eh?" he concluded. "All my life I want to do something. I get the money and find the right guy to do it with. Now I'm licked by an address!"

The young man behind the desk took out a card and pencil. "Okay," he said quietly. "Put your name and address down and as much as you know about where your buddy came from."

Two weeks later, Johnny Ventner had his man. Now the two buddies have their farm. And one more case in the files of the Veterans Address Exchange—or Operation Friendship, as it is often called—is completed.

VAE is unusual. Operating less than a year, it has united approximately 500 men and women who had lost touch with each other since service days. It has accomplished this without red tape, without a cent of cost to the searching parties. And it is essentially a one-man operation—the hobby (now grown into almost a full-time occupation) of an ex-GI with an urge to be helpful.

It began last June when Norton Roth, a 24-year-old ex-sergeant, came home after two years overseas and began managing his family's famous restaurant. It was inevitable that old buddies would come in to look him up. When they did, the talk invariably grew nostalgic. "Wonder," the boys harked back, "whatever happened to Joe?"

There was a lot of wondering about a lot of Joes. And some attempts to find them. From the attempts, Roth learned two things: a) that innumerable front-line friendships had been severed by accidents of war, re-deployment and discharge; b) that many vets who had tried tracing friends were lucky and found them through Roth's system, saving themselves the trouble of filing the detailed correspondence that is required by both the War and Navy departments.

Roth's idea jelled quickly. As a hobby he would keep a simple, informal registry where veterans, at no cost, could file names and addresses and get in touch with each other. Now Roth's files are bulging with 5,000 registrants. Although word-of-mouth and grapevine are his chief publicity mediums, every day brings some 100 letters, a dozen telegrams, and scores of phone calls.

A couple of girls who work in the restaurant serve as volunteer file and correspondence clerks, while people throughout the country—many of them non-veterans—have enlisted as address detectives in their respective areas. That is how Ventner finally got his buddy and his farm. Roth's letter to an Indiana volunteer dug up the missing man's address.

The variety of cases is endless. VAE has handled requests from veterans in every state trying to find friends who served on every war front. Buddies have been united from regions as far apart as Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and Dallas, Texas; Jacksonville, Florida, and Elizabeth, New Jersey; Taos, New Mexico, and "Dodgersville" (which is the way the applicant himself put it and which turned out, of course, to be Brooklyn).

One large group of seekers are men looking for fellows who saved their lives or helped them through rough spots when the going was tough. Like Jim Brady who, while operating a telephone exchange on Saipan, was almost bayonetted by infiltrating Japs. He is naturally anxious to find Arnie, the Kentucky sharpshooter whose bullets saved his life.

A boy in Brooklyn is looking for an ex-buddy from Chicago with whom he served as an MP in Italy. Purpose: to repay a loan. A surprising number of the men who come to Roth for assistance want to do exactly that.

And not at all unusual is the case of the ex-cavalry captain who, since discharge, has opened his own business and is trying to track down a sergeant who served under him and whom he wants as a star salesman.

"What excuses for being AWOL that character sold me!" the former captain recalls. "He could sell iceboxes to Eskimos. That's why I've got to locate the guy and put him to work."

Many cases involve the reunion of wartime buddies of opposite sexes. Nurses are often eager to locate former patients. There was the case of Jane and the wounded sergeant she treated in France and then lost track of when the war ended. Thanks to Roth and his Operation Friendship, that one had a happy ending, as all good romances should. But there are also many cases like Robbie's.

She wanted to find the paratrooper who lost his leg and had part of his face shot off and had more courage than any other wounded man she had ever known. The object was to see how he was doing as a civilian and to give him a pat on the back. He didn't need that pat, it turned out, but her visit was a shot in the arm anyhow.

When the inquirer is a WAC, the object is almost always the same. A beautiful one came in recently, trying to reach a staff sergeant she had known in New Guinea. The sergeant had been shipped home ahead of her. When she finally started home, the plane was forced down and in the accident her address book was destroyed. The exchange has reunited the pair and wedding bells will ring out soon.

VAE WILL DO EVERYTHING possible to reunite veterans. That's the purpose and the limit. The service is for veterans only. It welcomes inquiries from them. And also just their registrations.

Roth's hobby is growing larger every day. It may soon require a full-scale organization to keep up with the pouring mail and personal requests that it receives. Its founder feels, however, that he will be able to continue and enlarge his service for veterans. Any veteran—even if he is not presently looking for anybody—can register simply by writing to Norton Roth, 1599 Broadway, New York City 19. Then if anybody is seeking him, VAE's job is that much easier.

What does Roth get out of it all? "It has grown," he admits, "far beyond anything I had imagined. But so have the volunteer helpers. And the satisfactions. Take the case of the married service couple."

The wife was a WAC and the husband a member of a tank-destroyer unit. She was overseas in Paris and he was at the front. The husband was wounded and sent to a hospital in the south of France. The wife received orders sending her back to the United States, so she requested a short furlough to see her husband. But he had been shipped home for hospitalization.

The wife finally arrived in New York. Vainly she checked most of the Manhattan hospitals. Then she went to the VAE to leave her address on the chance that her husband some day might check in.

When she left VAE, her eyes were shining. A buddy of her husband had already left the wounded man's address—right in New York City.

"That kind of thing," says Roth, "is enough to make it all worth while, wouldn't you say?"

Most people would.

Good Timing

THE YOUNG HUSBAND had just arrived home from the office.

"What's the matter, darling?" he asked his wife. "You look flustered."

"Oh, I've had a dreadful day," she replied. "Baby cut his first tooth and then he fell and knocked it out."

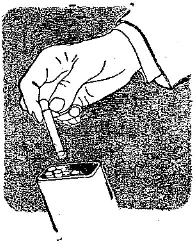
"Well, and then what happened?"

"Oh, darling," she answered in a shocked voice, "he said his first word."

—*Ariz-ed*

GLAMOUR in a Package

by **WALLACE W. ASHLEY**



The things you buy every day will soon be coming to you in luxurious new containers, at little or no additional cost

THE DAYS OF PAPER-PACKAGED cigarettes are numbered. In the not-too-distant future, most popular brands will be sold in lightweight metal containers which will retain their shape in your pocket until the last one is smoked. No more fumbling for crumpled cigarettes in a crumpled pack.

Do you find it tiring to lug home the daily groceries, packed in heavy tin cans and glass jars? Be patient: one metal manufacturer is coming out with aluminum cans to lighten your burden.

These are only two of the newest evidences of a quiet revolution that has been going on for some time. The upheaval in the commercial packaging industry was interrupted by the war, but new ideas in packaging, born out of the necessity of supplying our fighting men in the far corners of the earth, will soon be reflected in our everyday lives.

Fruits and vegetables will be sold like luxury items, scrubbed and polished and individually wrapped in transparent packages. Yet there will be no appreciable increase in price. The package is relatively inexpensive to begin with, and wholesalers count on increased sales and lower handling costs to make the "luxury touch" more than worth while.

Some coffee is getting ready to return to the paper bag—but a revolutionary type of bag. Vacuum packing, heretofore limited to cans and glass jars, will be utilized to retain the flavor. And it's quite possible that the coffee will be put up in four-ounce bags, enabling you to keep the balance of the pound sealed up until needed.

Something special for your best girl? Many gift articles will blossom out in transparent boxes, enhancing good looks and at the same time protecting them from damage. Boxes that until now have been reserved for orchids, gardenias and the like, will be manufactured by Monsanto Chemical and the Celanese Corporation, using materials produced by these companies and new fabricating processes that cut cost to a minimum.

Jewelry will be displayed in smaller but costlier transparent boxes made by Dow Chemical, appropriately tinted and in some cases quite ornate. The boxes will also be on display at the confectioner's, the hosiery shop or the cosmetics counter. Fine linens, too, will come in their own luxury container.

Packaging, obviously, has become a giant American industry, one that reaches into almost every other industry of our complex modern life. Its growth has paralleled the evolution in store sales methods. Once upon a time the housewife asked for salt, and took whatever the storekeeper handed her. Later she asked for a particular brand, because of advertising and satisfactory use.

Today, she sees several varieties on the shelf of a self-service market, and the package that promises the simplest handling at home is the one she takes. Or perhaps the one whose jacket has the most compelling eye-appeal. Walton D. Lynch, president of the Packaging Institute, sums it up thus:

"The spread of the supermarket has put a tremendous emphasis on packaging design. Each can or package has to compete with others on an appearance basis. Hence the number of producers who use packaging to sell their product is constantly increasing.

"But that is not the basic factor in this $3,000,000,000 industry. The essential value of packaging is fourfold: it guarantees cleanliness, it insures honest measure, it prevents substitution, and it cuts prices through simpler handling, easier inventory and wider distribution."

The biggest revolution in packaging is taking place in the frozen-food industry. Admittedly, the current package is not ideal. Its wax coating dulls the label, lessening eye appeal. Its moisture-vapor transfer is small but not small enough to satisfy meticulous producers.

Knowing that the field is wide open, package manufacturers are working night and day to capture the rapidly growing trade. Two leaders in the field are American Can and Reynolds Metal. The former has come up with a rigid fiberboard box with metal ends. Reynolds is pushing a semi-rigid container made entirely of aluminum foil, which costs more but permits faster freezing and will not disintegrate when defrosted in boiling water. Birdseye is testing both types in selected marketing areas.

Standard Cap & Seal has developed a package of laminated aluminum foil and paper which may upset quite a few packaging habits. What Standard has done is to obtain rigidity with a non-rigid package by developing a machine that employs a new principle. The package doesn't hold its contents in shape, nor do the contents perform such a service for the wrapper. Instead, air pressure pushes so hard against the outside of the package that the vacuum-packed coffee inside becomes brick-like.

The rigidity of the package is remarkable. But punch the interior bag with a sharp instrument and the "solid" becomes a pliable mass of pulverized coffee.

Some war-born substitutes are fast becoming permanent fixtures in the packaging world because they have proved popular with the consumer. A prime example is the quart "can" of motor oil, which appeared during the war in a new dress made of fiberboard between tin ends. Some paper-can manufacturers suggested these long ago, but oil companies said "No!" When the war forced the use of substitutes, the same petroleum companies experienced a change of heart.

ANOTHER CAUSE of package change is the increasing use of air transportation. Goodyear and duPont are among the leaders pacing the trend toward individual packaging and partial preparation of farm produce. Peas will be shucked, lettuce and celery trimmed, and waste material removed from other vegetables and fruits to reduce weight and transportation charges. The housewife will benefit by receiving farm products with a greater proportion usable, at lower cost.

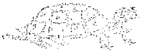
The over-all result of air transportation is that perishables will get into the consumer's hands in the freshest possible condition.

Packaging can accomplish some unexpected results, as the dairy industry will attest. Primarily to provide added protection for cheese, it was cut into quarter-, half- and one-pound units and enclosed in transparent wraps. But besides protecting the product and keeping the "aroma" in, the new wrapper boosted sales. The housewife discovered the low prices of many types of cheese that she had considered luxury items, and the clean, neat packages completed the sale.

Today, the packaging industry is set for a major war within its ranks, a battle royal chiefly between glass and tin. After tin went marching to war, followed by paper, the glassmakers found a wide-open field in front of them. When the two giants, American Can and Continental Can, are able to step up civilian production, they will find the glass-container manufacturers unwilling to close down production facilities added during the war.

At the moment, it is difficult to predict the winner. The glass men think you will want to see what you buy. The tin advocates are confident their cans are easier to handle in warehouse, store and pantry—and cheaper to manufacture.

In the long run, however, the consumer will decide the issue. The chances are the battle will end in a draw. Meanwhile, the industry as a whole marches on, doing its part on many fronts to advance our American standard of living.



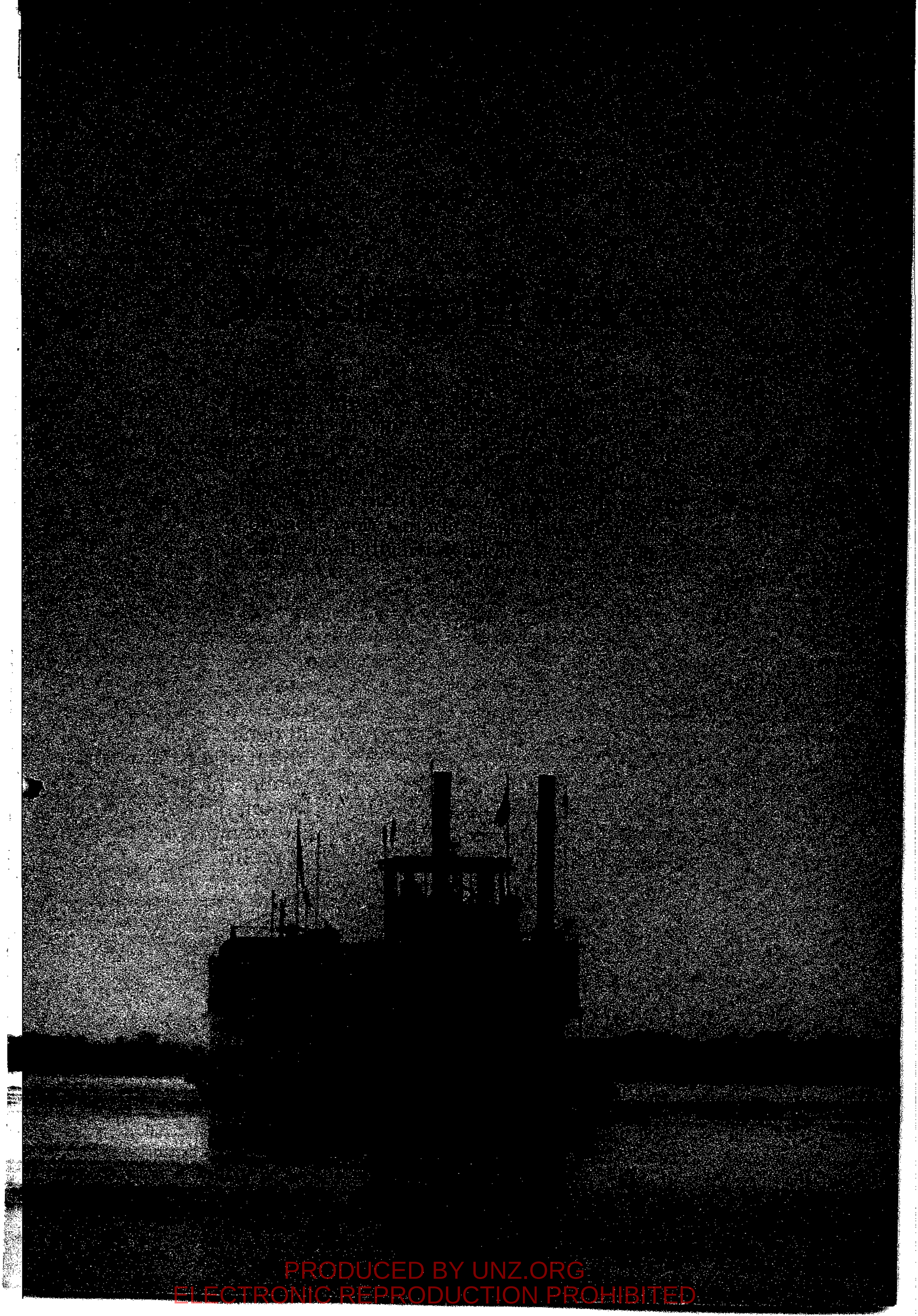
Sex of One, Half Dozen of the Other

IN THE OFFICE of the Dean of a strait-laced Eastern women's college, a second lieutenant appeared. The officers at Fort Dix were giving a dance, he said, and would the Dean allow some of the girls to attend?

The Dean thanked the lieutenant for the invitation and said she would allow a dozen of her best and most trustworthy students to attend.

The lieutenant hesitated.

"Would it be possible," he asked finally, "to send half a dozen of that kind and half a dozen of the other?"



The Mississippi from the pilot house of a steamboat. Beyond is the bridge at Vicksburg.

When the Mississippi Met Its Master

THE YEAR WAS 1811. Four years before, Robert Fulton had successfully steamed up the Hudson River on the *Clermont*. Now his associate, Nicholas Roosevelt, was heading West to try another steamboat, the *New Orleans*, on the untamed Mississippi. River men shook their heads. The big river, they said, would tear any man's steamer to shreds. But Nicholas Roosevelt, with his young wife and their new-born child, sailed down the Ohio and onto the Mississippi. And then nature herself seemed to flare up at Roosevelt's boldness; for just as the *New Orleans* started downstream, a violent earthquake* rocked the river. Roosevelt's carefully made plans were suddenly useless. Old channels were lost, landmarks disappeared, new lakes were formed. The river was as wild as the open sea. But the little steamer churned onward, and on January 12, 1812, reached the city of New Orleans. There, the crowds lining the banks went mad with joy. And somewhere on the docks an old man flung his hat in the air and shouted: "Old Missis-sipp' got her master now!"

Roosevelt's steamboat had tamed the river. After him came the great days of showboats, and the busy tourist trade taking Americans to the heart of Mississippi country—on tours like the colorful one recorded for you on the following pages.

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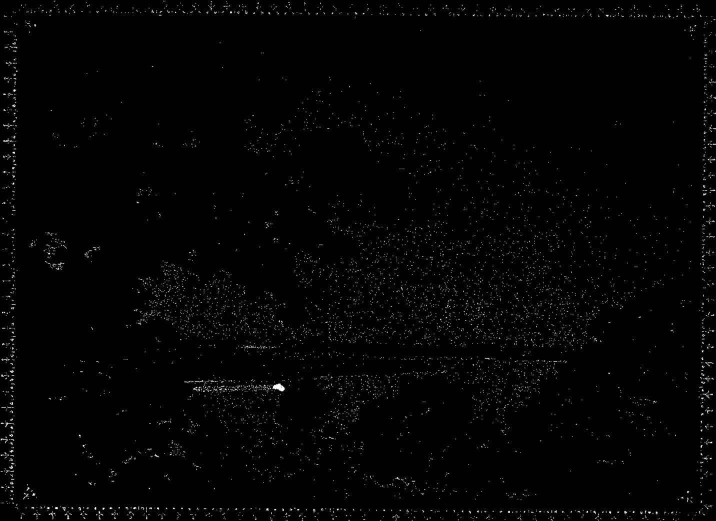
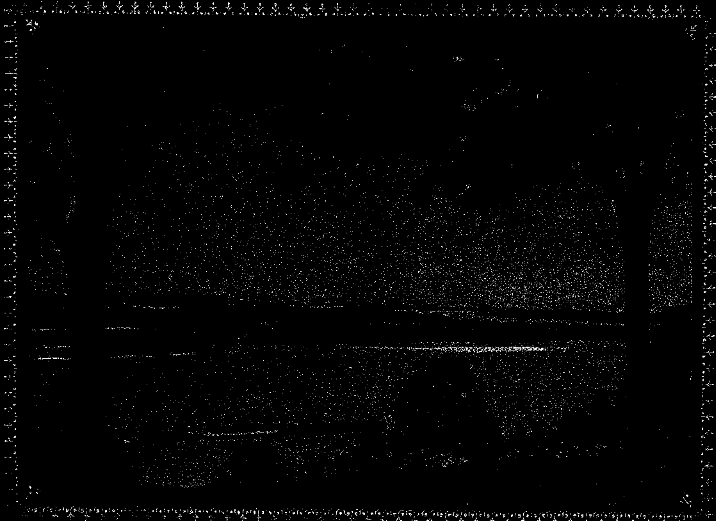
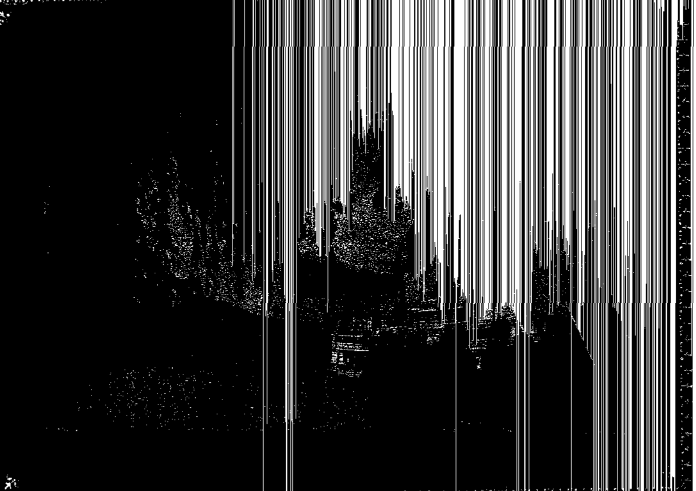
*See *Year of the Great Quakes*, CORONET, Dec., 1946



Down from the Rockies on the great Missouri, down from the east on the Ohio, out of Minnesota forests, and a hundred thousand streams come the rolling waters of the Mississippi River—to wash down the body of the land.



From St. Paul south for about 650 miles the Mississippi flows clear. But near St. Louis the Missouri rushes in from the plains, pouring its mud into the Father of Waters, giving the Mississippi a new face—and on it flows, red-brown and lazy.

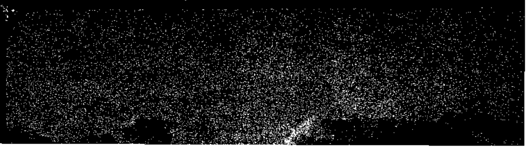


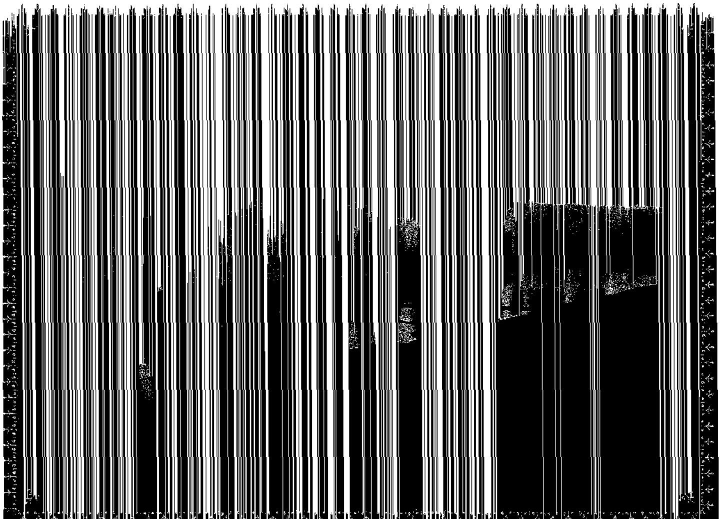
At Hannibal, Missouri, home town of Mark Twain, you can look across the landing to Cardiff Hill, where stand the statues of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer—ageless boys created by Twain to play forever along his beloved river.

Along the mighty river much of the nation's history lies. Here at Vicksburg, Mississippi, a Confederate gun silently remembers Grant's successful siege of the town, and its gallant defense by General Pemberton during the Civil War.

And just below Vicksburg, at Port Gibson, there is a symbol with few equals anywhere in the world. Here the Presbyterian Church points a white hand to the heavens—a reverent sign from a people who know and love their God.

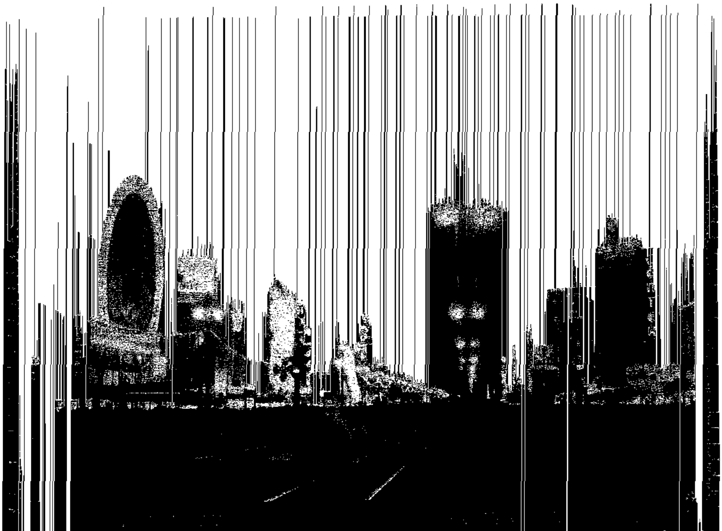
Dawn comes up behind Natchez, Mississippi, sp
the small farms and great cotton plantations
land of levees, where men know the ancien
the river and must guard against it with tirel





Though it is a mid-continental highway, the Mississippi still retains an air of romance and pleasure. And in Memphis, at night, the yellow glow of the yacht club is a reminder of the bright social life so characteristic of America's Southland.

Stretching 18 miles along the river, St. Louis, Missouri, is the largest city in the Mississippi valley. A great raw-fur, livestock, and lumber market, St. Louis at night reflects the tempo and urgency of a great waterfront metropolis.



More than 2,000 miles from its source the restless Mississippi reaches New Orleans, queen city of the river. This is Canal Street dressed for Mardi Gras, the world-famous pre-Lent celebration which turns the city into a fairyland masquerade.

And so the Mississippi moves toward the Gulf, leaving its spell upon all who live along its banks. Winding its magic through forest and prairie, through farmland and swamp, it enriches forever all of the great land through which it flows.

I LOVE SOAP OPERAS

An average housewife comes to the defense of the much-maligned radio serial

by ANNE REDMONDS COTE

THE FAULTFINDERS and reformers are at us again! This time their intended victim is another good old American institution, the "soap opera."

For years I've suffered in silence as these pedants and theorists ranted about almost everything under the sun. But now that they encroach on my—the home woman's—territory, and try to "improve our lot" by threatening one of the things that is doing just that, I'm hauling out the verbal shotgun and priming it well.

As a "soap opera" ticket holder of several seasons standing, I believe I am qualified to defend "the listener's" side. I am also one of the average American housewives over whose state of mentality the reformers are cluck-clucking. Most of my friends fall into the same category, too, since they all listen to radio serials. And to the degree we have chosen to listen, we find rest, relaxation and a certain healthful benefit from soap operas. Surely we are in a better position than the critics to judge the kind of ballast we need to keep the home-ship sailing on a steady course.

In the role of homemaker, I do all my own budgeting, cooking, cleaning, washing and ironing, decorating, sewing. Besides my husband, I have two children in whom I take proper interest as to physical and mental development. In my spare time—after 10 in the evening—I try to write fiction as an outlet for expression. But for pure, effortless relaxation—the kind you get sitting in a darkened theater—I turn to the soap operas.

Most of my friends are in about the same situation, but with a different hobby than mine. Some of us are married to professional men just getting started, and we help with their typing and record-keeping, somehow squeezing this extracurricular chore into each already-full day. To us, the belittled soap opera puts our minds out to mental pasture for a little while each day, while our hands and feet continue to manipulate the machinery that keeps the home running.

My ticket happens to cover matinees, the afternoon from 4 to 6 being my best listening time. By then, the major share of my day's work has been accomplished and I'm at the peak of tiredness. Then I turn on my kitchen radio, proceed to bathe baby, give him his orange juice and then his supper, put him down for an hour's play before bedtime and go on to my dinner preparations. During this time, my favorite stories are unfolding into my ear, calling up different scenes to my mind's eye. Yet I am still free to talk and play with baby or, in the relaxing process which has set in, to let my mind wander now and then to something else.

At 6 o'clock, when my husband returns home and my daughter comes in from play, my two-hour matinee has progressed to the "newsreel," to which all of us listen together; and an appetizing, well-served dinner has progressed onto the table.

During those two hours of listening to familiar voices as they evolve or dissolve all sorts of moving situations (never mind whether they're plausible or not), I've had a mental vacation from my own problems and responsibilities. My thoughts have gone out and taken the air, so to speak; they have exercised themselves, touched other horizons. I feel freer, the way you do when you've read a worth-while book or taken a pleasure trip. Obviously I couldn't have taken a trip or read a book in those two hours, but I'm a more rested, interested dinner companion to my family for having refreshed myself with the best means at hand.

What seems to go unrecognized is the fact that the radio dramas fill a real and profound need on the part of us women in the home, the listeners. It is this need that the reformers should take into account before they do any more blathering. The woman in the home loves to touch the fabric of life, loves to mix with people on the streets and in offices, but within the confines of a busy home, this opportunity is denied her. The radio dramas, imitating life, fill that void for us without restricting our day's achievement of work.

A FEW YEARS AGO, before I was married, I might have listened to the critics of soap operas. Then I was part of an exciting outside world; I liked my job and had ambitions; saw old friends and made new ones regularly; went to concerts, the theater, lectures, took part in discussions.

Now, on the housewives' side of the fence, I've learned the feeling of being beached, washed up out of the moving, colorful sea of life. And because the radio dramas bring to us some of the essence of life—joys, perplexities and sorrows—the reformers shake their heads and talk about replacing soap operas with more "educational and uplifting" fare.

Although our self-appointed mental guardians—the reformers and faultfinders, seem to think otherwise, we, The Listeners, are not a separate and distinct species to be put under a microscope and analyzed for our peculiarities. Not during a busy day. Whipping up an apple pie for dinner while keeping a lively baby out of everything from the kitchen garbage-can to the front-hall highboy is not conducive to listening to learned talks on the educational standards of the

Uruguayans or the appreciation of modern art.

And as for giving us more music, which our mentors seem to feel would have a refining effect, I'll take my symphonies in the living room after dinner. Strauss waltzes don't help to scrape carrots, and jive does not seem compatible with doing the diaper wash. From 4 to 6, thank you, I'll take my drama in which people are alive and doing things.

Thus far I've been speaking of the women more or less represented by my group, the younger-matrons-at-home who don't "live" the stories we hear but use them for a healthful purpose. Now take the older women, like the members of my mother's group. Come 5 o'clock, this "mistress of the manse" does not shut down a machine, cover a typewriter or lock up a desk and "go home" to a restful change of atmosphere. She continues on, serving comfort to those who have "done their day's work" and have come home to relax. So she produces a good dinner, tackles the dishes and then sets about whipping up a new number for Janie-in-high-school or presses Junior's sport jacket.

Wise is she who, through listening to her favorite radio dramas, has given herself a "breather," taken imaginary wings and refreshed herself with a look into other homes or offices or a courtroom or a hospital where people are having all sorts of things happen to them. She has given her soul the change that is good for it, instead of bending an ear to a dry discourse on Victorian poetry.

To the reformers who treat lightly of home as the place where the beds are always made, the vacuuming done, the lamps turned on and a good dinner waiting—the place where you can sit down comfortably to write articles attacking the intellectual capacity of us who stoke the home fires—to these reformers, I say: So what?

So what if a small percentage of women who listen take their dramas too seriously? Are they not releasing steam which might otherwise build up with detrimental effect to themselves and the general atmosphere of the home? Forty years ago the family doctor used to say, recognizing certain symptoms: "Get out more. See more people. Take interest in life outside your four walls." It's the same difference.

So what if Mrs. Sally Hopkins, aged 55, sits entranced before her radio to hear the latest episode of *Helen Trent*, the gal who at a prolonged 35 is still beating off suitors. Chances are that Mrs. Hopkins is happily married, but finds it sort of comfortable to know that if she weren't, life might not be so lonely after all. As a result, she looks at Mr. Hopkins, when he comes home at night, with an added glint of romance in her eye. Which, I am sure, does Mr. Hopkins no harm.

SOME OF THE OPERAS may be contrived-by-the-wits drama, but in the stories that are really well done there is both inspiration and an influence for better living. *Pepper Young's Family*, for instance. Mary Young's joy, light and sweetness sometimes approach the saccharine point and I could wish for Pepper a shot in the arm of red blood and a hint that he had hair on his chest, but at these small failings I only smile. Because I admire far more the underlying wholesomeness of family feeling, the sustained qualities of affection, tolerance and kindness on which the program is based.

On the *Lorenzo Jones* program, there is neither tragedy nor tears but true-to-life situations and humorous horse-sense characterizations. I don't know who writes it, but whoever does should be handling more programs. In fact, maybe this is the crux of the mud-slinging debate over soap operas. Not that they "aren't good for" the little woman at home, but that a lot of them could be improved by better writing, better characterization and better portrayals of life and its complexities. That is the responsibility of the broadcasting companies and the sponsors.

And while they're at it, they could plan to perspire a little less over the commercials. These, far more than the stories, "talk down to us." And don't think we don't know it—to the extent of dialing out the commercial. And while we're on the subject, they might arrange for the pipe-organist to keep his foot off the expression pedal. It wakes up the baby when the rest of the program is tuned for comfortable reception.

Regardless of our educational background, our cultural tastes or our degree of mental development, the job of managing a home and raising a family on the average younger man's income is a full one. We are all of us a little tired most of the time, and very tired a lot of the time. Some time ago, a major broadcasting system made a "survey" of "women who listen to soap operas." The results of their findings, based on the educational status of each woman interviewed, were that 41 per cent who had finished high school and some of whom had gone to college, listened to one or more serials daily. The surveyors concluded that their findings were inconclusive. I think I can tell them why.

The basis used for research could not possibly reflect a true picture. For it is not a question of past schooling but of *present* environment that dictates the home woman's means of expression. For example, a married woman in comfortable circumstances with no children would, or certainly should, be out and active in the affairs of her community. But a married woman with children and no help—even if she won honors at college—is tied down to the same routine as the less-privileged homemaker: cleaning, laundering, cooking and taking care of the children. She has neither the time nor energy to express herself in wider, more satisfying fields. Hence, for reasons stated before, she may well turn to the radio.

I feel I'm trudging my own "road of life" with a fair amount of intelligence and purpose. Nevertheless, I have my philosophy strengthened by some wisdom put into the mouths of two of Elaine Carrington's story characters. Once, in a moment of despairing anguish over the deadly sameness of housework, I found myself soothed back into a reasonable acceptance of it by a short philosophical discussion on life in general between Miss Carrington's characters. And recently, I reveled in the fulfillment of an old desire to know what a court trial is like, in the well developed and carefully written trial of Caroline Kramer in *Right to Happiness.*

We, The Listeners, will welcome any improvements that can be made in soap operas. Let's have more programs of quality, but leave the number of dramas available each day as it stands. And let's have an end to the pedantic criticism that begs a sounder basis than the formula for all good books, plays and movies—which is to lift us out of ourselves, and relax and refresh us, the better to carry on the business of living.

So long as the soap opera doesn't haul us down to a lower level, it can fulfill the formula for entertainment—which is to release us for a while from our own busy and shut-in little world.

* * *

Juvenile Jive

A SMALL BOY had been in trouble all day. In the morning he had broken a neighbor's window while playing baseball. At the lunch table he had quarreled with his little sister and made her cry. That afternoon he had broken his promise not to tease the canary.

Exasperated, his mother told him he must go to bed without his dinner. And before he crawled in, she suggested that he include in his prayers a plea that God would make him a better boy. As he knelt by the side of the bed, his mother was astounded to hear him say:

"Dear God, please make me a better boy if you can. But if you can't, never mind. 'Cause I'm having an awful good time like I am!"

—DAN BENNETT

"SO YOUR NAME is Johnny Thompson?" the teacher said to make sure of the facts. "But your mother's name is Jones?"

"Yes, ma'am," Johnny said. "You see, she married again and I didn't."

—*Outspan, South Africa*

"SO, GOD HAS SENT you two more little brothers, Sally," said the minister to the small daughter of a family recently blessed with twins.

"Yes," said Sally, "and He knows where the money is coming from, too. I heard Daddy say so."

—*As-You-Go-News*

MOTHER WAS telling her son some stories of the time she was a little girl. The youngster listened thoughtfully as she told of riding a pony, sliding down the haystack and wading in the brook at the farm.

Finally he said, with a sigh, "I wish I'd met you earlier, mother."

—*Empire Crown*

Her Voice Is the
VOICE OF THE PRAIRIE

by IDA B. ALSETH

Ida McNeil's one-woman radio station is the nerve center of communication for 221,000 of her South Dakota neighbors

IN A LONELY DAKOTA ranch house, a rancher's wife and her small son and daughter sat huddled around their radio, waiting with tense, anxious faces. Outside a 90-mile wind was flinging the winter's worst blizzard against the window panes.

At last, above the howling wind, they heard the calm, confident words they had been waiting for: "This is KGFX in Pierre, South Dakota. We now present our Public Service News program."

A woman's voice began to read in a friendly, matter-of-fact tone: "John Anderson can't make it home tonight because of the blizzard. The pony should be unsaddled and watered; the two cows milked and fed alfalfa hay."

John Anderson's wife snapped off the radio with tears in her eyes. "Thank God!" she whispered, hugging the children. "Your Daddy's safe in town!"

John Anderson had driven to Pierre that morning to stock up on provisions. When the blizzard came roaring in across the prairies, he knew he would be stranded in town. But even though there was no phone within 20 miles of his ranch house, he knew he could get a message to his worried family.

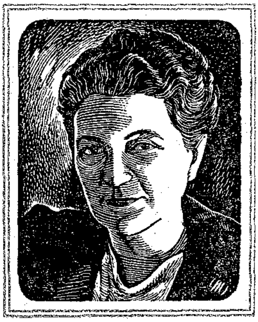
Mrs. Ida McNeil, owner and operator of KGFX, Pierre's one-woman radio station, has been handling such emergencies for more than two decades. Her Public Service News, made up of just such bits of vital and sometimes humorous personal information, is broadcast four times a day. It is but one of many services offered by the station — services tailor-made to fit the needs of some 45,000 isolated ranch families who form the greater part of her listening audience.

Pierre, the capital of South Dakota, is the only island of urban life in a giant sea of grass country. In the 200-mile-radius which KGFX covers, scarcely a telephone pole breaks the broad, barren stretches, and 20 to 30 miles may intervene between ranch homes. Many of the rural families receive only one or two mail deliveries a week. So KGFX has become the nerve center of Pierre's communication system.

There is close cooperation between the station and the city's telegraph and telephone offices. Information received by telephone or telegraph for isolated ranchers is frequently broadcast by KGFX on the Public Service News program. That's the quickest delivery possible—and the surest. There are some 221,000 persons in Mrs. McNeil's listening audience, and they seldom miss one of her broadcasts. For them, KGFX is not just another radio station; it's an oversized country party line where they may listen in for the latest bits of news and gossip—and often a deep chuckle.

Personal as some of the items are, Mrs. McNeil always broadcasts them in matter-of-fact third-person style. There's nothing fancy or literary about her simple pronouncements, but in a single sentence she can tell a drama-packed story that would keep a soap-opera writer busy for weeks. And best of all, this is not fiction but real-life drama.

Two years ago she broadcast the laconic message: "Gladys Schmidt arrived in Pierre this morning, but left the slip to her wedding gown at home." For the Schmidts' many friends, that sentence painted a full picture with one stroke of the microphone. Gladys had been planning a big home wedding but at the last moment her fiancé could get only a two-day pass. So she was leaving that day to be married at his Army Air Base.


MRS. IDA MCNEIL

She had to catch the next train. And listeners knew it would be pulling out of Pierre within the hour. At this moment, they could imagine how Gladys was waiting at the railroad station, hoping that her brother, at home on the ranch, had found the slip in her bureau and could make the 40-mile drive to Pierre before the train pulled out.

Ida McNeil's radio career began when she married a man with a hobby. In 1916, Dana McNeil, a conductor on the Chicago & North Western, built a transmitter and started broadcasting during his free time. When he was married a few years later, his bride became interested in this newfangled radio project, and in 1922 she started broadcasting warm, homespun messages to her husband while he was away on his daily run between Pierre and Rapid City.

But Dana wasn't the only one who heard these chatty broadcasts. Other listeners picked them up, and soon Mrs. McNeil was getting requests to send out bits of information to various ranch families who had no phones but did have radio sets. Realizing that she was building an audience, Mrs. McNeil spent more time at the microphone, and began adopting other program ideas, such as broadcasting regular weather forecasts for stockmen. And in 1923 she hit upon the idea of broadcasting daily hospital reports for her audience.

These hospital reports still go on the air four times a day and, for many listeners, are the only source of news on the progress of ill relatives and friends. Before each broadcast, Mrs. McNeil calls St. Mary's Hospital—the only one in the city—and gets full, accurate reports. On her noon broadcast she may report: "Mrs. Carl Pearson has recovered from her operation;

she will be able to leave the hospital at 5 this afternoon." And the patient's family know they should drive to Pierre and pick her up.

Often Mrs. McNeil broadcasts personal messages for patients. "Mrs. James Campbell, who arrived at St. Mary's this afternoon, left her diamond ring on the kitchen sink." Certainly this is not a sensational news item—but it is good medicine. The sick woman won't spend hours worrying about the loss of a valuable ring.

More spectacular are the cases in which Mrs. McNeil gives an expectant father the first news of a new offspring. And more urgent are the reports that a patient has had a serious setback—reports that bring the family hurrying into town.

UNTIL 1927, WHEN it became KGFX, Ida McNeil's station operated non-commercially. Mrs. McNeil broadcast because she enjoyed it, but in 1932 a longer broadcast schedule was established and she began using commercials. Yet the friendly informality hasn't changed much. Mrs. McNeil still broadcasts from a control room and studios in her home.

Since her husband's death in 1936, Mrs. McNeil has been sole director of the station. It is very much a one-woman show, for she is news gatherer, announcer, continuity writer and program director. Her only full-time employee is her chief engineer. She solicits advertising, and writes and reads her own copy. "Mrs. McNeil can make a dress sale on Pierre's Main Street sound like a Schiaparelli opening," a listener once remarked.

Whether the thermometer is hovering at 30 degrees below zero (a common winter occurrence in Dakota) or reaches a blistering 117 in summer, the capable and energetic Mrs. McNeil is at her post throughout her daily broadcast schedule. Looking upon KGFX as, first of all, a vital community public service, she donates radio time for informative talks by state officials from the near-by Capitol, for promotion of drives, for coverage of special events in Pierre.

Yet Mrs. McNeil's record of service to her community and state did not start with KGFX. Before her marriage she was legislative reference librarian and assistant superintendent of the state's department of history. She is also the Betsy Ross of South Dakota; in 1909 she designed the state flag.

During World War II, ranch families were more dependent than ever on KGFX's facilities. The local draft board occasionally called on the station to help locate boys; and once a boy was in service and away from home, he didn't forget that his quickest means of communication with his family was via Mrs. McNeil.

There was, for example, the family who lived 40 miles from railroad or highway, and received mail only three times a week. They learned, through a McNeil broadcast, that their son was critically ill in a Navy hospital. The boy had once told his commanding officer of KGFX's unique service, and the officer sent daily bulletins on the boy's progress directly to Mrs. McNeil until he was out of danger.

Many a soldier sent a message through Mrs. McNeil, announcing his arrival in Pierre on furlough;

when his bus got in, his family was waiting to meet him. And a Public Service News broadcast brought one family the first news in many months of their prisoner-of-war son. Released, he was being flown back to the United States.

The merchants of Pierre have found Mrs. McNeil's service an invaluable boon in getting messages to ranch customers. Scarcely a broadcast goes by without such items as: "Baby chicks for Earl Gordon were received this morning . . . A shipment of cherries came today for Art Brockett."

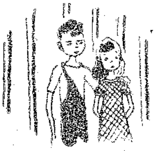
But suppose a ranch family does not own a radio? Or perhaps, in homes without electric power, the radio batteries go dead? There's still small danger that they will fail to receive urgent messages. KGFX listeners live by a creed of "neighborliness." The friendly Dakota rancher thinks nothing of a 20-mile drive or horseback ride to deliver an important message.

One 70-year-old man, listening to Mrs. McNeil, heard that a neighbor's father was critically ill in Wisconsin. The woman's home was seven miles away and a blizzard was howling. But the old man knew his neighbor had no radio, so he set out on foot to carry the news. After a mile or so he fell exhausted in the snow. It might have meant real tragedy had not another neighbor, bent on the same errand, come by in his car. He rescued the old man and delivered the message in time.

KGFX is bursting its wavebands with growing pains. Would-be purchasers see unlimited possibilities in this prairie station. But it will go its friendly way, unperturbed by expansion plans until Mrs. McNeil's two sons—one a West Point First Classman, the other an ensign in the U. S. Navy—are ready to take over some of her many duties.

Meanwhile, South Dakotans are convinced that David Sarnoff, president of RCA, had Mrs. Ida McNeil in mind when he said, "The richest man cannot buy for himself what the poorest man gets free by radio."

Charity Through Prison Walls



A CONVICT IN THE Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta walked up to Warden Joseph W. Sanford, one day in 1943, and requested permission to send $10 to the destitute mother of a boy who had been killed overseas.

The warden readily consented. Moreover, he commended the donor for his fine gesture. The story quickly spread among the 2,000-odd prisoners in the institution. Before long they had formed the Atlanta Welfare Club, a charitable organization operated by the convicts themselves.

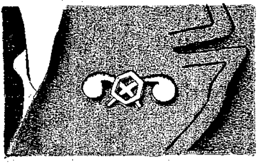
In four years of operation, the club has collected about $6,000 and has given financial aid to several hundred needy citizens outside the prison walls!

—TED DOUGLAS

How Chemical Warfare Was Tamed for Peace

by J. D. Ratcliff

Some of the war's worst horror weapons are now serving in many amazing new ways



At war's end, no branch of the armed forces faced a more hopeless looking task than the Chemical Warfare Service, now renamed the Chemical Corps. A goods-hungry public wanted the Navy's surplus towels; airlines wanted surplus transports; business wanted the ordnance department's trucks; the steel industry was hungry for scrap from melted guns, tanks and ships. But no one wanted CS's incendiary fuel, flame-throwers, gas masks or smoke generators.

To solve its problem, CS might have dumped the whole unwanted mass into the ocean. Instead, it used wit and imagination to find peacetime jobs for some of the war's worst horror weapons. In doing so it saved taxpayers millions of dollars and greatly enriched our national life.

As an example, Chemical Corps scientists used laboratory magic to convert an anti-gas device into a valuable chemical. CS had tons of protective paste to be smeared on soldiers' shoes in gassed areas. This became canned heat. Light cellophane coveralls designed to protect troops from irritating mustard gas became clothing bags for use in homes.

Perhaps the most unpromising surplus mound of all was 50,000,000 pounds of "goop"—an incendiary mixture of powdered magnesium and petroleum. In fire bombs, this putty-like stuff had been used to burn many Jap towns. To destroy it would have cost at least $200,000. Why not find jobs for it?

One such job was readily apparent—the burning of forest wastes in the Pacific Northwest. Both Oregon and Washington have state laws requiring loggers to burn waste, in order to reduce forest-fire hazards. It is easy to write a law but often difficult to comply with it. To burn waste in the dry season endangered millions of acres of timber. To burn it in the wet season was difficult. Lumber companies used kindling, old tires and crude oil to start fires in brush, sawdust and slab piles.

Why wouldn't the goop that burned Tokyo be ideal for the job? It was. A few buckets of goop placed under a soggy brush pile instantly set an inferno-like conflagration. Working with the Forest Service, CS evolved a method of firing tight-packed piles.

Goop was similarly valuable in burning the vast brush heaps that accumulated where dam and reservoir sites had been prepared. Some reports indicate that it did a superb job in clearing rights-of-way for roads and power lines. Mixed with Diesel oil and sprayed on weeds along railroad tracks, it cut costs of maintenance.

A similar mixture became an excellent weapon against the pine beetle that attacks Western forests. Goop sprayed on a tree burns out this bark-boring insect.

AT WAR'S END, CS had hundreds of decontamination trucks equipped with tanks and high-pressure hose. They were designed for use after an enemy gas attack—to neutralize poison gas remaining on the ground. They were never needed for this purpose, but became a top peacetime weapon against the insects which plague cattle. These insects sap the vitality of beef animals, make them lose valuable weight. They also puncture the skin, reducing the leather value of the hide.

The horn fly is one of the worst cattle enemies. Decontamination trucks showed what they could do against this pest in a recent demonstration by the Arkansas State College. An advance agent preceded the trucks, asking farmers to herd their animals in corrals for a demonstration of spraying. The trucks went from farm to farm, dousing animals with a weak DDT solution. They made 139 calls in a few days, treating a total of 9,000 animals. Within 30 to 60 minutes after being sprayed, the animals were free of horn flies, while lice and other insects were killed as well.

As word of the demonstration spread among cattlemen, other areas began seeking decontamination trucks, until more than 500 had been distributed to agricultural colleges. By cutting insect damage they will add millions of pounds of beef to the nation's food supply.

Another of war's bizarre creations—the smoke generator—is being added to the farmer's arsenal. Designed to throw a protective blanket of white fog over a harbor, airport or operations area, these compact outfits can cover an area five miles long and 200 yards wide. They hid landings in North Africa and provided a cover for our troops during the Rhine crossings—concealing movements from enemy air observers.

Fog generators have obvious applications in peacetime—such as protecting crops against the sudden frosts that raise havoc in Florida bean fields. A cold wave that sweeps into the citrus groves of the Rio Grande or California can likewise do millions of dollars in damage in a single night. In the past, many attempts have been made by farmers to use smudge pots for protection of their crops.

The heavy oily smoke from smudge pots holds the sun's warmth on the ground, keeping out night chill. But these pots are hard to handle and difficult to service. Often, in a crisis, there is not enough labor to get the pots out in time. Indications are that the smoke generator might solve this problem. Carried by jeep or pick-up truck, these 180-pound machines can be serviced by one man and will give protection to a 400-acre area.

One of CS's wartime activities was as well-kept a secret as the atomic bomb. This was the investigation of biological warfare. Hundreds of research men worked in secret laboratories to find virulent microbe strains capable of wiping out large cities and entire crops. Similar work was undertaken in connection with food supplies: diseases for crops and animals.

A necessary part of the work was to find safeguards against these scourges. Otherwise the epidemic planted in enemy territory might sweep back on our own troops, crops or animals. So before they could be used on an enemy, protective methods had to be provided for our side. It is difficult to see how any good could come from such grisly business—but it did.

One of the diseases under investigation was rinderpest, a cattle disease which formerly could be controlled only by slaughter and destruction of diseased animals. Widely disseminated over any nation, the plague could eradicate the entire beef supply in a short time. Fortunately, this disease has been kept out of American herds, but it is a big factor in human malnutrition in China and India. What it might have done to Germany or Japan was apparent.

While one group was seeking more potent strains of the rinderpest microbe, another sought protection against the disease. The latter group came up with a vaccine which offers almost 100 per cent immunity. It will be of inestimable value in increasing the food supply of a hungry world.

The nimble-witted scientists of CS are finding civilian uses for almost everything in their vast storehouse of war surpluses. Remember, so far as the researcher is concerned, there is only the narrowest margin between a chemical for war and a chemical for peace. Chip an atom off a molecule and a killer chemical becomes a servant of man. This approach was used to convert incendiary jellied gasoline into soap!

Useless gas masks have been converted into respirators—to protect workers in flour mills and other dusty industries; and to protect farmers while they spread lethal insecticides.

Thus, CS is solving riddles that looked insoluble on V-J Day. By using ingenuity in its fight against some of mankind's oldest problems, the Chemical Corps is converting the wastes of war into the assets of peace.

Sign Language

A junk shop near a railroad crossing in Denver displays this message for motorists:

GO AHEAD—TAKE A CHANCE. WE'LL BUY THE CAR!

—*Tales of Hoffman*

How to Get the Job You Want

by **John and Enid Wells**

The sales manager of one of the largest companies in America was recently asked to name the one thing he considered the very essence of good salesmanship. He replied:

"Know your product. Know every one of its good points, and its weaknesses as well. Know how it compares with competitive products, what it will do and what it won't do. Be prepared to answer any question about it and, most important of all, show the prospective buyer exactly *how* it will help him to solve his problems."

That is not only good advice but basic truth. It is true of selling any product—and truest of all when selling yourself! How many times have you come away from an interview disgusted with yourself because you failed to remember all the things you wanted to say? It is simple enough, in retrospect, to review a conversation and pick out the faults. But the time to say the right thing is during the interview—not after it.

Before we work out your sales presentation, let us discuss two selling fundamentals. One of the things a good salesman learns early in his career is that all people are essentially selfish. A buyer is not interested in what you have to sell unless you show what it can do for him or

Condensed from the book *The Job That Fits You and How to Get It*, published at $3.75, by Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; copyright by Prentice-Hall.

his family, either in making life more comfortable, in saving money, in protecting health, or for some other equally selfish reason.

That is why a good salesman thinks of his product in terms of what it can mean to the purchaser, even if the product he is selling is himself. You must show the employer how he can employ you to his advantage, not to yours.

Secondly, although modesty may be a virtue, it is not one of the qualifications of a good salesman. Few successful men are modest. That does not mean they bluster or brag, but most of them are so completely confident of their ability that it reflects in their whole bearing.

Therefore, when you are selling yourself, do not hesitate to tell the truth because you think it may sound immodest. If you have special qualifications, abilities, training or experience, they are part of your sales story. Don't boast, just tell the facts calmly and confidently. Try to dig up every qualification that makes you a better candidate for the job than any rival.

Don't emphasize obvious facts. An employer takes such qualities as honesty, reliability and loyalty for granted. What he does want to know is whether you are capable of doing the job efficiently. He must get all the facts about your education, particularly any special training. If you haven't had actual experience for the job, he'll want to know other details about your background that might prove helpful.

For certain positions, your personality and temperament are as important — sometimes more so — as education and experience. If this is the kind of job you are seeking, then information about your friends, business or professional contacts, your social activities and so on may be valuable as selling tools. If you have been president of your class, club, or head of some fraternal order, a prospective employer is interested in knowing about it because such honors indicate leadership and popularity.

Analyze all your qualifications with painstaking care. To act as a guide, examine a mail-order catalogue such as those distributed by Sears, Roebuck or Montgomery-Ward. These companies sell by printed word. The purchaser does not see the product he is ordering until it is delivered. A description of each piece of merchandise, therefore, must be complete enough to answer all questions in the buyer's mind.

When you prepare your sales story, write a mail-order description. To equip yourself for an employer's questions, be ready to present all the pertinent facts about yourself completely, convincingly, logically and enthusiastically.

That word "enthusiastically" leads to the second all-important selling principle. A good salesman must believe in his product. Similarly, unless you are thoroughly sold on your ability to do the job efficiently and successfully, your chances of selling yourself to an employer are seriously handicapped.

LET US ASSUME, now, that you have prepared your self-inventory. All the information is arranged in logical order—jobs, experience, all other selling points carefully appraised. Now let us put it to use.

by John and Enid Wells

First of all, you will find yourself able to write an infinitely better letter of application. Secondly, when you get in to see a prospective employer, you will be astonished at your self-confidence. You will be able to talk about yourself—sell yourself—because you will have all the information readily available.

But that isn't all you are going to do with your self-inventory. Back in 1933, when jobs were almost impossible to get, Mr. X set himself up as a "job counsellor," specializing in getting jobs that paid at least $4,000 a year. There were not many such jobs at that time, yet Mr. X succeeded in placing 100 per cent of his clients. This is how he did it.

Mr. X had been a successful sales manager. When he became a job counsellor, the first thing he did for each client was to make up a "sales portfolio" of talking points. Because he knew the tricks of good salesmanship, he keyed the presentation to the prospective employer. The title page always stated, "How John Jones can serve the Smith Company—to their profit."

If it is suitable to the job for which you apply, you should make a similar portfolio to sell your services. If your portfolio is well organized and convincing, here's what it can do for you:

1. It will insure that all important sales points about yourself are brought before the prospective employer. You can't forget anything because everything is there in concise yet complete form.

2. Since it will tell all there is to know about you, it will keep you from talking too little or too much.

3. The fact that it contains so many good sales arguments will give you self-confidence.

4. Your sales portfolio will make it easy to meet the objection, "I want a chance to think this over," or "I have several other people to interview." Leave the portfolio and you will have a "silent salesman" to serve you in your absence.

To insure a good-looking and impressive presentation, your material should be typewritten on the best grade of white bond paper. If necessary have it typed by a public stenographer. The result will outweigh the cost. Use only one side of the paper, double-space the lines, allow a good margin. If you paste in any "exhibits," use rubber cement; it won't pucker. Then put your portfolio in a loose-leaf binder.

Here is a summary of what your portfolio should contain:

1. The first page should be a title sheet only, reading something like this: "A Summary of the Experience and Ability of Robert Smith, Prepared to Show (name of firm) How He Can Serve Them to Their Profit."

2. The second page should contain your photograph. A picture will enable the employer to show his associates what you look like, as well as recall you to mind.

3. The third page should be a concise summary of your education, training, experience, accomplishments and personality. Other pages will amplify these facts. To add prestige, Mr. X, the Job Counsellor, had this summary written in the third person and signed by a friend of the applicant or, even better, a clergyman, teacher, prin-

cipal or other substantial citizen; the pages that follow should contain complete details of special training or experience that particularly qualify you for the job. In these pages also place any exhibits that prove your achievements, such as newspaper clippings about personal accomplishment, awards of any kind, testimonials for services rendered. Also mention the names of previous employers, schools you have attended, and membership in groups, clubs or organizations.

At the end of the portfolio, have a page with a heading like this, "What Others Say About Robert Smith." Follow with *excerpts* from letters or quotations that prove your ability. Finally, list the names and addresses of people who can be depended upon to give you a good reference: previous employers, teachers and school principals, your local banker, minister and others whose statements bear weight.

The last page should summarize and appraise everything that has gone before in terms of specific advantage to the employer. It is important to show how you can add to his profits or enhance the service he renders customers.

A word of caution. This summary must be carefully prepared. Don't be smart-alecky and, above all, don't give the impression that you "know it all." Don't criticize your present employers. Sell on the basis of your strength, not someone else's weakness.

One more thing. Before you put your portfolio to use, show it to a few friends or business acquaintances whose judgment you trust. Have you succeeded in presenting your story in a logical and convincing manner? Have you overemphasized, overstated or omitted anything?

NOW THAT YOU KNOW how to prepare a proper sales presentation on yourself, it is time to analyze the market in terms of the specific "where" and "when" of your ultimate objective—a good job offering a sound future, in work that you will enjoy.

There are many ways of making contacts to get a position. Study your city or town to determine the companies that offer the type of job you are seeking. The Chamber of Commerce, the secretary of the Rotary Club, the Kiwanis Club, the Lions, or similar business groups may be able to help you. Other sources of information are the trade publications in your particular field of interest. Even if your neighborhood library doesn't have copies of these, it will probably have a directory of such periodicals.

The local classified phone directory is another source of information. However, when you use this reference, you have no way of determining the size of the concern. Such directories as Sweet's Catalogue or McKittrick's (usually available at the public library) are more likely to give you pertinent information.

There are two ways to go about contacting these firms. One is by preparing your own direct-mail campaign. The other is to apply in person. But before going ahead with either approach, canvass friends to see whether you can dig up a direct contact. Your minister, school principal or bank executive may be able to help you gain access to the personnel executive.

The most usual job-hunting method is to answer newspaper advertisements. Buy all the papers that carry a classified section in your own or a near-by city. If your neighborhood newsstand does not sell out-of-town newspapers, try the largest hotel in town.

When answering a box-number ad, it is impossible for you to know anything about the firm. But if you do know the name of the company, find out as much as you can about it and, if possible, about the man or woman who is likely to interview you. If, for example, you are applying for a job with a contractor, find out what buildings his company has constructed and what work it is doing at present.

From a psychological viewpoint, nothing makes a better impression upon a prospective employer than familiarity with his work. If you can tie in your experience and training with a particular job that your prospective employer is doing at the moment, you will strike a responsive chord.

WHEN YOU HAVE ARRIVED at the point where you are applying for a position in person, you should no longer be acting in the dark. For example, you should know the answers to these questions:

1. What is the employment procedure in this particular company? Do they use questionnaires? Do they give aptitude tests? Who does the interviewing? Is he or she the final word on hiring or merely a buffer for someone higher up?

2. What does the company make? What are the outstanding features of its products?

3. What is the background of the

Check Your Letter Against This List

IN ANSWERING a want ad, compare your letter with this check list and be sure that all these elements are included:

1. The opening paragraph is your headline and must be a stopper to get attention. However, although it should be different, it must not be smart-alecky.

2. The second paragraph should be a summary of what you have to offer. The rest of the letter can amplify these qualifications.

3. Don't worry about the length of the letter—just be sure it tells what you have to say concisely and interestingly.

4. A letter should be carefully written on good paper and should contain no erasures, errors or misspelled words.

5. Don't use form beginnings and endings. Avoid stilted or copybook language. Make the letter as natural as though you were talking.

6. In closing, try to set a definite day and time for an interview and give the recipient a choice. Emphasize that you are willing to adapt your time to the employer's needs.

man or woman who is going to interview you?

4. What does the interviewer look for in a prospective employee?

5. Has he any "pet" services or achievements that he has instituted or of which he is particularly proud?

6. Is there any department of the company in which the one interviewing you is especially interested?

One famous personnel expert says that even among well-educated, experienced men and women, 97 per cent fail to present an effective case when seeking a position. By fortifying yourself with adequate information about the company and the interviewer, you will gain the security and confidence necessary for a successful interview.

Because you have advance knowledge of the interviewer's temperament, you can decide whether his attitude is normal or unusual, and act accordingly. Some men adopt a busy attitude in order to impress you with their importance. Others do it just to disconcert you, in order to see how you handle yourself under such circumstances. Another type of executive prides himself upon his ability to judge people at first glance.

If your information about the man indicates that he makes snap judgments or is not inclined to listen, here is a good suggestion:

Put down all the pertinent facts about your qualifications on a sheet of paper. Then you can say to him, "Mr. Jones, because I know how busy you are, I have summarized my qualifications. If you will look them over, you will find all the facts about me and my reasons for believing I can serve you efficiently." In this way you are able to present your whole story without giving the listener an opportunity to become impatient.

Still another type of interviewer is the one who knows all the answers. Because he is an egotist, he is interested in "yes" men. Make no attempt to tell this type of executive what you can do for him. Instead, try to impress him with the fact that you are willing to follow instructions; tell him how anxious you are to benefit from the experience you will be sure to gain under his direction.

Above all, never try to get a job with a "hard luck" tale. A story told by the sales manager of a brush company illustrates this point.

Two men, within 20 minutes of each other, called at the Baine home. The first man opened the interview by saying, "Madam, will you please buy one of my brushes? I have a sick wife and three children, and sales have been bad today."

Because the housewife felt sorry for him she bought the cheapest brush and dismissed him.

Twenty minutes later the other man showed up. "Madam, I have a brush that enables you to get into the crevices of your furniture. You can clean your furniture in half the time. May I show you how this amazing brush works?"

Not only did he sell this particular brush but he had an opportunity to bring out his whole line of goods. He showed the housewife that each brush had been designed to simplify her household duties. He sold her $20 worth of brushes, and when he left she was convinced he had done her a favor.

The important point is that both men had exactly the same brushes. The first man, however, was trying to buy sympathy, not sell brushes. The second man was selling efficiency. In other words, his was the "you" attitude, and it worked—as you'll find it always does.

Look your best when applying for a position. Make sure that your clothes are pressed, spotless and in good taste. Avoid flashy clothes or ultra-smart garb of any kind. Employers are looking for conscientious, loyal workers—not fashion plates.

A woman should avoid over-use of cosmetics and should "be her age." She should not wear clothes that are too youthful to be suitable. If you believe it necessary to reduce your years, keep within the bounds of credibility.

Before leaving for an interview, here are some items for both sexes to check:

1. Nails must be clean and well-cared-for. If you use polish, be sure it is not too brilliant.
2. Avoid heavy perfumes or barber-shop scents.
3. Shirts, blouses, handkerchiefs, collars and neckwear should be spotless, not "almost fresh."
4. Shoes must be shined. Make sure your heels are not run down. Avoid extremely high heels.
5. If you are a woman, make sure your stockings are on straight with the seams in proper position. Above all, don't try to "leg" the employer into giving you a job. It rarely works.
6. Don't carry packages or have your pockets full of pencils, pens, or bulky objects.
7. Don't sprawl in the chair, or sit with feet or legs wide apart.
8. Don't smoke during the interview or enter with a cigarette. Even though the interviewer does smoke, don't light a cigarette unless he offers you one.
9. Don't attempt to shake hands unless the employer makes the first gesture. If you do shake hands, your handclasp should be firm, not "dishraggy."

Do not rush into the interviewer's office. Pause at the threshold and glance over the room until you have got your bearings, then walk forward easily and confidently. The employment manager of a large company recently said that he could pre-judge at least 70 per cent of the people he interviewed by the way they walked toward his desk.

Remember that a man's name is important to him. Be sure you know the executive's name and how to pronounce it. Greet him with a smile and a courteous "How do you do, Mr. Jones." It is a good idea to use the man's name occasionally during the conversation, but don't overdo it.

Speak clearly but not loudly or rapidly. Be sure that you are grammatical. Use simple language and don't use words unless you are sure you know their meaning.

Above all, never use "cuss" words or slang. Stay out of arguments, and avoid discussion of controversial subjects such as politics or religion. If the interviewer does not agree with some things you say, try to point out tactfully why you believe you are right. If you can't make your point easily, don't press it.

If you believe it advisable to explain why you are leaving your present position, speak frankly and briefly. Under no circumstances criticize your employer, or complain of long hours and hard work.

Finally, know when to stop talking. Many salesmen talk themselves into a sale and out of it again in the same interview.

Learn through mistakes. Don't be discouraged if you have been interviewed several times and have not secured a position. After each interview, review the conversation and decide exactly why you failed to make the necessary impression. Then prepare yourself to meet that objection next time.

In reviewing each interview, check these points:

1. Did you get the man's attention?
2. Did you interest him on the basis of your experience and your ability to serve him to his advantage?
3. Did you show him how he could profit by employing you?
4. Did you adapt your experience to his problem? In other words, did you use the "you" attitude?
5. Did you do something to cause action?

If you have absorbed the lessons given here, the knowledge gained can mean more to you than bread and butter. Properly interpreted—zealously applied—it can open up a whole new world, shining with happiness and bright with hope.

No longer need your day be sharply defined between work and pleasure. Now your work can be your pleasure—and from that enjoyment will come not only a better job and more pay, but an ever-growing feeling of contentment.

Conversation Stoppers

Bernard Baruch, who entertains so many notables, was recently asked by Igor Cassini, the *Journal-American's* "Cholly Knickerbocker," how he managed the seating arrangements at his shindigs.

"I suppose it's really very difficult to put the guests in their right places," Cassini commented.

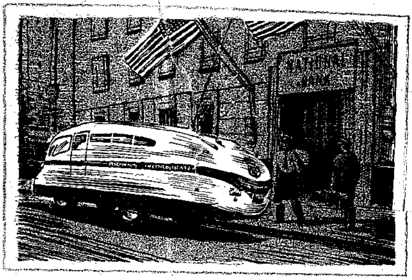
"Not at all," stated Baruch. "Those who matter don't mind, and those who mind don't matter!" —*Tales of Hoffman*

Bernard Fontenelle, great French man of letters, remained strong and active almost until his death at the age of 100. But the last five years of his life he spent in semi-blindness.

It was no surprise, therefore, to Madam Helvetius when he passed her one day without seeing her. She called to him playfully: "Ah, M. Fontenelle, is that your gallantry? To pass me without looking at me?"

"Ah, if I had looked at you, madame," replied the venerable author, "I could never have passed you at all!" —Webb B. Garrison

Gangland's Enemy No. 1



by **LAWRENCE POWELL**

Brink's, Incorporated, nemesis of the underworld, is prepared for any attack upon its formidable rolling fortresses

THE SLEEK, STREAMLINED armored truck, looking like a Buck Rogers space ship on wheels, st[illegible] the curb in front of a Chi[illegible] bank. Four armed guards came out of the bank. One of them carried a bag of money, the other three kept hands on pistols at their hips.

As they stepped into the truck a black limousine pulled up alongside. There was a crackle of bullets against the truck's windshield, then an explosion that shook the armored giant from end to end. The motor caught fire. Smoke began to gush out.

Then the truck struck back. Like the crew of a Sherman tank, each guard took his post, swiftly and efficiently. In the front compartment, submachine guns began firing over a bulletproof windshield. In the center compartment, the radio operator snapped on his short-wave set and flashed news of the attack to police cars. Over the inter-com system, the driver ordered: "Put on gas masks!" Through the front gun-blister, tear-gas guns went into action. By the time police cars roared up a few minutes later, the attackers had fled.

The victory of armored car "A-1000" in its first battle with crime will never be recorded in the files of the Chicago Police Department, for it was a sham battle. Yet to Brink's Incorporated, who staged it, its importance went far beyond Chicago. It was part of the ceaseless preparation against attack from the underworld that Brink's has carried on for 88 years throughout the U. S. and Canada.

Danger is Brink's business. Its fleet of 600 trucks moves valuables for which men have murdered, stolen and died since the beginning of time. It transports more money each year than any other institution in the world. One of its trucks has carried as much as 2½ billion dollars in a single day. It moves cash, payrolls, securities, gold and jewels. One day in 1929, it moved a whole bank.

Since 1859, Brink's has become a symbol of security to banks and businesses throughout the country. Some 50,000 clients depend on the familiar, silver-gray trucks as completely as the sender of a registered letter depends on the U. S. mail. Day after day they confidently hand over payrolls, bank deposits, gold and jewels. Yet Brink's itself trusts no one. Every day is another day of potential battle against the underworld. Every truck that rolls must be ready for attack at any moment.

A mission begins at the local Brink's office when the truck crew is told the place and time of a pickup. The briefing is held at the last minute to prevent any danger of information leaking out. Only one man, usually the cashier at the bank or factory, is entrusted with the same information. When the truck arrives, one guard stays in the driver's seat, another stands at the door, hands on pistols. Their eyes roam the street for signs of danger.

The messenger with his guard presents his credentials to the cashier, receives the money, signs a receipt. The guards stay at their posts while the money is loaded into the truck and locked up. Then the truck heads for home.

There, a concealed guard in the watchtower presses a button, the door slides open, the truck drives in. From the truck the money is carried to the cavernous Brink's vault and locked safely away. Another mission completed.

Brink's, however, is far more than a fleet of armored trucks. It is a chain of offices in 70 principal cities in the U. S. and Canada. Each office is actually a massive fortress of steel and cement. At national headquarters on Chicago's West Monroe Street, the walls are 27 inches thick. Gun-blisters cover every approach; guards armed with machine guns are on duty 24 hours a day; vaults are rigged with automatic alarms and tear-gas vents. But no Brink's office has ever been attacked.

To man its offices and trucks, Brink's has 3,000 guards, messengers and drivers armed with every type of weapon. So familiar is the Brink's uniform that many people consider it a symbol of government authority. Actually, Brink's employees have no official status: they are merely a private army.

Starting as guards in a truck crew, employees work their way up, becoming drivers and then messengers. The average Brink's guard is a tough man to tangle with. Standing six feet and weighing 180 pounds, he knows how to shoot to kill. Military experience is not necessary, but it helps. The most essential quality is honesty, with physical condition next in importance.

Applicants are photographed, fingerprinted and then investigated by Brink's personnel department. If any questionable information turns up, the man is automatically dropped from consideration. When the personnel department finishes, the case is turned over to Brink's bonding company for a second thorough investigation.

Brink's has a standing reward of $1,000 for any crew member who kills a crook during a holdup, $500 if he wounds him. Guards have collected the reward at least 12 times in the last 30 years.

BACK IN 1859, when Brink's horse-drawn trucks first rattled through Chicago, no armed guards rode with the cargoes. The idea of moving cash and securities had never even occurred to Perry Brink. He had come to Chicago from Vermont and found it a bustling city, filled with adventurers bent on making a fortune. Seeing need for a package and parcel service, he bought a horse and wagon, and Brink's Chicago City Express Company was in business.

Brink was busy from the start. Among his first customers was a lanky, big-boned man named Abraham Lincoln, who had arrived for the Republican convention. Brink carried his worn carpetbags up the steps of the Tremont Hotel. Then, as business grew, Brink bought more wagons and hired men to drive them.

As Chicago became the teeming heart of the Midwest, Brink's parcel service grew with it. Then, in 1891, came a turning point. The first payroll delivery was made to a Western Electric plant. Brink immediately saw that delivering money was a new business with an unlimited future. Pioneering in the field, he soon expanded his payroll plan into a pickup and delivery service for every type of money and security. Within a few years his agency had become a national institution. But it was not till 1935 that the name was changed from Brink's Chicago City Express Company to Brink's Incorporated.

Brink's began delivering wages in cash rather than check as early as 1901. At factories where men were paid by check, employees often cashed them at near-by saloons, thus losing part of their pay not only to bartenders but to thieves. Both employer and employee soon saw the advantage of Brink's payroll service. Today, the agency fills 50,000,000 pay envelopes a year.

For Federal Reserve banks, Brink's moves billions in currency and coin. It carries precious metals for the U. S. Treasury. Once, during the banking crisis of 1933, it even served as a depository. As the banks closed, people turned to Brink's. With its own vaults filled, Brink's rented Chicago's State Bank Building in the afternoon and moved in next morning. By the end of the week the agency had 40,000 accounts, totalling $45,000,000.

DESPITE ITS safety record, Brink's whole history has been one continuous war. For 88 years, minute by minute, it has faced the possibility of attack. Each time a Brink's truck stops in front of a bank or factory, the underworld may be waiting. From the president down to the newest guard, no man at Brink's can ever relax.

When Brink's horse-drawn wagons first rumbled through Chicago, the main defense was inconspicuousness. Bags of money were hidden under old newspapers. But one August day in 1917, the defense of inconspicuousness was suddenly shattered. A young messenger got out of a Brink's truck in front of a factory, carrying a $9,100 payroll. Four thugs with sawed-off shotguns pumped him full of slugs, ran to a waiting car and escaped with the payroll. Police traced the crime to the Wheed gang. Wheed was picked up, confessed, and was hanged.

The cold-blooded killing of the messenger, who was Barton Allen, son of Brink's then general manager, Frank Allen, brought drastic revisions in the agency's defenses;

thenceforth, crews were armed to the teeth and trained to kill. And Brink's introduced a revolutionary weapon—the armored car.

For 10 years, the armored car withstood every attack. But in 1927, Paul Jawarski and his "Flathead Gang" found its one weakness on a lonely road outside Pittsburgh. They laid dynamite under the roadbed, then blew up a truck and its convoy car with five guards. While the Brink's crew lay in the road, stunned, Jawarski and his gang divided the loot and fled. Not until a month later was the gang captured. After confessing to 26 murders, Jawarski was executed.

Again Brink's fought to strengthen its defenses. Its armored truck was redesigned. The wooden inner framework was replaced with aluminum, the outer casing of steel was strengthened, bullet-proof gas tanks were installed. All openings except those on top were sealed against gas attack. To the arsenal of each truck were added sub-machine and gas-riot guns, rifles and shotguns. Since 1927, no Brink's truck has been successfully attacked.

But Brink's is never satisfied. Although it has moved billions without losing a penny of clients' money, it views the future darkly. Envisaged are attacks with rockets, mysterious new gases, assaults from the air. At headquarters in Chicago, Brink's has studied every possibility, no matter how fantastic, and laid defense plans. The result is Brink's newest and most fabulous weapon, the "A-1000" truck.

The "A-1000" weighs 11,000 pounds, measures 25 feet in length, is as big as a tank. Yet its sleek streamlining gives it the deceptive appearance of a luxurious bus. The first holdup man who falls for the illusion will face the fire-power of a miniature army and the strength of a cement pillbox. Mines and grenades cannot crack its hide. Bullets cannot pierce it. Gas can find no entrance. Even demolition charges cannot burst its jam-proof doors.

Inside, Brink's has built three fortresses. The front compartment houses the driver and two guards, behind bullet-proof glass. The middle compartment houses the money vault, manned by guards with two-way radio and their own arsenal. Ventilating fans and secret exhaust valves protect them from gas attack. The rear compartment, housing the motor, is not only protected with reinforced steel but guarded against fire by automatic extinguishers.

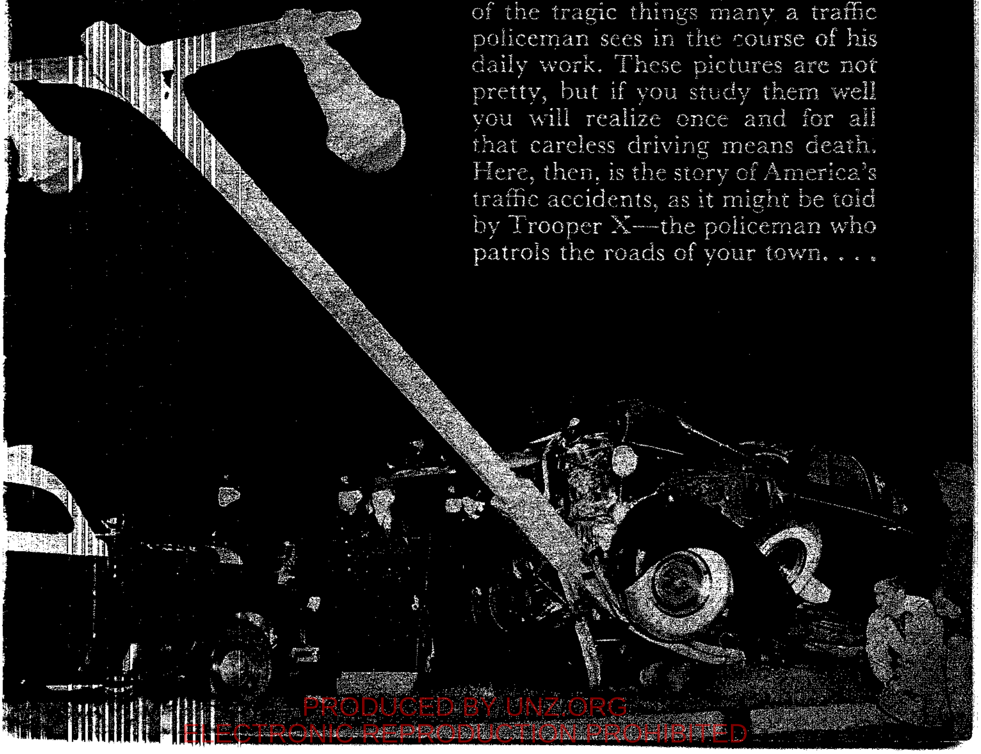
Sealed from front and rear, the center compartment is the inner fortress. Even if attackers blasted their way into the driver's seat, the center compartment, built like a bank vault, could hold out. In it, Brink's can store its most precious cargoes with confidence. Come what may—rockets, poison gas, attack from the air—the "A-1000" is ready.

THE HUMAN RACE is divided into two classes: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and inquire, "Why wasn't it done some other way?"
—Oliver Wendell Holmes

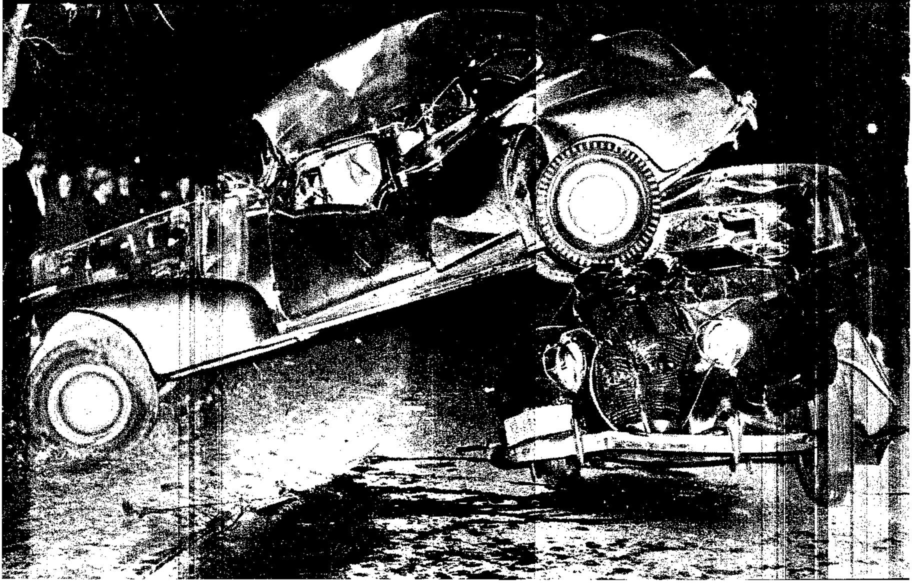
Picture Story

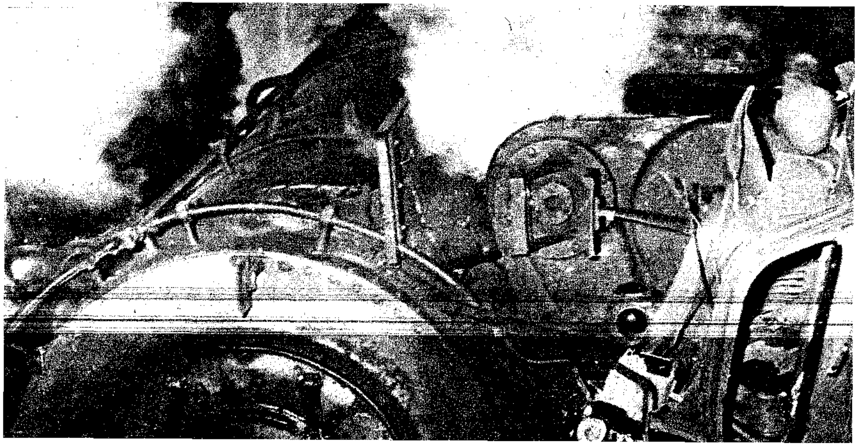
DEATH RIDES THE HIGHWAYS

EVER SINCE AUTOMOBILES became our number-one means of transportation, traffic accidents have taken more lives than all the wars we have ever fought. Yet today hardly any of America's 33 million drivers seem to be impressed by the tremendous risks they face every time they take the wheel. In spite of the constant hammering of headlines, statistics, and safety campaigns, auto accidents don't seem to scare us. Most of us simply read, listen, and shake our heads. Then we hop into the "old bus," and step on the gas. But if words and facts concerning the problem of traffic accidents fail to make us drive more carefully, maybe the grim reality of pictures will. On the following pages the editors of Coronet bring you a small glimpse of the tragic things many a traffic policeman sees in the course of his daily work. These pictures are not pretty, but if you study them well you will realize once and for all that careless driving means death. Here, then, is the story of America's traffic accidents, as it might be told by Trooper X—the policeman who patrols the roads of your town. . . .

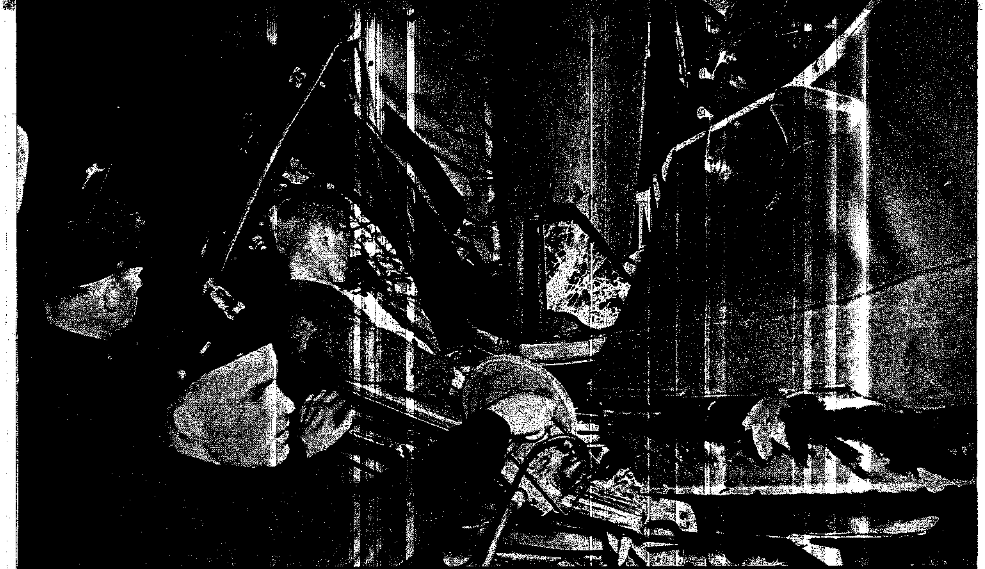


Yes, I know driving is easy. Fill 'er up! Slam! Bang! You're on your way—until one day out of a clear blue sky the windshield busts right in your face.

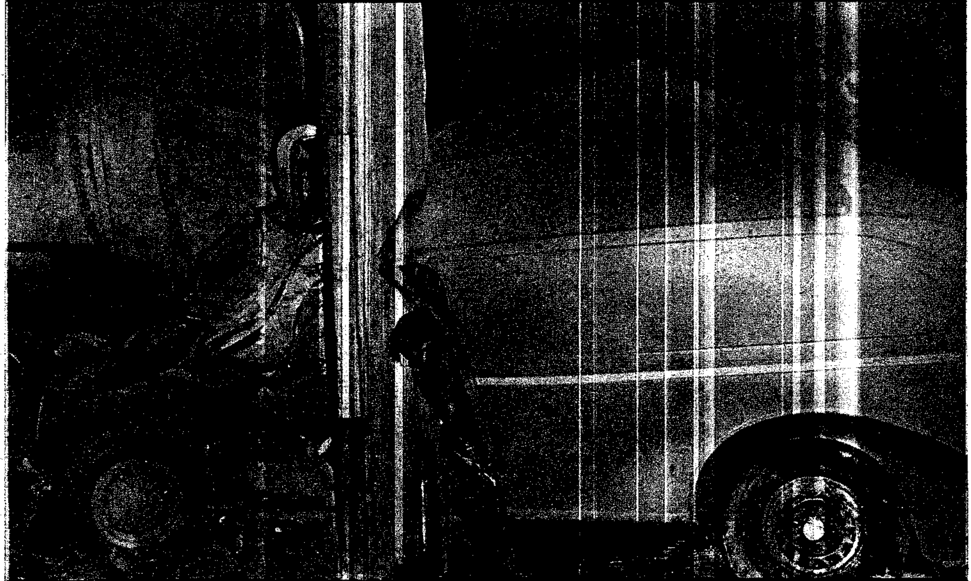




is the truck-driver's fault? So what? The man was crushed to
hen a ten-ton truck turned too slowly and they slammed into
her. But when you're dead you don't blame anybody . . .

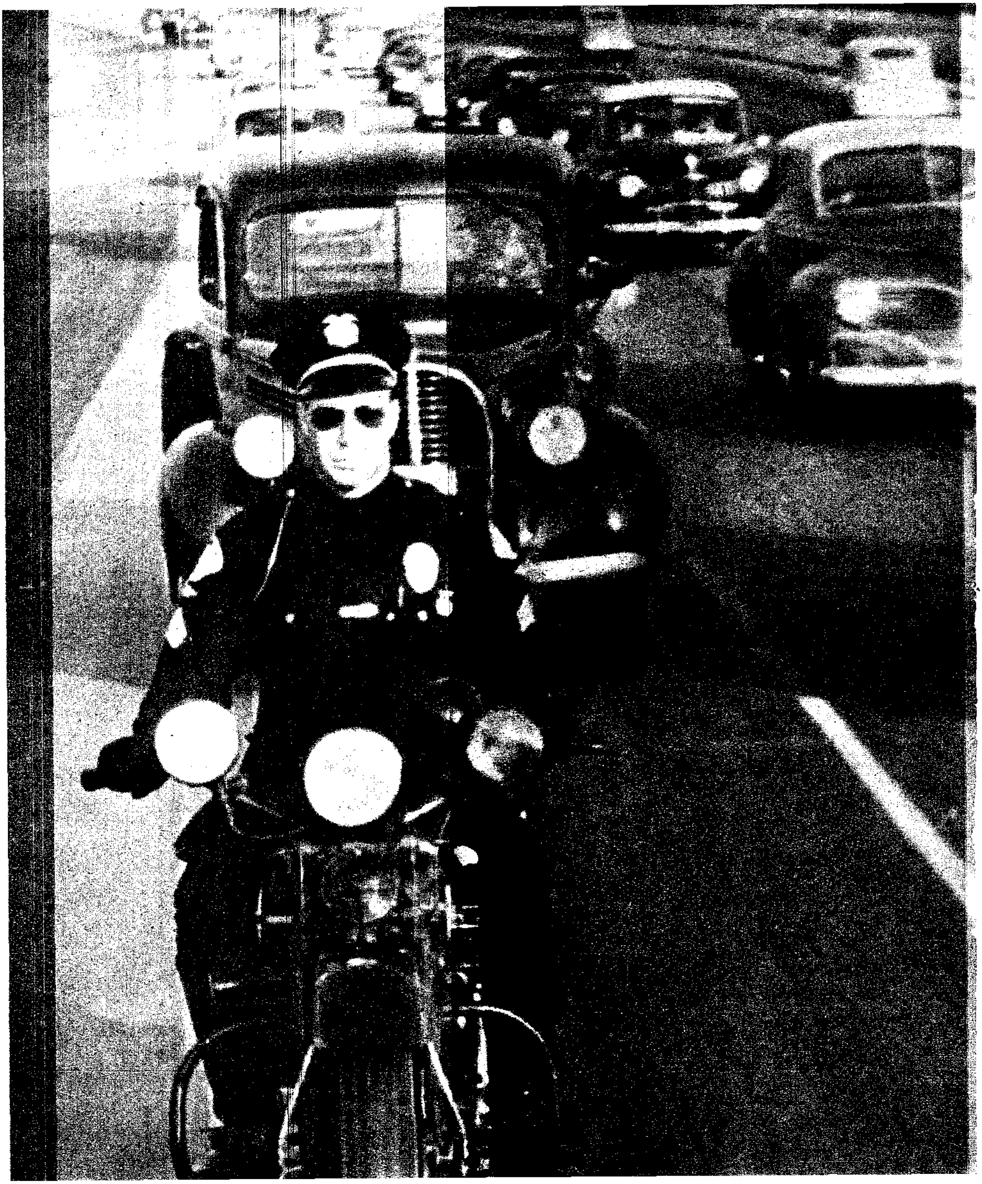


. . . and if you don't think tired driving is plain suicide, just have a look at this. He's finished all right, wrapped around that tree like an old inner tube.



This is a torch job. They have to burn you out of a jam like this. Maybe the poor lad slid into that freight train on bad brakes—got pushed against that pole without a chance—dead before he even hit it.

. . . or this baby who's too hurt to even cry. Yours, maybe? Sure you'd give your life for your kid—anytime. But listen, friend, after a roadside crash your life won't help him. Sometimes nothing will.



SHOW-OFFS with FLIPPERS

by **Edward Tracy and Gene Gaffney**

The talented sea lion is a born actor; he delights in having an audience, and there's nothing he won't do for a fish

HE IS COMEDIAN, ACROBAT, juggler, musician and straight man, yet he doesn't hold an Equity card and isn't eligible for membership in the musician's union. Queen Victoria was so intrigued by tales of his ability that she summoned him for a command performance. A college is devoted exclusively to the development of his talents. His delight at performing, which is self-evident, fosters the belief that he enjoys his antics even more than his audience does. This many-talented virtuoso is the performing seal which, experts insist, isn't a true seal but a sea lion.

On an evening in June, 1940, an enthusiastic audience assembled in Seal College, a red-frame building near Kingston, New York. Seated on one side of a big tank, visitors were present for the graduation of Sharkey, a three-year-old trained to make his stage debut with Jack Haley in the Broadway musical, *Higher and Higher*.

Garbed in academic cap and gown, Sharkey sat uneasily on a stand alongside the tank while commencement speeches were recited. With a newsreel camera recording the event, Sharkey received a diploma in his mouth and quickly dived into the water, where he executed a nifty jackknife and other pet marine maneuvers. Then, his graduation togs soaked but intact, Sharkey climbed from the pool and bellowed loudly for fish.

The peculiar talents of seals have been exploited by man since an English sea captain envisaged their theatrical possibilities late in the last century. Arriving in their Pacific lair, he observed a group in a circle, playfully passing a fish from snout to snout. Today, variations of these talents, and other latent performing abilities undreamed of at the time, are developed at Mark Huling's Seal College, a remarkable institution where as many as eight seals are taught simultaneously to talk, dance, walk a tightrope and do many other things.

Prospective students are gathered by sealers on islands off the Southern California coast. Whenever Huling needs seals, he advises his personal talent scout, Capt. George McGuire, who drives them from their rocky haunts into nets.

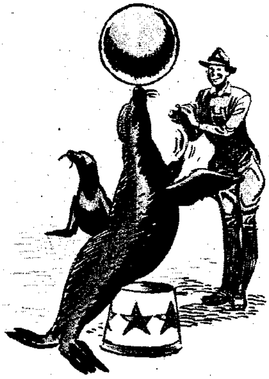
In contrast to the true seal, which is short and fat, the sea lion is lithe and supple, with a long graceful neck and incredible energy. His movements are effortless and rhythmic. A large herd, migrating from Arctic islands like the Pribilofs, churn the sea into foam, surging out of the water every few feet because of the great power they generate.

A mother seal has the ability to

distinguish her baby's cry of distress among hundreds of other cries that arise from the sealing grounds. During early summer, sealers often find tawny old bulls, or males, silhouetted against the sky on rocky ledges. Below, hundreds of noisy, month-old babies, not yet able to swim, are splashing about in a small bay. Suddenly the tide may roll over a sand bar, cascading two of the pups into deep water. If they are near-by, the mother seals will instantly recognize the cries of their own babies. Swiftly they dash to the rescue.

A seal weighs 13 or 14 pounds at birth, resembling a ball of soft brown fur. Unlike fish, the infants have to be taught to swim. When a pup is a month old, he hobbles beside his mother to a protected cove. There she drops him into the water. The pup sinks, rises, splashes his flippers, sinks again. In a flash the mother cuts the water in a graceful dive, comes up under the terrified pup, lifts him back to the surface. Then she glides away again, leaving him to struggle alone.

Hovering near-by like a lifeguard, the mother dives under her pup every few minutes to prevent drowning. After 15 minutes the pup is generally exhausted, so the mother returns him to land and safety. Lessons are continued twice a day until the pup starts swimming and diving without prodding; these feats are usually mastered in about two weeks.



For training, the best seals weigh about 200 pounds. However, when Sharkey arrived at the college with a shipment of six, he weighed only 40 pounds. Since small seals seldom grow to make an impressive appearance, Huling considered Sharkey an ugly pup, worthless in the theatrical world. Today, Huling calls Sharkey his most brilliant performer, a master of more than 100 tricks.

Huling has tutored some 150 seals including Jumbo, a 300-pound star which performed at Atlantic City last summer. Given a fair amount of natural ability, Huling can convert a $150 raw recruit into a star performer worth $50,000 by teaching him to play the national anthem on chimes, walk a tightrope, and do some other eye-pleasing tricks. Having once absorbed the Huling treatment, a seal lasts about 15 years as a headline performer.

In 1907, Huling was on his way to Buffalo with his two brothers. Stopping off in Tonawanda, New York, they learned that an aged seal-trainer wanted to retire and was offering to sell a troupe of 18 performers. Mark has been a seal-trainer ever since.

Seals are born prima donnas. A single sharp word is enough to rumple their feelings, after which they stubbornly refuse to work. Huling almost lost a seal by starvation when the pupil went on a hunger strike after a scolding.

At Seal College, recruits are first

taught balancing. An instructor, his pockets full of fish, walks around the room, occasionally nudging the seal in the nose with a paddle. Every time the seal tolerates a few nose taps, he gets a fish. Later, a ball with strings attached is substituted for the paddle. Having learned that nosing the paddle brought fish, the seal discovers that nosing the ball brings the same reward. In four or five months, he can balance the ball without human help.

A seal never receives a fish after a mistake, because he would repeat the blunder. The instructor says "No, no," and the trick is tried again. Once training is well under way, a seal generally knows by instinct when a mistake has been made.

When a seal applauds himself with his flippers, the audience assumes that the trick is natural. Actually it is developed by getting the seal to lie on his back, to allow the trainer to tickle his stomach. Because the seal is by nature very ticklish, he claps his flippers together. When a fish rewards each clap, the pupil quickly decides that clapping is a highly profitable exercise.

Although he's a star, Sharkey returns to Seal College once a year for a refresher course. A typical school day for him goes like this: a fast game of tag with the pups on hand; a series of plain and fancy dives from the 15-foot board; balancing stunts, with balls, plates and feather dusters as props; and a noisy number in which he keeps a balloon in the air by blowing and snorting under it.

The musical side of his act includes a series of bells that Sharkey plays by pressing buttons with his nose. To render *Where the River Shannon Flows* he had to memorize 31 successive notes.

Among the props used by Sharkey is a toy doll. When Huling tosses it into the water, Sharkey rescues it with appropriate fanfare. As a reward for heroism, Huling tells the seal that he can take a shower. Sharkey gets under the shower, turns the faucet with his nose, then goes through the elaborate motions of drying himself.

Several years ago, while on tour, Sharkey and another seal got restless one night. At dawn of a Sunday morning, a sleepy restaurant owner a mile from Huling's hotel shouted "Come in!" in response to a loud thump on the front door. The two seals entered. The host later complained to Huling that he didn't mind the seals barging into his establishment, "but when one held me at bay while the other did his act, that was too much!"

The man had no way of knowing, of course, that the seal, prime performer of the deep, loves an audience, even if it numbers only one.

Cine-Cisms

"I'm a Hollywood writer. So I put on a sports jacket and take off my brain." —Ben Hecht

The Man Who Murdered Himself

by **EMILE C. SCHURMACHER**

He thought he had planned the "perfect crime" perfectly, but he slipped up on one detail—and became his own victim

SIX MILES FROM HIS summer cabin at a curve in the Pacific Highway, just where the turbulent Umpqua River lapped the bottom of a cliff, Dr. Richard Brumfield jumped off the running board of his car. For a few seconds, transfixed and expectant, he stood on the lonely road, watching the motionless figure behind the wheel. Then the car crashed through the guard rail and plunged over the brink.

He heard the crash as the car landed on the rocks below, followed by a tremendous explosion which thundered through the valley. Then he gave a sigh of deep relief. No longer was he Dr. Richard Brumfield, leading dentist of Roseburg, Oregon, middle-aged pillar of respectability with a wife and three children. Dr. Brumfield was now an unrecognizable corpse blown to bits at the bottom of the cliff, while he—the man standing in the road—was Norman Whitney.

"Norman Whitney." He repeated the name to himself. It had an adventurous, even romantic sound, perfectly suited to the new identity he had been planning for so long a time. Now he was a tall and attractive 40-year-old bachelor, able to live out those dreams in which a beautiful girl, ample funds and distant places would blend into an idyllic life. He would, in short, recapture his youth which had been slipping away too rapidly in humdrum Roseburg.

He walked up the mountain road to the pine grove where he had hidden a coupé. Then with steady hand Dr. Brumfield lit a cigarette and relaxed behind the wheel as he drove out on to the wide ribbon of concrete that unwound towards Canada and freedom.

Carefully he went back over every detail of the shrewd plan whereby he had changed Norman Whitney from a shadow to stark reality. The corpse of "Dr. Brumfield," he was certain, would fool the police and his family. The body itself would be headless because he had placed a fused stick of dynamite in the mouth before starting the car on its plunge. He had also heard the explosion.

"Too many corpses have been identified by dental work," he had told himself craftily. "When they find this one, they won't even find a head."

He knew too that the body would be mistakenly identified by Mrs. Brumfield when she saw the license plates on the smashed car and the gold wedding ring which he had cleverly remembered to place on the corpse's right forefinger.

As for the obliterating stick of

dynamite, there was no doubt that he had outguessed the police. "Naturally they'll figure that a stick or two went off in the crash," he told himself. "Well, let them. When they start questioning my neighbors at summer camp they'll be satisfied."

For several weeks previously he had been having stumps blasted near his cabin. And he himself had been openly, even ostentatiously, buying dynamite in Roseburg, one stick at a time.

There wasn't a thing, in fact, which he hadn't anticipated. Several months past he had taken out insurance policies of $27,000, naming Norman Whitney of Seattle as beneficiary. His property had been willed to his family.

Demonstrating publicly that he was in sound financial condition, he had recently contributed $500 towards the building of a new church. No one could regard him as other than a model husband and a prosperous, God-fearing citizen.

His scheme for establishing his identity as Norman Whitney was ingeniously simple. He had filled a packing case with old newspapers and driven to the village of Myrtle Creek where, as Norman Whitney, he had shipped it to himself in care of an express office in Seattle. The receipt from the express agent he put in his wallet. It bore his new name and he confidently expected to make good use of it in the future.

With cunning forethought he had chosen his victim. For days he had searched the countryside for a man of his own height and build who did not have an immediate family. He found such a man in Dennis Russell, a happy-go-lucky fellow who did odd jobs.

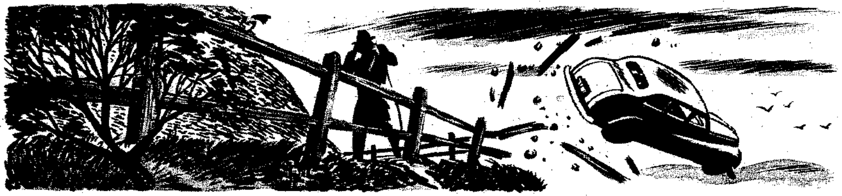
No witness was present when he called at Russell's lodgings and told the unsuspecting victim that he needed an experienced man to do some blasting. He had driven Russell to his cabin that very night.

For his victim he had neither pity nor anger; the man was merely a corpse needed to fulfill a clever plot. In his quiet cabin he poured a drink for himself and one for Russell. And then another.

When he poured the third drink there was a lethal dose of strychnine in Russell's glass. Then, as the victim began to writhe in death agony, Brumfield took a suit of his own clothes out of a bag, and waited.

Shortly after Russell breathed his last, the dentist stripped him and re-dressed him in his own suit. He put Russell's blue jeans in the fire and added more logs. Then, to avoid any possible doubt, he shot the man twice in the head. He knew there would be no bullets found to offer a clue.

He carried the dead man to his car and drove down the Pacific



Highway. He stopped near the treacherous curve, shoved the corpse behind the wheel, put the fused dynamite between cold lips and lit a long fuse. Then he started the car and jumped.

As Norman Whitney headed for Banff in Canada, the invisible hand of caution took the wheel. Banff must wait until news of the death of "Dr. Brumfield" faded from the public mind.

On a ranch near Calgary, Alberta, Norman Whitney found a job. He became lean and tanned, and as he looked in the mirror he knew that he had become the man he had so often imagined.

He still had the express receipt in his wallet. By this time, no doubt, the insurance company would be looking for Norman Whitney in Seattle, to pay him the $27,000 left by his good friend Dr. Brumfield. So he sent a wire asking that his packing case be forwarded to Banff. With the packing case would be a bill of lading. That, together with the receipt and, if necessary, identification by his employer, would prove to the insurance company that he was Norman Whitney.

He finally left for Banff, but not alone. Two Mounties picked him up and took him to headquarters where Sheriff Starmer of Roseburg, Oregon, was waiting. The prisoner indignantly demanded why he had been arrested.

"I guess you know why, Dr. Brumfield," said Starmer.

"My name is Norman Whitney," the former dentist protested.

"Okay, Whitney, if that's what you want to be called. But you're wanted back in Roseburg to explain a peculiar riddle. When we looked over your smashed car, we found it in second gear instead of high. It wasn't out of control when it went through the rail. It was only going about ten miles an hour."

So the dentist was taken back to Roseburg for trial. Only then did he learn that his victim had been positively identified by his peculiarly shaped toenails. And on October 19, 1921, Dr. Richard Brumfield, alias Norman Whitney, was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged.

But the sentence wasn't carried out. In the Salem State Penitentiary Brumfield hanged himself with a rope made of strips of blanket. And so for the second time he succeeded in murdering himself. Only this time he, and not his double, went to meet his Maker.

Ace Reporting

From the files of a Colorado Social Service worker's reports come the following excerpts:

"These people also have religious pictures all over the place, but seem clean, however."

"Woman still owes $45 for a funeral she had recently."

"Good type American family—appear refined, but intelligent."

"Saw mother and child—evidence of father." —*Northlander*

Gallery of Photographs

Contributors to this issue:

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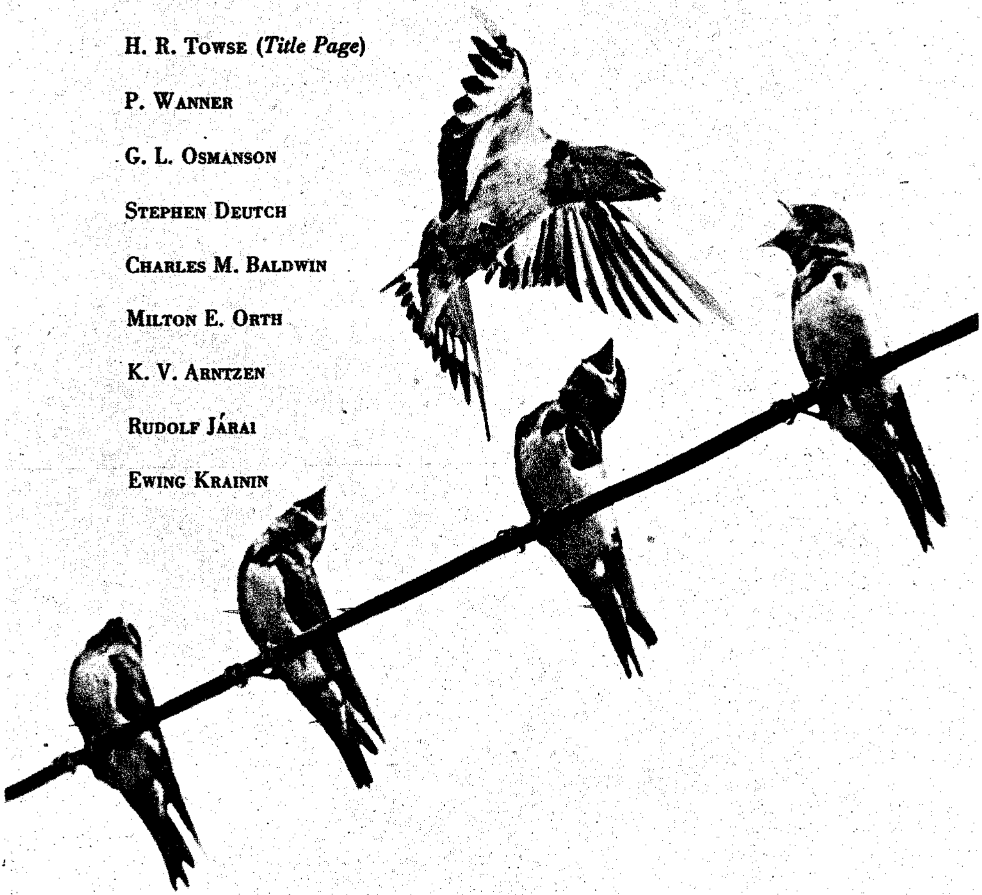


Dawn Patrol P. Wanner; St. Saphorin, Swtz

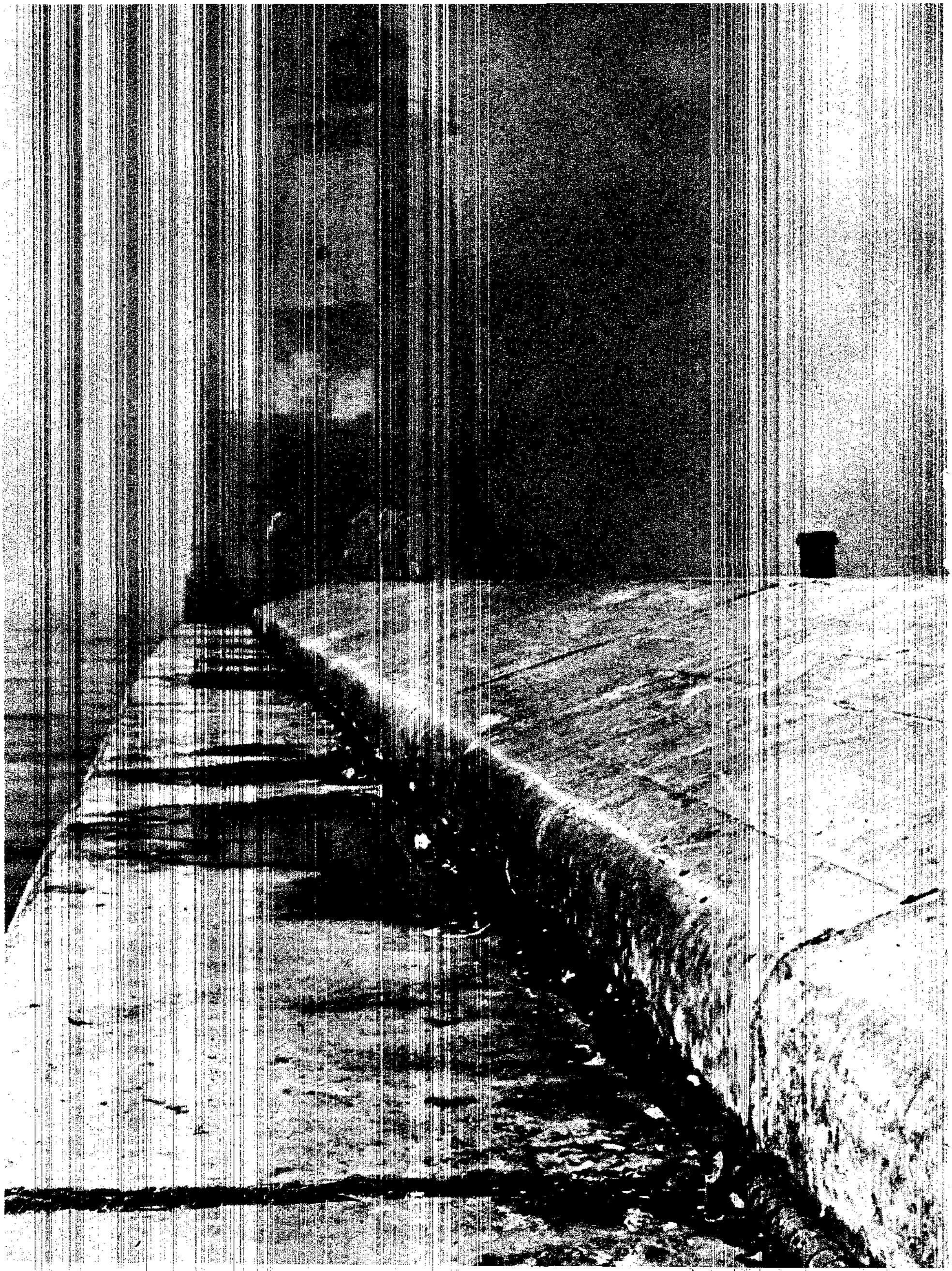
G. L. Osmanson; Morris, Ill.

Slugger

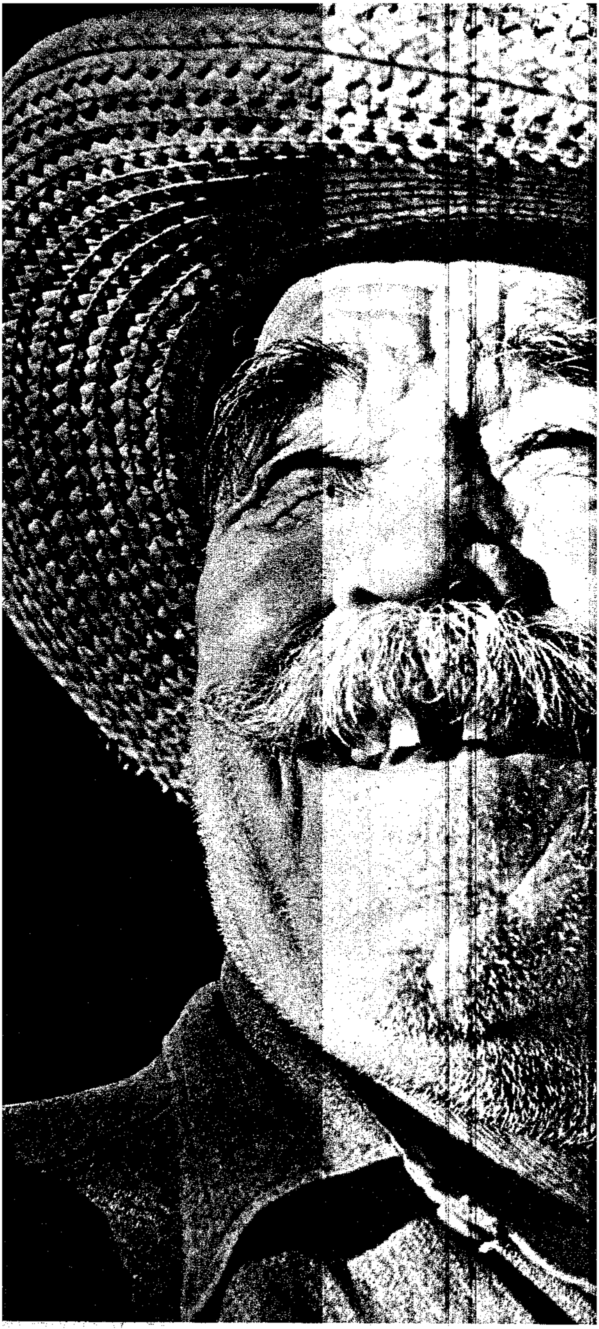
Stephen Deutch; (

Stephen Deutch; Chicago, Ill.

Discovery

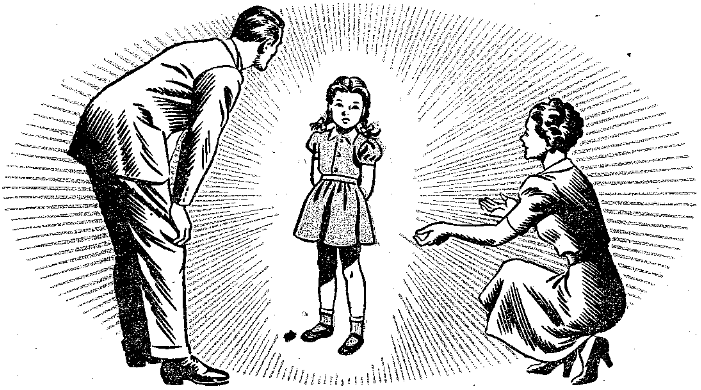


Edge of Darkness **Charles M. Baldwin; Flint, Mich.**



Good Times Ahead

Rudolf Jarai; Budapest, Hungary



Our Daughter Was Eight When We Found Her

As told to **JEANNETTE EYERLY**

Anyone can love a baby; it takes a great heart to see the charm of a growing child

WE HAD HAUNTED the child-placement agency for so long that the gray-haired woman at the desk smiled when she saw us coming. But her answer was the same as always.

"I'm sorry, no babies."

Out on the street again, my husband kicked at the fender of our eight-year-old car. "Cars, tires, food and even babies!" His voice was grim. "Put your name on a list and wait your turn! Cathy, I don't get it."

I tried unsuccessful banter. "You learned it in school, remember? There are simply more childless couples than there are adoptable babies."

"I know all that," Bob grunted. "Drop me at the office and you can take the car. I won't need it."

As I turned into our driveway I saw the daily diaper-wash flapping from my neighbor's clothesline. The source of supply bounced in a play pen in the back yard, but I did not, as usual, go over to see her. Instead, I went into my carefully ordered house that was the envy of friends, sat down in a chair that looked as new as the day we bought it, stared at the spotless carpet and did something highly unoriginal. I cried.

Bob was 33 and I was 29 when we were married. We waited almost three years before we became panicky about not having a child. But it was not until we both had taken all the tests that we really gave up hope. Then we knew we would never have a baby unless we adopted one.

Adopt one? Of course! But that

was before we started the dismal business of haunting child-placement agencies. Quickly we learned that we were just one of hundreds of couples who had been approved as adoptive parents and yet could not find a baby to adopt.

It was a strange situation, yet we knew the answers by heart. In our state the post-war divorce rate, as well as the rate of illegitimate births, had reached an all-time high. As a result, adoptions were expected to be the most numerous in history. Why, then, was it so hard to find a baby?

One reason was that nearly half of all adoptions were taking place "within the family"—by stepparents or close relatives. Still worse, not all the babies were what social workers termed "adoptable." There were the physically handicapped, the mentally retarded—the "little misfits" of society.

The situation was even further complicated. In addition to the children's being placed through authorized agencies, there was a booming "black market" in babies. Our local newspaper reported that 30 per cent of adoptions were "hasty, independent placements, some of them involving payments of money."

In fact, in a roundabout way, Bob and I had been offered a baby for a "consideration." The temptation had been strong, but we had refused to yield. One of the heartaches of independent placements is that the real mother and father sometimes know where the child has been placed, whereas under agency rules the child's identity is preserved in a sealed record, which may be opened only by court order.

Even more important, we felt we couldn't "buy" a baby — even though our childless state was becoming more and more difficult. Holidays had grown meaningless. At Christmas-time I would find myself yearning over fuzzy teddy-bears, over showcases filled with dolls that would bring sparkling gleams to a little girl's eyes. Bob and I would exchange our own adult gifts, then deliver presents to our friends' youngsters, gazing wistfully at rooms heaped with toys.

As I sat in my spotless living room, I saw life stretching bleakly ahead as we approached a childless middle age—a sterile, pointless existence. Wearily I got up from my chair. Another day of boredom lay before me.

A MONTH AFTER our trip to the agency, we called on some former college friends who had recently moved to town. We were not only happy to see them again, but were delighted with their two children. Tommy was a sturdy, brown-eyed boy of 12 who looked like his father; pretty eight-year-old Marilyn resembled her mother.

After the youngsters had kissed their parents good night and trotted off to bed, we delivered our familiar plaint—we had no children and had not even been fortunate enough to find an adoptable baby.

Instead of the look of pity we usually received, our friends exchanged satisfied glances. "We were faced with the baby shortage too," the wife said, "but we solved it by adopting *older* children. We've had Tommy since he was eight, and we adopted Marilyn just a year ago."

"But they *look* like you!" I sputtered. "And they love you so much—it's written all over their faces!"

"Of course," our friends said happily. "It's easy when you know what you're looking for."

Bob gave me a quizzical look. "I think they've got something, Cathy."

I shook my head stubbornly. "I still want a baby!"

"No diapers," one friend said.

"Nor 2 o'clock feedings," added the other.

"You interest me strangely," said Bob with a grin. "Tell me more . . ."

Our friends were honest in admitting some disadvantages in not adopting a baby. The older child is more likely to be set in his habits, some of which may be undesirable. The older the child, the greater the problem of readjustment to a new way of life. But the points on the credit ledger, they felt, more than outweighed the disadvantages.

A child's intelligence may be accurately tested by the time he reaches school age. Abilities in music, art, dancing, mechanics or manual dexterity may be appraised. Thus it is easier for foster parents to choose a child whose talents and interests are comparable to their own.

"There's one thing more," I said. "Can you love a child as much if you have not had him from babyhood?"

Their answer was simple and unequivocal. "Just as much," they said.

Bob smiled. "It's getting late, Cathy. Let's go home—we have a busy day ahead of us . . ."

WE LAY AWAKE for hours discussing our prospective daughter, for we had long since agreed that we wanted a little girl. But we remembered our friends' final admonition—to move slowly in adopting an older child. We must check carefully with the superintendent of the home, talk to the child's teachers, have her examined by our family doctor. After this, they suggested we take the child for a three-month trial period.

With all these things in mind we returned to the agency next day. The gray-haired woman smiled. "I didn't expect you back so soon! The answer is still the same."

"We're on a new mission," I quickly explained. "We're looking for an older child . . . a little girl from five to eight."

The woman smiled again, but this time there was a difference. "I'm so glad," she said. "We have such lovely older children. It seems a shame so few people want them."

She shook her head despairingly. "Babies, babies, babies is all I hear! Often I'd like to grab those people by the arm and tell them about the older children—about *their* problems and heartaches and loneliness. Their need is so much greater! Anyone can love a baby, but it takes a great heart to see the sweetness of a child who is all arms and legs, who is losing his teeth, growing out of his clothes."

Yet even after we had won the warm cooperation of our agency friend, it was difficult to make a decision. There were plenty of older children—thin and fat, plain and pretty; orphans, half-orphans and children from broken homes—and they all had the same wistful expression in their eyes. They were all looking for a home. But none of them was *our* little girl.

Then at last we found her. Roxanne's mother had died when she was born, and from that time until she was almost eight she had lived first with one relative, then another. All had families of their own. No one wanted her. Then her father died, and Roxanne was placed in a children's home.

According to the superintendent, Roxanne was extremely bright, but nervous and high-strung. She had no known talents but, the superintendent hastened to add, there had been little opportunity to study her character. And what did she look like, we asked.

The woman struggled for words. "I don't know exactly how to describe her. She's fair, very slender, has blue eyes and is a little tall for her age."

Then we saw her, and from that moment we knew she would be ours. We knew, too, why the superintendent had been unable to describe her. She was fair, she was slender. But there was a golden warmth about her—a curious, elfin warmth. When she smiled, her wistful, pointed little face was brightened by a hidden inner light.

She was given a clean bill of health by our family physician, except for being underweight. Her teachers said she was an above-average student, and intelligence tests confirmed it. Her parents had been of good American stock, and her religious background was, fortunately, the same as ours. But nothing was said about adoption. She only knew that she was coming to spend the summer with us.

The day we went to get her my heart was thumping. She was waiting in the office, her thin legs dangling from a straight-backed chair. Her hair hung in two little braids over each shoulder. A decrepit doll was clutched in one arm. A cracked oilcloth purse was in her other hand and a battered suitcase lay at her feet.

No parents of a newborn baby ever left a hospital with greater pride than ours, that day. Her eyes staring straight ahead, Roxanne walked primly between us to the car. Her visit had begun.

Two days later, with Roxanne's hand clutched in mine, we went shopping for the first new clothes the child had ever owned. Each new thing we bought kindled fresh lights in her eyes, until by the time we reached home she was almost ill with excitement. After supper and a bath, I put her to bed early. And she slept with her new shoes beside her pillow.

The next project was to redecorate the guest room, not as a nursery (as once we had hoped) but as a bedroom for a little girl. Together we selected wallpaper, material for curtains, a new bedspread. Yet, though the project kept us excitingly busy, I could sense her strangeness in the house; her loneliness at being separated from children in the home; her feeling that this, too, was but a temporary resting place.

Roxanne was so anxious to please that her very anxiety became a worry. Constantly she was at my side, wanting to dry the dishes, dust the furniture, go on errands or even mow the grass. Her room and her new clothes were cared for reverently, but she still went about the house like a small shadow.

Then, while setting the table, she broke a dish. Immediately she burst into uncontrollable sobbing, afraid that I would send her back to the home. And when she lost a golf ball that Bob had given her to play with, she hid in her room for fear of punishment. Occurrences like these nearly broke our hearts.

Although we tried not to purchase Roxanne's love with gifts, it was hard not to buy things. But of all her presents, she loved Louise the most. Louise was a large doll, with a composition head and a body of soft rubber. Roxanne was convinced that Louise was endowed with all the human frailties. Louise acquired, and miraculously recovered from, measles, chickenpox and mumps. She was fed, bathed, diapered and aired according to strictest schedule. I don't know where Roxanne learned the technique, but I think that "mothering" must be instinctive with women, no matter what their age.

Roxanne had been with us for six weeks before I lost patience with her for the first time. She had dawdled over supper, played too long in the tub; next she brushed her teeth at length, making faces in the mirror. Then, although it was late, she spent another half-hour teaching Louise a poem.

At 9 o'clock I called to her sharply. "Roxanne! It's past bed time. Hop in bed this minute if you want me to tuck you in."

I heard a scamper of bare feet, a bounce, then silence. When I entered her room Roxanne was in bed. Her lips were puckered tightly to keep from crying; clutched to her thin little chest was Louise.

I dropped to my knees beside the bed, tears stinging my eyes because she had had to turn to a doll for comfort. "You love Louise, don't you, darling? Almost as much as if she were a real person?"

"No," she said, gently reproving. "Not really. But we mustn't talk about it in front of her."

After she fell asleep, Bob and I stood by her bed and watched her, the fine yellow hair spread like a golden curtain over the small pillow, her arms still holding Louise. We knew that we were only waiting for the time when she would really be our own.

And the time came, sooner than expected. One day she banged out the front door, neglecting to close the screen. Her new jumping rope was left in the living room, her bed was made with less care, the bathroom displayed a smudged and dripping towel. At last, Roxanne was beginning to feel at home!

We had given no thought to what she would call us. We did not want her to say "Uncle" and "Auntie," and it sounded strange to hear her refer to Bob and me as Mr. and Mrs. Mason. But that is what she called us—until the day she came tearing into the house shouting, "Mama, Mama, MAMA!"

My heart seemed to stop beating. Roxanne was calling *me!* I turned to see her skid into the kitchen, her face shining, an envelope waving in one hand.

"It's a party! My very first birthday party!" she chanted.

The invitation was from a child I barely knew, yet Roxanne had got it "on her own." So the next day we went shopping for a present, and I watched her happily depart, starched and ribboned, for the party. But I waited for a long time, with a lump in my throat, for the moment that Roxanne would call me "Mama" again.

As THE SUMMER progressed, Roxanne's face lost what I can only call the "institutional" look. There was a new sparkle in her eye, sometimes a glimmer of naughtiness, and a few "problems." Her imagination would have shamed Paul Bunyan and we had a few sessions on the virtues of truthfulness. Although she was usually obedient, she sometimes showed a streak of stubbornness that delighted Bob and perplexed me.

"Virtues are seasoned by a few faults," Bob sagely remarked, and I decided he was right. After all, we wanted a normal child, not a museum piece.

After the birthday party, Roxanne found new neighborhood playmates and proudly brought them home for inspection, as if they were a personal conquest. She gardened, roller-skated, sewed, cared for Louise, and hung upside down from a trapeze which Bob had rigged for her.

Roxanne was also an inveterate reader, sometimes turning on the light at night after she was supposed to be asleep. When books from the library were exhausted, she resorted to re-reading her own books, magazines and comics, even the newspapers.

One night I awakened, aware that someone was in our bedroom. Roxanne was leaning over Bob's bed, her long white nightgown only a blur in the darkness. Then she approached my bed. I feigned sleep while she placed her ear against my chest. Apparently satisfied, she quietly left the room.

Next morning I asked the reason for her visit, and she said she had read in a newspaper of some man who had died in his sleep. Awakened in the night, she had worried about Bob and me and could not go back to sleep until she had visited our bedroom to see if we were still alive.

Bob and Roxanne became close friends, with Bob expanding under her affection. After work and on Sundays, they would go fishing in the lagoon of a near-by park. Only once did they catch a fish. It was merely an overgrown minnow, but Bob cleaned it, I cooked it and Roxanne ate it.

Together the three of us picnicked, worked in the yard, went for walks in the country. Old familiar pleasures took on new meaning when they were seen through the fresh curiosity of a child's eyes. We discovered her sensitivity to music and color, the sunniness of her disposition, her funny little sense of humor, the brightness of her mind.

We discovered all the things we had hoped to find, and one thing more. Before Roxanne came, tomorrow had always been just another day. Now it was a future—for all of us.

The evening before Roxanne's ninth birthday, she came into the living room to say good night. Fresh from the tub, her hair pulled into a yellow, curling topknot, she settled down between us on the davenport.

"Time for a story?" she inquired brightly.

Then suddenly I looked at Bob, for I knew the moment had come to tell her a true-to-life story we had long been waiting to relate.

"Once upon a time," I began, as Roxanne's hand crept into Bob's, "once upon a time there was a man and a woman. They loved each other very much, and they would have been completely happy except for one thing. They did not have any children. They waited for a long time, but no baby came.

"First they thought they would adopt a baby, but then they decided that maybe they were getting too old for babies, and that they would choose a little girl instead. They searched and searched, but each child they looked at, they shook their heads sadly and said, 'No, this is not *our* little girl'.

"Then one day they saw a little girl who was neither too thin nor too fat. She had yellow hair and a funny little freckled nose. The man looked at the woman, the woman looked at the man, and together they said, '*This* is our little girl!'

"But they waited until the night before her ninth birthday to ask her if she would like to be their little girl . . . for always."

"Me?" Roxanne whispered. Then she leaped up from the davenport. "ME!" she shouted. She threw her arms like tight little bands of steel about our necks, and the words she had been waiting to say, the words we had been waiting to hear, burst from her.

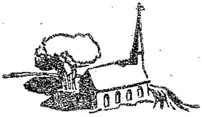
"Good night . . . Mama and Daddy!"

That was three years ago. Roxanne is 12 now, with braces on her teeth and legs as long as a colt's. She is as much a part of us, and of our lives, as though she were truly our own. We know now that when we chose Roxanne, babyhood was behind her. She was already an individual. There was no guesswork about the way she would "turn out."

Sometimes, with a little shudder, we realize how close we came to not finding her—we recall the emptiness of our lives when there were just two of us. Then we think of the boys and girls, who were babies just a few years ago, growing up unwanted within institutional walls when there are thousands of hearts and homes waiting desperately to be filled.

Perhaps, for them, our experience will open a new and bright path of hope. Perhaps a Roxanne is waiting for them, too.

No Need to Go Farther



Years ago, William Jennings Bryan spent a week end at a hotel in San Francisco. On Sunday morning, Bryan approached the desk clerk and said, "I want to go to church. Can you help me?"

The clerk smiled and asked, "Which church would you like to attend?" Bryan replied: "The nearest one." —Jules Levine

Where Theater Seats Are Free

by **Robert Froman**

Life has been rich in everything but money for a producer who opened the doors of his playhouse to all comers

BUTLER DAVENPORT is one of the happiest men imaginable. Now approaching 70, he works 10 to 12 hours a day, seven days a week—and earns barely enough to eat. Yet he never feels the slightest regret. He is doing exactly what he wants to do, exactly the way he wants to do it, and wouldn't do it any other way for all the money and fame in the world.

His story would be an unusual one if he were only a ragpicker. But in the profession he practices it is unique. For Davenport is a theatrical producer who, up to 23 years ago, was just another moderately successful impresario. Then one night he put on a free performance at famed Cooper Union Hall on Manhattan's East Side. After the curtain he helped conduct a question-and-answer period. Amazed by the audience's ignorance of the theater, he asked how many had seen a play before. Five out of 2,000 raised their hands.

Davenport was aghast, for to him drama was the breath of life. He couldn't bear to think of all these people being deprived merely because they didn't have the price of tickets. So that night an idea began germinating.

At first it seemed only a wonderful dream; but the next morning he felt more confident. He had a lease on a theater, plenty of props and costumes. There were always talented young beginners willing to act for nothing, to get experience. He, himself, could get along on very little money.

With growing excitement Davenport realized there was just a bare chance he could get away with it. So he turned his Bramhall Playhouse, which had flourished for eight years as an ordinary, admission-charging theater, into the Davenport Free Theater. That was in January, 1923. Ever since, with the exception of one brief period when his creditors forced him to make a small charge, he has kept its door open to all comers. After the curtain he passes the hat. The audience's contributions are his only source of income.

Yet on these pittances, seldom exceeding $15 a night, he has managed to give full-scale performances of countless worth-while plays for thousands who would never have seen them otherwise. He does it by spending long hours molding his unpaid young casts, and by stoking the furnace, sweeping the aisles and performing with his own hands all the other chores necessary to keep a theater going.

A small, wiry man with an amazing resemblance to Edwin Booth, famed 19th-century actor, Davenport refuses to reveal the date of his birth; but from the stories he tells of the American theater's past he is certainly beyond 60. His theater is an unpretentious place tucked away on East 27th Street. It occupies the high-ceilinged ground floor of an old cuckoo-clock building which has been, among other things, a haunted house, a Knights of Columbus hall and an Armenian church. There are seats for only 225.

The second floor is occupied by dressing rooms. Davenport lives on the third, surrounded by books and mementos of the theater. He does all his own cooking and cleaning, for marriage to his work never permitted him to think of a real wife and family of his own.

When I visited him there recently, I brashly asked whether it had all been worth while. "Worth-while?" he smiled. "Of course! Let me tell you a story. One night an old woman stood up in the audience after my curtain speech. She was dressed in rags.

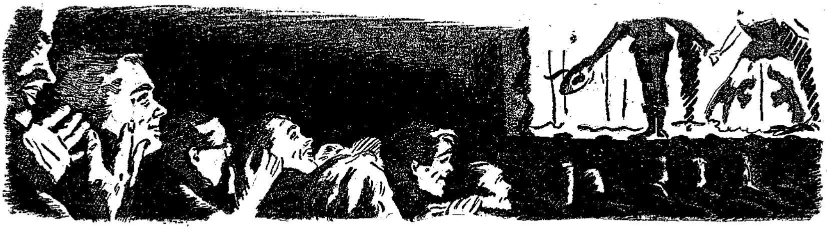
" 'Mr. Davenport,' she said in a hoarse voice, 'I feel I ought to apologize for being here. I've been three times this week.' I assured her that she could come every night if she wanted to. We were glad to have her.

" 'I only heard about the theater on Monday night down in the Bowery,' she went on. 'I came here Tuesday night not believing it could be true. I came back last night and tonight because I couldn't stay away. I haven't had anything like this for 16 years. I only earn enough to keep alive.'

"There was absolute silence in the theater. I could see some of the others in the audience nodding to themselves as if this were an old familiar story. Then the collection basket reached her. 'I have only three cents,' she said, 'but I'm going to put it in the basket. If I had more, I'd give it; we all need some little pleasures in life.' "

DAVENPORT HAS OFTEN needed such inspiration, for financial trouble has never been far away. Several times only a near miracle has kept him from losing the theater. In fact, the first crisis came only a few weeks after he had announced his policy of free admissions. The building owner, convinced Davenport had gone mad, gave notice of breaking the lease. Although Davenport could see no way out, he went on with the show, determined to keep going.

At the time, he was presenting one of his own plays, for besides acting, directing and producing he also writes. It was *Difference in Gods,*



a problem drama dealing with unhappy marriages. One night, barely a week before he had to vacate the building, an elderly couple came to see him after the performance.

Obviously they had been deeply moved by the play: the woman was on the verge of tears. "Mr. Davenport," the man said, "we can never thank you enough. You have given us back our happiness. You see, we were planning a divorce. There seemed to be no point in going on together. But your play has changed all that. Now we know how foolish we have been . . . In return, is there any way we can help you?"

Davenport told them about the lease on the theater.

"Will $10,000 help?" the woman broke in.

Davenport was almost too overwhelmed to speak. But the couple insisted on making the gift, the only stipulation being that he should never reveal their names.

With that windfall, Davenport was able to make a down payment on the building. Yet he had to give a large mortgage, and there have been many desperate crises since that first one. Faith, however, has always kept him going, and his only sorrow has been that many people are suspicious of his offer of something for nothing.

Recently a party of slummers in evening clothes drove up to the theater with liveried chauffeurs. Davenport was presenting an Ibsen play. After they had entered, one of the chauffeurs came into the lobby and glanced around sardonically. The doorman suggested he go in and see the play. "Oh, they'll only be staying a few minutes," the chauffeur sneered.

But at the end of the performance they were still in their seats. One of them wrote to Davenport: "Please accept my congratulations. I'm afraid we didn't appreciate what you were doing before we came." He enclosed a check for $40, saying he would have paid the same for Broadway tickets.

The Ibsen play was worth every penny of it, for there is little of the amateurish about Davenport's productions. Even though his casts are not as experienced as those on Broadway, they often work harder at rehearsing and receive expert direction. The cast of a recent play, Moliere's *The Affected Young Ladies*, included two ex-servicemen, a radio production man, a model and a stenographer. All support themselves with full-time jobs, yet they were on hand for performances at 8:30 every night except Monday. After the show they rehearsed a new play until 1 A.M. Their devotion is something to behold.

For Davenport they have deep respect and affection. He is "Davvy" to them, and the atmosphere at rehearsals is informal and relaxed. The only time he really gets angry is when he encounters someone who doesn't want to work for a part. Once he gave a reading to a woman who showed talent. "Fine, fine," he said after the reading. "With a little extra rehearsing I think you can handle the part. Regular rehearsals after the show evenings, you know. What other times would be best for you?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly rehearse more than two or three times," she protested. "I go out to the country on the week end so I won't be available for Saturday or Sunday performances either, I'm afraid."

That was the end of her stage career.

For young actors willing to work his theater provides wonderful experience. Davenport would be horrified at considering it a school of the drama: his aim is simply to give his audiences the best possible performances. But in the process of doing that, members of the cast say he teaches them more about the theater than they ever learned elsewhere.

The number of accomplished professionals who got their start with him would seem to bear this out. One of the most famous is Gene Raymond, who began appearing there in his boyhood and later graduated to Broadway and Hollywood. Then there was the young Negro postman who walked in during an afternoon rehearsal several years ago, a pack of mail on his back. Was there a part for him? He got his chance. And Frank Wilson went on to star in *Porgy* and *Anna Lucasta*.

FOR ALL HIS PUPILS, Davenport has been an inexhaustible mine of theater lore. Although born in an old Connecticut family with Puritan traditions, he decided in childhood that the stage was the profession for him. In fact, at the age of six he began his career by learning to manipulate a cardboard puppet theater. Then, while staying at his family's country home, he discovered a near-by summer theater.

Hanging around one day, the youth caught a glimpse of the famous Helena Modjeska. Immediately he decided he must meet her. He rushed home, gathered a box of eggs from the family hen house and took them to the cottage where the actress was staying. But when the maid opened the door he lost his nerve. All he could do was bow and hand her the package.

Modjeska appeared at a window. "Are you the young cavalier who brought the eggs? . . . Perhaps you would like to come to a rehearsal?" Young Davenport nodded so violently that he almost fell out of his pony cart.

In much the same way he went on to make conquests of other theatrical notables of that day. Edwin Booth, Sarah Bernhardt, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry—all succumbed to his boyish charm, until he was free to come and go behind the scenes of nearly all of New York's theaters.

On the heady wine of such success, young Davenport persuaded his father to let him quit school and join the great repertory company of Augustin Daly. In the next few years he played many parts, not only with Daly but also in the companies of Charles and Daniel Frohman and Richard Mansfield.

Then he decided to branch out into playwriting. Eventually he sold several plays, and his *Keeping Up Appearances* was a hit in 1910. But a great change was coming over the theater. The old repertory companies were disappearing. Everyone seemed to be succumbing to money-madness, with the classics being tossed out the window.

Davenport made up his mind to fight the current. To him the theater was more than just a living: he wanted to give it meaning. As his first venture he established a summer theater in Connecticut and staged not only fashionable drawing-room comedies but also the work of great playwrights of the past.

Then he began to dream of reviving the New York repertory tradition. Scraping together all his funds, working with his own hands to clean and repair the building, in 1915 he opened his Bramhall Playhouse on 27th Street.

For the next eight years he produced a wide variety of classic and modern plays with a cast of professional actors, and charged admissions of 50 cents to $2. But Davenport gradually came to realize that he had not yet achieved his ideal. Then his experience at Cooper Union in 1923 showed him what to do. A month later he rededicated his playhouse as the Davenport Free Theater.

Today his long devotion to repertory theater is being vindicated. London's Old Vic company recently visited New York, and the powerful Theater Guild established, for a while, the first American repertory group seen on Broadway in several decades.

The Guild can offer more polished productions than Davenport, but the scene before the footlights will not be half so appealing as at the Free Theater. For much of the pleasure of a visit there lies in the relaxed informality of the audience—an audience most of whom would never have seen a play except for Davenport's inspiration.

A Broadway wiseacre once termed Davenport's theater "the flophouse of the drama." For Broadway, which seldom thinks in terms other than dollars and cents, this may be an accurate definition. Yet certainly the remark has never disturbed Davenport. He is serenely happy with the way he has spent his life. "It has been so tremendously rich," he says, "in everything but money."

* * *

The Wisdom of the Young

EVERY DAY, SIX-YEAR-OLD Tommy brought home breathless accounts of the prowess of his new friend, Joe. With wide-eyed admiration, Tommy would report to his mother that Joe was the smartest boy in the first grade. Joe could make the biggest bubbles with his bubble gum. Joe had taught the other kids how to make paper airplanes.

Then, one day, over a bridge table, another mother asked, "Did you know that your son's closest friend at school is a Negro boy?"

That evening, while Tommy was again regaling his mother with the wonders of Joe, she said, "But Tommy, you never told me that Joe was colored."

"Colored?" the child asked. "What's colored?"

"Why, his skin is darker than yours, isn't it?"

Tommy paused thoughtfully to ponder the question. Then he answered, "I don't know, but I'll look tomorrow." —HELEN WALDBOTT

You can lick the housing shortage—and cut costs—by helping to build your own home; here's one vet's story to prove it

We Got Our Dream House —for $6,600!

by **BILL GRAFFIS**

LIKE MANY ANOTHER self-effacing citizen, I was long reputed to have so little mechanical ability around the house that people doubted if I could turn on a light by myself. But recently those unkind slanders have been disproved. I have found that a man, with very little training, is more of a builder and mechanic than ever he imagined himself to be.

How did I make the discovery? I have just finished helping to build my own home. The training I received while working with the contractor proved I was not strictly an owner of ten clumsy thumbs, but a potential mechanic of no mean ability. More important, I learned that the veteran housing problem isn't as tough as many people believe. That is, if the veteran wants to spend his week ends and spare time helping to solve it.

Like most other single males who served in the armed forces, it only took a couple of days of army life to convince me that if and when I ever got out, I was going to get married and build a home. So a few weeks after I had been separated from the Air Forces, I loaded up a second-hand car with baggage and a brand-new bride named Shirley, and headed for Hollywood where I had landed a low-salary studio job.

Immediately we started bucking the housing shortage. Fortunately, friends put us up for awhile, and then we got a room with connecting bath in one of the jerry-built hotels that have mushroomed around Hollywood the past few years.

In that shabby little domicile, about the size of a converted orange crate, we started planning earnestly for our future home. But everybody we talked to discouraged us.

"Not a chance!" "You haven't enough money." "If you start the house now it will be another year before you're able to finish it."

With nothing to lose but a little time, Shirley and I determined to go ahead with our plans. First, I went to the Veterans Housing Administration and filled out an application for a building priority. The clerk gave me one of those "Oh, you poor fathead" looks that I supposed meant my certificate would arrive around 2,000 A.D. But surprisingly the priority came through in three weeks.

While waiting, Shirley and I went through a bundle of "home" magazines. Then we looked at model homes, discussed features we had seen in the homes of friends, finally decided what we wanted.

Our one-story house was to contain only a few rooms, but each would be big—a living room 19 by 28 feet, bedroom 15 by 19. We also decided on a big kitchen that would serve as dining room, plenty of closet space, and a long glassed-in porch.

We drew our floor plan to scale, then found a young war-veteran architect to supply the completed plans. They called for 1,440 square feet and were just what we wanted with no changes at all. The cost of the plans: $60. But if we hadn't drawn the floor plan ourselves and stuck to it with the architect's minor changes, the price would have been five per cent of the cost of the completed house.

The plans were approved by the Los Angeles building authorities before we started hunting for a lot. We wanted a spot where we could glance out the 12-foot picture windows in our living room and see the mountains and the Pacific. For weeks we looked: some of the lots were too small, others were too big and remote. But all had one thing in common. They were too expensive. We had to build and furnish our home for $7,000.

One Sunday, driving along the ocean highway near Santa Monica, we spotted the land we wanted. Unfortunately, a group of Hollywood directors and producers also wanted it, and were willing to pay more. But we had an angle. Several GI's with whom I had served were living in Hollywood. If we could get them together, why not option the entire 100 acres?

On one of the dreariest, rainiest days California has ever seen, we drove our friends to the property. They were sold immediately, and that night we pooled our money. Early next morning, in a race against competing shoppers, we arrived at the land office and made our deposit. As we were leaving, the producers and directors strolled in.

So far, we had thought that the going was rugged, but the panic really started when we looked around for a contractor to build at prevailing prices, which we learned ranged from $10 to $14 a square foot. Even at $10, the cost of our

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Bill Graffis started his writing career in college, as campus correspondent for a Chicago newspaper. Upon graduation in 1941, he enlisted in the Army and saw service in Europe with the Air Force Troop Carrier Command, ending up a major. Since his return to civilian life, he has been a script writer for RKO and Republic Studios, and is now in the public relations department of Enterprise Productions. In this article he tells how he solved his own housing problem with direct action.

place would have been $14,400. So that was out.

It was Shirley who got the idea. Why not find a contractor who would let us do some of the work ourselves? We could cut down costs that way.

The day I received my veteran's priority—or "hunting license" as the local wags preferred to call it—we met a contractor. But Harley Auld was more than just a contractor. He was one of the few persons I have ever met who was willing to trouble himself about the housing problem.

Promptly I told Harley that we had only $7,000 to spend. But I hesitated about bringing up the idea of working with him on the job. First, I figured it might cause him labor trouble. Second, I didn't know what I could do.

But Harley was all in favor of it. He said contractors were having trouble getting men for jobs. Whatever work we did would be subtracted from the final cost, a figure that Harley would know only when the place was completed. The more we worked, the lower the cost to us.

Shirley and I went back to the coop we called home and talked. We were almost ready to drop the whole project—figuring that even the best of contractors would be tempted to toss us a "high fast curve"—when the hotel manager rapped on the door and announced we were two hours overdue on the rent. That did it. We went out and told Harley to go ahead.

Next week end Shirley and I borrowed a couple of shovels and a pickaxe and went out to the property to start the foundation, following the line of stakes that Harley had planted. The first half was easy. Harley had told us to dig 16 inches below the surface, but to play safe we dug 20. This was first proof that I should do *only* what Auld told me to do. By digging deeper we spent an extra $50 for cement.

As we started to dig the foundation for the living room, we ran into hard-pan and clay, and my efforts seemed about as effective as trying to bite a chunk out of a battleship. Just then, as though directed by some kind Fate, a tremendous youth, age 17 and a few inches over six feet, wandered over to the property. The youth asked if I would mind if he dug for awhile. Willing to make a tremendous sacrifice, I answered "Yes." The big kid took the pick and shovel and started to work.

Following my instructions, the teen-age Superman dug the prescribed 16 inches through earth that was harder than our hotel manager's heart. Then, thanking me for an opportunity to "get some real good exercise," the trench digger departed.

We saved $250 by digging the foundation. We also thought that with completion of the trench we had ended our pick-and-shovel work. But we had overlooked the slight matter of a crater for our septic tank.

Next week end we were back at the property, heaving tons of dirt out of what eventually became a 15-foot hole. When we finished the crater, we were exhausted. But we had saved another $225 on tank installation. Then there was nothing to do for a couple of weeks but wait while the foundation was being poured, building inspections made and the framework erected.

Four weeks after we had started our home, Auld called to say he had plenty of work for us. We could save $260 by nailing the roof sheathing and sub-flooring boards into place.

There was nothing to the hammering. Auld cut the strips for floor and roof and tacked them in place. We went around and drove three nails into each board where they crossed the frame timbers.

The sub-floor was completed Saturday. Sunday afternoon, when we were nearly done with the roof, a solid-looking citizen drove up to the place. His car bore the carpenter union's sticker.

"What's the matter?" he shouted. "Why don't you have union men on the job?"

"If I had the dough," I replied, "I'd have them. But I'm trying to save money and time by doing some work myself."

The union official removed his coat and started up the ladder. When he reached the roof—and before I could say or do anything—he grabbed the hammer and started giving instructions.

"Are yah kidding? Always with the wrist! Very little arm movement. Much easier and faster."

He turned out to be a veteran himself, having served 44 months with the Seabees. After the roof sheathing had been applied, the ex-Seabee explained how tough things were in the building business, due to the labor shortage.

I asked him if the union wouldn't be mad because I had been working on my own home. He answered that if this had been before the war, the union might have taken action to stop work. But under present conditions, they appreciated the owner's helping contractors; it meant more houses built in less time.

Shirley and I spent the following week applying sunburn lotion to each other's backs and chiseling splinters out of our hides. But by this time the house was beginning to look like something.

As soon as the redwood siding was nailed on, we spent two week ends oiling it, saving $300 by applying two coats of preservative. When the house was finished we added another coat, saving another $150. And by staining the shingles and painting the outside trim, plus the walls and woodwork inside, a painter's fee of $410 was eliminated.

After all this, a government building project suddenly became our biggest worry. As usual, local government officials decided that this particular project was of tremendous importance. They hired most of Auld's carpenters, and for us it was no longer a case of helping just to save money. Shirley and I would have to work with Harley if we wanted the place finished within three or even four months.

Every bit of spare time we had we spent at the house, serving as handymen to carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers and electricians. And it was while serving as a mortar mixer for the bricklayers building our fireplace that I suffered my only accident.

After pushing a tub of sand, water, gravel and cement around for four hours, my back developed a strange curve. This made it difficult to heave bricks up to the masons as they went higher on the chimney. When one of the masons called for some bricks, I picked up a couple and heaved them toward the spot on the roof where I imagined he was standing.

If I had been able to straighten up, I would have seen he had moved. As it was, a brick ricocheted off my head. I had a mild headache for a couple of days.

Shirley and I had been watching the newspapers, reading every story about the rising cost of building. We were certain that Auld could never stay within our price, even with all the work we had done. Then one evening, shortly before we moved into our new home, Harley asked us to his house to look at the bills. Silently we sat in the living room while Harley went through a stack of statements. Finally he handed me a slip of paper. He had managed to build the house for $10,150.

I was getting ready to scream for blood plasma when he handed me another slip, recording the hours Shirley and I had spent on the job. It also included the money we had saved by working ourselves.

At the bottom of this slip was the total cost of our house—$6,600! And that included plumbing and lighting fixtures, an electric stove, refrigerator and the kitchen sink!

Shirley and I have been offered $23,000 for our new house and property. But we wouldn't sell it for ten times that amount. There is too much of our blood, sweat, tears and pride in it.

And we have learned that although the government is trying its best to ease the veteran housing problem, Uncle Sam isn't going to hand any ex-GI a key to a home and say, "It's yours, buddy."

So if you want a house, vet, there's no better way to get it than by helping in the building. It's long and tough work, but when the job is done you'll have more money in your pocket and a house that is really "your own."

And don't think you can't do it. With a little help from your contractor, you can. On the basis of my experience, the average able-bodied and willing vet can take cheer, and set out tomorrow to help himself to a new home.

(Next month Coronet will present another timely article on housing. Titled "Want a Home? Then Build It of Earth," it tells of two simple but ingenious methods by which enterprising American families have solved the problem of building a new—and inexpensive—house.)

Why Split Hairs?

"WHY ARE YOU staring at me so?" a man seated in a subway train protested to a fellow swaying on a strap in front of him.

"I'm sorry," was the reply, "but you know, if it weren't for the moustache, you'd be a dead ringer for my wife."

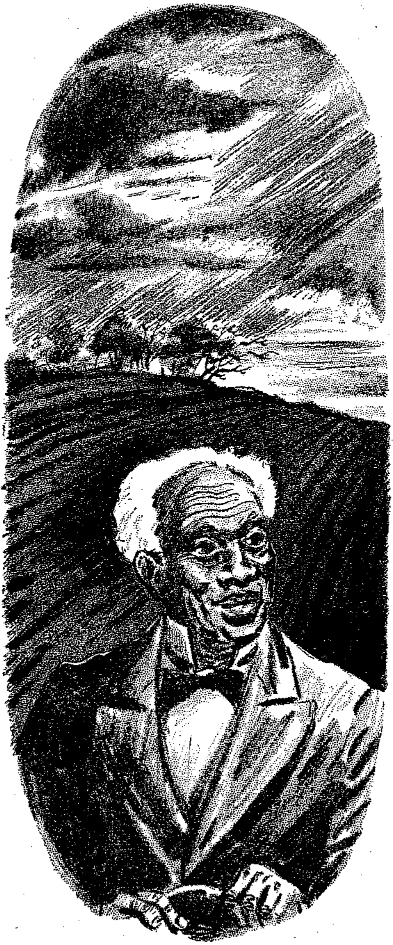
"Moustache?" said the seated passenger. "I have no moustache."

"No," agreed the other. "But my wife has."

—BENNETT CERF in *Anything for a Laugh, Grosset and Dunlap.*

Meet the Real UNCLE TOM

by **DOUGLAS BLAUFARB**



Here is the stranger-than-fiction story of a remarkable man who became a leader of his people and hero of a great book

MORE THAN 155 YEARS have passed since he was born, and more than 60 since he died, but he is still alive in the minds and hearts of millions of every race and color in the world—under a name other than his own. You know him as Uncle Tom, who passed through life between the covers of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous book. In reality he lived a flesh-and-blood existence in the world of fact, a long life and a stirring one, and one which—unlike Uncle Tom's—had a happy ending.

Josiah Henson first blinked at light of day in the slave quarters of a Maryland farm. His name was issued to him by his owners, along with the other minimum necessities of life. When he died, 94 years later, thousands in America honored Father Henson not only as the model for the beloved Uncle Tom, but as a noble leader of his people in his own name and right. In England he was revered as an evangelist who, at 88, led revival meetings which outshone those of Moody and Sankey. In Canada they remembered him as a fine human being, friend and supporter of thousands of fugitive slaves who had crossed the border, penniless and illiterate.

Like Uncle Tom, Josiah Henson was born in slavery and rose to a position of great trust on his master's plantation. Like Uncle Tom, he was brutally beaten and maimed for life by a white master. Like Uncle Tom, the chief quality of his character was a deep and simple piety, a perfect faith in God.

Final proof of similarity rests with Mrs. Stowe, the tiny, determined woman whom Abraham Lincoln once greeted: "So, this is the little lady who made this big war?" After her book appeared, it was greeted with a storm of criticism from Southerners who said its portrayal of slavery was false. To answer them, Mrs. Stowe wrote another volume, *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in which she cited evidence for all her contentions. When it came to proving that such a figure as Uncle Tom could exist, she rested her case almost entirely on Henson's life story.

And what a story! When Josiah wrote his autobiography, he called it *Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction*, a trite but accurate description of the contents. The story began in Maryland, where Josiah was born in 1789, and where he "just grew" into a spirited, husky youth. As a lad he strove to "out-hoe, out-reap, out-husk, out-dance, out-everything every competitor." Then he caught the eye of his master, Isaac Riley, when he detected the plantation overseer in petty thievery. The overseer got the sack—and Josiah got the job.

It was a unique honor for an 18 year-old slave—to run a whole plantation—but he did it well, and enjoyed the feeling of responsibility. To Riley, however, the new overseer was still a slave, to be treated as the master pleased. One day he found Josiah with a book. "What have you there, sir?" Josiah explained it was a spelling book.

Where had he gotten it, Riley asked. Well, he had taken some apples from the orchard, sold them for 11 cents and bought the book. For the twin crimes of taking apples and trying to learn to write, Riley beat him over the head with a stick until the blood ran.

Riley was a wastrel, too. One of Josiah's jobs was to accompany his master to a local tavern, to make sure he was not hurt in the frequent brawls. Once he rescued Riley by carrying him bodily from the center of a tavern free-for-all. In the melee, Josiah knocked over Bryce Litton, overseer on a near-by plantation. As repayment, Litton ambushed him, and with the help of three submissive Negroes beat him until both shoulder blades and one arm were broken. Never again was Josiah able to lift his arms above his head.

ONE DAY—after Henson had been overseer for 18 years—he accepted a burdensome trust. Riley was heavily in debt, and part of his holdings were to be sold. In order to keep his slaves he asked Josiah to conduct them cross-country to his brother Amos, a plantation owner in Kentucky.

Soon afterward Josiah shepherded the party of 23 slaves—including his own family—to distant Kentucky. It was during this trip that he demonstrated his loyalty by resisting the temptation to lead the party in a dash for freedom. Across the Ohio River lay free territory, with helping hands to speed them on their way. He rejected the urge, kept his flock together and delivered them safely to Amos Riley's plantation.

In Kentucky, Josiah, still an overseer, had opportunities to hear more preaching. Despite his lack of religious education, he had already acquired a simple and powerful faith which led him to preach to Negroes in the neighborhood. Now he was able to increase his powers as an evangelist, and in 1828 was admitted as a preacher by the Methodist Episcopal Church.

But clouds were gathering over the Negroes of Isaac Riley, who ordered his brother to sell all the slaves so carefully conveyed cross-country except Josiah and his family. The overseer then had the bitter experience of seeing his friends sold further South, their families broken up and condemned to work under the more brutal conditions that prevailed "down river."

As they left they sang a haunting song:

When I was down in Egypt's land,
Down by the river,
I heard one tell of the Promised Land,
Down by the riverside.

Listening, Josiah remembered that if it had not been for his decision on the Ohio River, they might now be living in freedom. He saw the decision in a new light. And fearing the same fate for his own family, he resolved to gain his own freedom.

First he had hopes it might be arranged legally, by buying his liberty. To raise money and secure an interview with Isaac Riley, Josiah coaxed his master's brother into giving him a pass, permitting travel to Maryland and back. On the way home, he detoured through Ohio, where letters put him in contact with sympathetic groups.

They secured him pulpits from which to preach, and before long he had collected $100—fabulous wealth for a slave. He bought a horse and decent clothes, then continued eastward as an itinerant preacher. Soon he had a hoarded treasure of $275.

When he arrived in Maryland, Isaac Riley was jealous of "Si's" new dignity. Reluctantly he agreed to set his old overseer free—in return for $350 cash, and a promise of $100 more. But after Josiah had paid the money he found that he had been tricked, for Riley let it be known that the price was an additional $550, secure in the knowledge that no one would take a slave's word against his. Josiah returned to Kentucky, as much a slave as ever.

Soon, it became clear that his masters had decided to sell him. Indeed, they went so far as to send him down the Mississippi with the young son of the family, ostensibly to market crops but actually—he had reason to believe—to sell him in New Orleans. In his desperation he considered murdering the crew of the flatboat and making a break.

One night he found himself standing over the sleeping form of Amos Riley, Jr., with an ax in hand. But at the last moment he remembered the religion he professed so sincerely, and crept silently from the cabin.

In New Orleans, young Riley told him frankly he was to be sold; and only a last-minute accident balked the plan. Young Riley fell sick with river fever. For days he was desperately ill, alone among strangers. With tears in his eyes he begged Josiah: "Stick by me, Si."

Si stuck. He nursed his master faithfully, arranged the steamboat trip back to Kentucky, and on his return was complimented for loyalty. But it was still clear that he would be sold.

Now a new plan took shape in the desperate slave's mind. The chief problem centered around his four children: two were infants, and Josiah's plan called for much walking. Finally, his wife sewed a knapsack in which Josiah could carry the children, and on a night in September, 1830, the family slipped into the woods. At the age of 41, Henson was at the dangerous threshold of a new and fruitful life.

On the banks of the Ohio, five miles from the plantation, a loyal fellow-slave waited with a boat to row the little group across. Once in Indiana, Josiah kept to the woods during the day and walked at night. Cincinnati—their first destination—was reached in two weeks, but only after food had given out and Josiah had begged along the road. Old friends took them in, then transported the family to an abandoned road which ran through wilderness to the shores of Lake Erie.

The road was still long, and Josiah's back had been rubbed raw by his knapsack burden. His wife was exhausted; once more their food ran out. Even worse, there was no one to beg from, since the area was unsettled. Yet again fortune intervened, in the shape of some friendly Indians who fed them and provided a night's shelter in a tepee.

Finally, Erie was reached, glimmering and broad, with Canada and freedom just over the horizon. A friendly ship's captain—a Scotsman—gave them passage. Josiah never forgot the skipper's voice as he called out, once the shore was cleared: "Coom up on deck, and clop your wings, and craw like a rooster! You're a free man as sure as the devil!"

When they reached Buffalo, the captain gave Josiah money for the ferry-ride to Canada. Once ashore, the Negroes rolled on the ground in ecstasy, seizing handfuls of soil and kissing them. But freedom is as great a challenge as it is a boon, and many ex-slaves who had braved great dangers to reach Canada found they were unable to carry their new-found responsibilities. It was here that Josiah proved he deserved his hard-won liberty.

He started from scratch, with nothing but his two hands and his faith in God. Before many years had passed he owned his own farm and was the leading spirit in a co-operative colony of ex-slaves at Dawn, Canada. He was an established preacher with a regular circuit, his own son having taught him to read when the father was past 50 and the boy 12. Soon Josiah had written an autobiography and was addressing meetings throughout Canada and New England in support of the anti-slavery movement. It was on one of his tours that he met Mrs. Stowe and told her the story of his life.

HENSON'S GREATEST triumph came in England. There he took some of the products of his colony to exhibit at the World's Fair of 1851. He also met Lord Gray, who offered him the job of supervising England's cotton-raising enterprises in India. He refused reluctantly, because of commitments in Canada. During the same visit he called on the Archbishop of Canterbury, who asked his guest—born and bred a slave—what university he had attended. With a twinkle in his eye Josiah said: "I attended, Your

Grace, the university of adversity."

Returning from Britain, Josiah spent his days working for the causes closest to his heart and in enjoying his fame as the "real" Uncle Tom. He lived to see the triumph of the anti-slavery cause and the end of serfdom in the South. Finally, mellow with years, he returned to England to be received as a conquering hero. Repeatedly, his revival meetings filled the greatest halls. As he entered and left, police had to shield him from clamoring crowds. After several months of evangelism he was ready to leave when word came that Queen Victoria wished to see him.

At Windsor Castle ladies-in-waiting crowded around, asking for autographs, and the Queen presented him with her portrait framed in gold.

Loaded with honors Josiah returned to Canada—but soon he left for a final trip, back to Maryland to see his old home again before he died. At the plantation everything was changed. The Negroes were gone, weeds grew in the cornfields. But his old mistress remained—Isaac Riley's wife, who recognized him by feeling his arms for the mutilations that Bryce Litton had left there. Then gravely she said: "Why, Si, you're a gentleman."

"I always was, Madam," he replied.

Six years later, Father Josiah Henson died in Canada at the patriarchal age of 94. Today, there are no monuments to his life of toil and accomplishment—but perhaps he needs none. In the epoch-making story of Uncle Tom he has a monument that will always stand.

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Here's a precision-designed pen that *writes as it rolls!* And guaranteed to write for years (under normal conditions) without refilling! Special waterproof ink avoids smearing. Retractable ball point . . . finger-tip control . . . no cap necessary. You use it just like a pencil—on any surface! This fine ball pen—personalized with your name in 23-karat gold—can easily be yours. Simply sell four 1-year Coronet subscriptions (new or renewals) at the regular rate of $3 each. Send your orders, along with check or money order for $12, to Coronet, Dept. J, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and your handsome, personalized, guaranteed Ball Pen will be mailed to you at once, free of charge. (This offer is limited to residents of the United States only.)

Our human comedy

Laughter is the echo of the lighter moments in the drama of life. So here, gathered for your enjoyment, are a few amusing trifles from the everyday world.

One of two women riding on a bus suddenly realized she hadn't paid her fare. "I'll go right up and pay it," she declared.

"Why bother?" her friend replied. "You got away with it—so what?"

"I've found that honesty always pays," the other said, virtuously, and went up front to pay the driver.

"See, I told you honesty always pays!" she said when she returned. "I handed the driver a quarter and he gave me change for 50 cents."

—Alexander *Animator*

Gatti-Casazza, for many years general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, was present one day at an audition for young singers. One of the aspirants irritated Gatti by strutting about the stage as if it belonged to him.

Exuding self-assurance, he made it clear that he did not think the other competitors had a chance. The audition over, he walked up to the portly director and said:

"I know I have a fine voice, but would you mind clearing up something that has been bothering me? Am I a tenor or a baritone?"

Gatti eyed him coldly.

"No," he said, and walked away.

—E. E. Edgar

Booth Tarkington always had the ability to turn an embarrassing situation into a pleasant one. Doubtful as to the identity of a very pretty girl who greeted him cordially, Mr. Tarkington said, "I suppose, my dear, that you still live at home with your mother and father?"

"Oh, no," the girl replied, "my mother and father are in heaven. I live with my husband."

"Then," Mr. Tarkington said, with one of his rare smiles, "your husband is in heaven, too."

—Lillian Oakley

A young lawyer from the East hung out his shingle in a Western cattle town, and in time was invited to address a Chamber of Commerce meeting. He was scared to death and showed it by giving a terrible performance.

His self-confidence was not restored when, at the conclusion of the meeting, three grim-faced cattlemen rose and, with a conspicuous display of ropes and guns, made directly for the speaker's table. The young lawyer was all for leaving by a convenient rear exit, but an older and more experienced head counseled him:

"Jest you set still, son. They ain't nobody a-goin' to harm you. Them fellers is a-comin' for the program chairman!" —DAVID SAVAGE

WHEN A COMPANY'S ace salesman was transferred from New York to Chicago, his boss sent along a letter explaining that while he was the company's best salesman, he had one serious vice—gambling.

When he arrived, his new boss said "Young man, I'm sorry to hear that you like to gamble. What do you bet on?"

"Anything," answered the salesman. "For instance, I'll bet you $25 that you have a mole on your right shoulder."

"I'll take that bet," said the sales manager, and peeled off his coat and shirt. The salesman paid off, and his new boss wrote New York about the incident, boasting that he had already taught the young man a lesson.

In a few days he received this reply: "He wins again. Before he left he bet me $200 that he would have the shirt off your back five minutes after he met you."

AN EASTERN GO-GETTER visiting in the West spied a lazy Indian chief lolling indolently at the door of his tepee.

"Chief," remonstrated the go-getter, "why don't you get yourself a job?"

"Why?" grunted the chief.

"Well, you could earn money."

"Why?" insisted the chief.

"Oh, if you worked hard and saved your money, you'd soon have a savings account. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Why?" again asked the chief.

"For gosh sakes!" shouted the exasperated go-getter. "With a big savings account you could retire, and then you wouldn't have to work any more—"

"Not working now," pointed out the Indian. —*Gluey Gleanings*

A STALWART VERMONTER, proud of his New England background, was celebrating his 100th birthday. His small home town descended upon him to pay tribute.

"I guess you've seen a lot of changes in your day," remarked one of his fellow townsmen.

"Yep," said the centenarian, "and I've been against every one of 'em!"

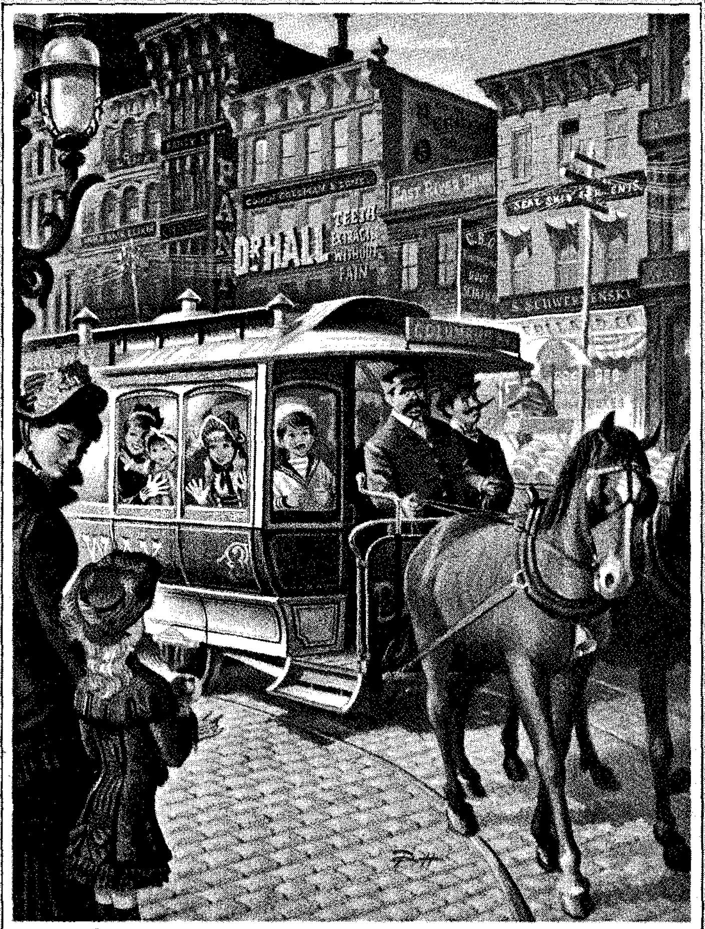
THE GREAT JIM THORPE, in addition to his immortal athletic prowess, was renowned as a football referee as well—one who tooted the whistle frequently, invoked his own rules upon occasion, but was always fair. He was also intensely religious and once removed a player for swearing.

"What rule did I violate?" the player demanded.

Thorpe's retort was a classic one. "The Second Commandment!" he said.

There was no further protest.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

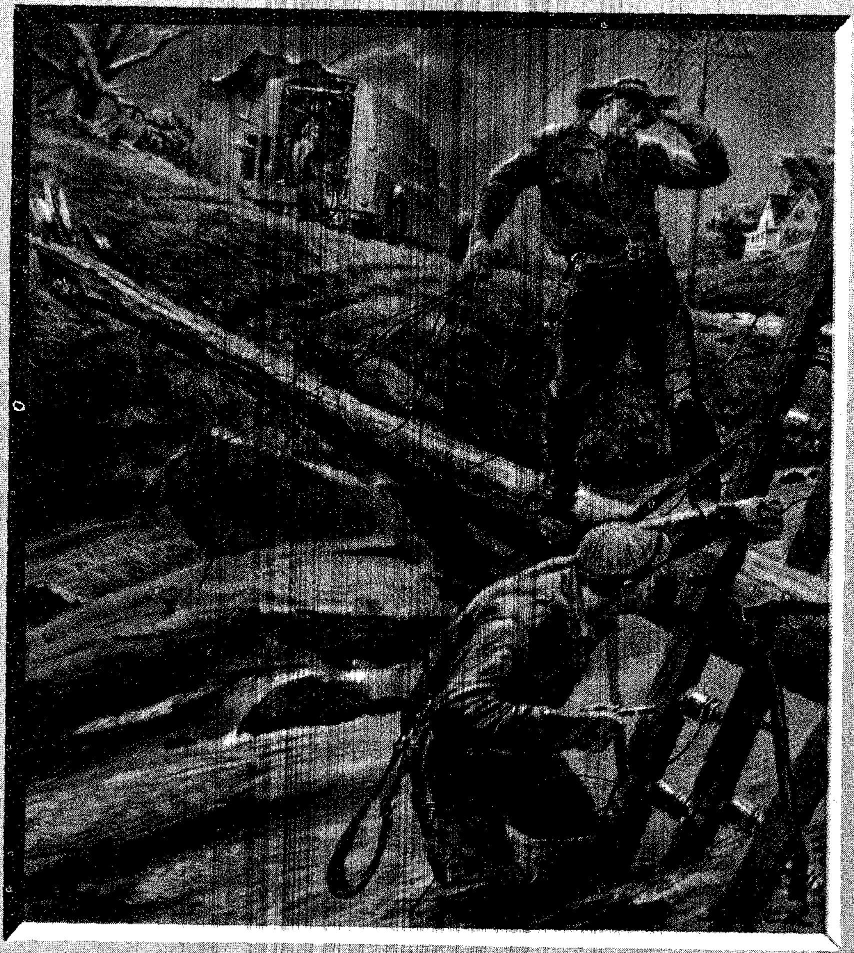


DR HALL
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN
EAST RIVER BANK
SEAT SHOES ... ENTS
SCHWE...NSKI

"The First Streetcar Ride"

The horse-drawn car vanished long ago from our city streets, but it is still fresh in the memory of an older generation of Americans. To them, as children, the first ride was almost as exciting as a journey on a magic carpet.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF MEMORABLE EVENTS IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY PETER HAWLEY.



The Trouble Shooters

When Nature runs wild, spreading a path of destruction, the agile telephone linemen work swiftly and tirelessly to put vital communication lines back into service.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO UNSUNG HEROES IN EVERYDAY LIFE. PAINTING BY PETER HELCK.

Clear All Wires!

by KEITH HARRIS

Heroism is just part of the day's work for the resourceful telephone linemen who frequently risk their lives for you

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, Mom! Mary and the kids are safe. The hurricane has blown over."

That message, or one like it, is carried by phone into thousands of American homes whenever Nature goes on a rampage. Loved ones far away, unnerved by frightening reports of death and destruction, receive the reassuring news with fervent thanks. But they give scarcely a thought to the men who made the message possible—the telephone linemen.

The company's trouble shooters work in flood and blizzard, in tornado and fire; they wade waist-deep through icy water to free lines of fallen trees and debris. They thrust aside the desire for a cigarette, a sandwich, or just the chance to rest. For the telephone linemen have a job to do; they know that thousands of people are relying on them, and they can't give up until the job is done, no matter how long it takes. They scoff at the suggestion that they are heroes. Yet the company's records contradict them. Hundreds of linemen have won medals for "noteworthy public service," often performed at the risk of their lives.

Take the case of Michael J. O'Connor of Concord, New Hampshire, who saved four men when flood waters swept through the near-by village of Contoocook. Two men were trapped in a treetop while two clung precariously to a telephone pole, their strength failing. Working in the swift current with only a cable "car"—a device used by linemen in repair work—and lengths of rope, O'Connor brought all four safely to shore.

Another quick-thinking lineman, Cleve Floyd of Little Rock, Arkansas, saw a sheet of flame roar out of a manhole in which his assistant was working. Floyd reached down through the flames and with superhuman strength lifted his fellow-worker to the street. Although the rescue took only a few seconds, the lineman was severely burned. But for Floyd's prompt action, his assistant would have perished in his underground trap.

Anywhere from two to a dozen linemen generally work together as a crew, sharing the responsibilities and the dangers of each assignment. But they laugh when you tell them that their work is glamorous or dangerous.

Nevertheless, America's 124,000,000 daily phone conversations would be impossible without the faithful and unselfish service which to the linemen is "just part of the day's work."

WHEN FATE TOOK THE FINAL BOW

by **JOE LAURIE, JR.**

Here is the poignant story of a remarkable trouper whose greatest performance had a dramatic, though unwritten, climax

OUR VAUDEVILLE TROUPE had finished the last show of the evening and was relaxing in the lobby of a small New England hotel. All of us being old-timers, we had fallen to talking about the painstaking practice our work required—the months a dancer must spend in learning a particular step, the acrobat's unending practice to get perfect coordination of nerve and muscle.

"And then," a quiet, sad voice broke in, "a trick of fate can destroy in a moment the result of years of work."

It was Kashima, the English juggler, who spoke. Now he leaned forward, and his words seemed to be floating across the years from some distant past.

"This is the true story of one of my best friends," Kashima went on. "It happened in London, after the Boer War. Frank Donaldson, a professional dancer, had lost both legs on a battlefield in South Africa. He was brought home to his mother's cottage on the outskirts of London, where his chief companions were two pets—a big Newfoundland dog and a little canary called Petey.

"In his loneliness, Frank began talking to his pets, and they seemed to understand. Soon the canary was doing simple tricks, and Frank began to dream of returning to vaudeville with a new act.

"Frank spent two years training his pets, and by the time his legs were healed enough to hold artificial limbs, his new act was ready. His opening night at the Palace was a tremendous success. A huge audience jammed the theater. In a short curtain speech, Frank told how the act had grown up in that lonely cottage. Then he introduced Petey, who was perched on his shoulder, and the little canary began some remarkable tricks.

"He flew to a 'prop' tree at the back of the stage and imitated a woodpecker. He mimicked a wren,

---

Joe Laurie, Jr., pint-sized comedian of vaudeville and musical comedy, is one of the stars of the popular radio show, *Can You Top This?* Besides writing for the stage, screen and radio, he has contributed articles about the theater to many national magazines and is a staff columnist for *Variety*. He plans to include this article in a book he is now writing about the history of vaudeville.

flying around the stage chattering, scolding and fluttering. Then came imitations of a mocking bird singing sweetly, a swallow circling gracefully in swift flight, a blue jay chattering querulously. For a finale the big Newfoundland came on stage, barking and snarling at Frank.

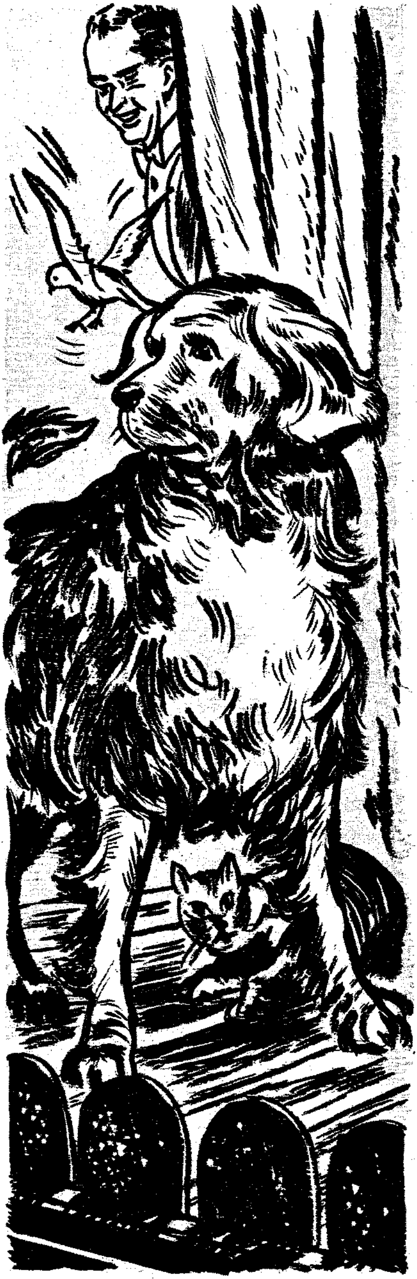
"Registering fright, Frank whistled for Petey, who swooped down like a hawk and attacked the dog, pecking at his eyes and paws until the dog fell, rolled over and played dead. Finally the dog got up, the canary fluttered down to perch on his back and the two followed Frank into the wings.

"The audience went wild. But despite the roaring applause, Frank and his two pets never came back for a bow. Finally the curtain came down on an empty stage, and the audience settled back in disappointed silence to await the next act.

"They didn't know that Donaldson was sitting grief-stricken in his dressing room, holding in his hand the limp, still-warm body of little Petey. Tragedy had climaxed Frank's biggest success.

"When the dog, with the canary on his back, had followed Frank off stage, death was waiting in the wings. The theater cat, attracted to the stage by the canary's flying and singing, was crouching unnoticed behind the scenery. He had been crouching there for 30 minutes. Before Frank could raise a hand, the cat pounced. In an instant, the canary was just a crumpled mass of bones and feathers.

"Little Petey had given his last performance," the juggler concluded quietly. "And so had Frank Donaldson!"



Big-time Lecturers

on a Small-time Circuit

by JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

How distinguished speakers from other lands are helping to shape the thinking of America's citizens of tomorrow

"AND WHAT happened in school today?" the young mother asked her ten-year-old son.

"Nothing much, except that the Norwegian Ambassador came to tell us what the Nazis did to his country and how we mustn't let anything like that happen here."

"The Norwegian Ambassador came right into your classroom?" the mother asked incredulously.

Yes, that was exactly what the youngster meant. For as part of the "Worcester and the World" program conducted in 1944 and 1945 in Worcester, Massachusetts, by the United Nations Information Office in cooperation with the BBC, government officials and leading citizens of Allied governments walked into the city's classrooms to bring to the children a message of understanding and peace among nations.

On a rapidly increasing scale, educators are recognizing the importance of inviting writers, statesmen, historians and scientists into the schoolroom to shape thinking during the early years when education for democracy takes roots.

Imagine the effect on a young and impressionable mind of Jan Struther addressing composition classes; of Carl Van Doren discoursing on history to sixth-graders; of Carl Sandburg evoking the spirit of Lincoln before awed gradeschoolers.

Educators are practically unanimous in endorsing the potential value of such a lecture program, with one reservation. Some authorities believe that for the most part only children of 12 and older are mature enough to evaluate correctly a talk on literature, history or science. Even this age group, many teachers feel, may not derive maximum benefit unless the lecturer fits his material and approach to their learning capacity.

Unfortunately for the program-planners, not all lecturers can be easily lured into the classroom. A headline lecturer commands $1,000 or more for a single appearance. Obviously, no school has that much money to spend.

True, many speakers are willing to accept reduced fees from school groups, while some waive fees for classroom appearances. But even with the best intentions, lecturers can do little more than sandwich an occasional school assembly between regular platform dates.

Larger numbers of less expensive or second-string speakers make the rounds of juvenile audiences, but to the vast majority of schools, unless they are endowed or given State aid, $200 is just as prohibitive a price as $1,000 for a one-hour talk.

BIG-TIME LECTURE managers are divided into two groups: those who state flatly that they don't care for the profitless school trade and those who recognize school booking as a definite challenge.

"I have always been interested in bringing the best lecturers before school audiences," declares W. Colston Leigh, spokesman for the latter group. Before the war, Leigh set up a special budget bureau within his regular organization to supply speakers at nominal fees to schools in New York State. More than 500 dates were filled before travel restrictions ended the experiment.

From his experience with the budget bureau, Leigh draws three conclusions: one, nobody is ever going to make money out of booking school lectures; two, schools will have to meet a nation-wide lecture program by rearranging their schedules to accommodate lecturers' inflexible travel schedules; three, the mere fact that a lecturer is famous does not make him a success. A Pulitzer Prize novelist may prove a dud at addressing a class in English composition.

Yet notwithstanding these drawbacks, Leigh still favors the idea of bringing regular lecturers to America's 25,000,000 public school children. But such a program, he is convinced, can be handled only on a non-profit basis by a nation-wide educational or governmental agency, under the guidance of expert lecture-bureau personnel.

Meantime, is there anything that the individual school or community can do to provide gifted speakers for its children? Fortunately, the answer is yes.

Local techniques for arranging lectures take many forms. In California the State Board of Education has set aside a special fund to help schools pay for outstanding speakers. In Pennsylvania, the state-wide Council for Defense has sponsored school talks by distinguished spokesmen from America's wartime Allies. In Philadelphia, the School Extension Division, in cooperation with the Foreign Policy Association, has conducted public forums on the town-meeting principle to which both adults and schoolchildren are invited free of charge. At New York's Town Hall, grade- and high-schoolers receive special rates for Saturday morning lectures by platform personalities.

Among planning organizations now equipped to provide or suggest school speakers free or for a nominal fee of $10 or $15 are the American Association for the United Nations, with 11 regional offices throughout the country; the Catholic Association for International Peace; the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; and the East and West Association.

Many schools are overlooking opportunities on their home grounds for securing free-of-charge speakers. Nearly all State universities conduct extension services and send lecturers to any part of the state. The versatile agents of the U. S. Department of Agriculture are also ready to take a school assembly in stride.

In hundreds of communities, museum curators and librarians are available for classroom appearances. Even a local newspaper offers lecture possibilities. In the past, the New York *Times* has sent men from its cable desk into schools within a 50-mile radius of New York City to supply colorful background for history and social-study classes.

In addition to the techniques already listed, there are two other methods for bringing even the most costly lecturers before school groups. One calls for the school to take the initiative in organizing a community-wide forum as a fund-raising project.

For example, if your local Junior High has an auditorium seating 1,000, tickets for a series of four lectures can be sold to 500 citizens at $3 for the series and to 500 schoolchildren at $1, making a potential box-office gross of $2,000. By booking four speakers in a block, the youthful lecture managers can make a favorable arrangement with a national bureau for one magic-name speaker and three lesser lights whose specialized knowledge of their fields will compensate for lack of headline value.

Under the second method, a local Parent-Teacher Association or women's club, when booking a speaker, arranges for the school to pay the bureau an additional $100 or $200. For that extra fee, the visiting personality will make a school appearance before or after his main talk.

All the experience gained from school-lecture programs indicates convincingly that children respond more fully than adults to this method of absorbing information; a speaker makes a deeper impression upon them. The presence in their assembly hall of a war correspondent who was there when it happened, of a statesman who helped make history, creates a lasting impact on youthful minds.

Here indeed is a potent weapon to shape the thinking of tomorrow's citizens and leaders. Twenty years from now, how many adults will recall as a vivid childhood memory the day when a John Gunther, an Eve Curie or a Vincent Sheean walked into the classroom to weave a panorama of magic words?

Not So Fast

Young Jones knocked on the manager's door, determined to ask for a raise in pay.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "I just wanted to tell you that I'm getting married next month."

"Fine, Jones," the boss said, "that pleases me very much. Perhaps now we shall be able to break you of the habit of rushing for the door as soon as the whistle blows."

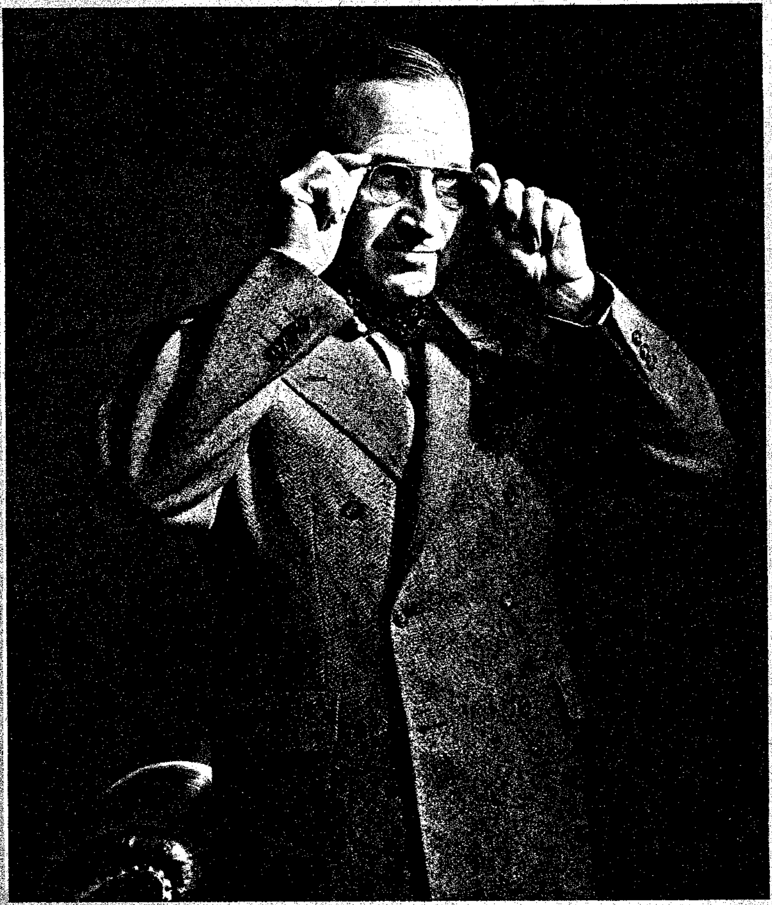
—Carl C. Nielsen

Faces of Destiny

PROBABLY more famed men have sat before the cameras of Yousuf Karsh of Canada than those of any other single portrait photographer. Mr. Karsh's genius for capturing the personalities of his subjects grows out of his belief that a man's hands express his character almost as much as his face and eyes. And so once his subject is ready, Karsh waits until the hands come to rest in their most natural and expressive position. Then he clicks his shutter. On the following pages you will see the impressive results of this "trade secret." This album, selected by the editors of Coronet, with Karsh's revealing and intimate stories of these men, is a behind-the-scenes look at world-famous people. It is proof that when they sit before a camera, these famous men are as uncomfortable as the rest of us.

A pictorial condensation of *Faces of Destiny* (Portraits) by Yousuf Karsh, published by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company.

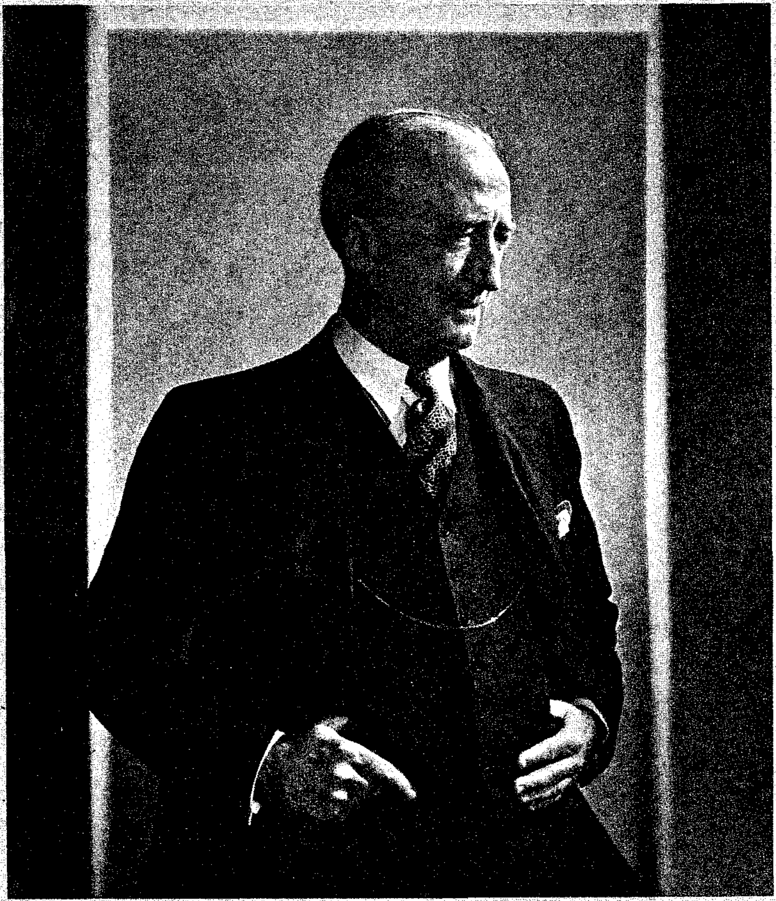
YOUSUF KARSH



Harry S. Truman

President of the United States

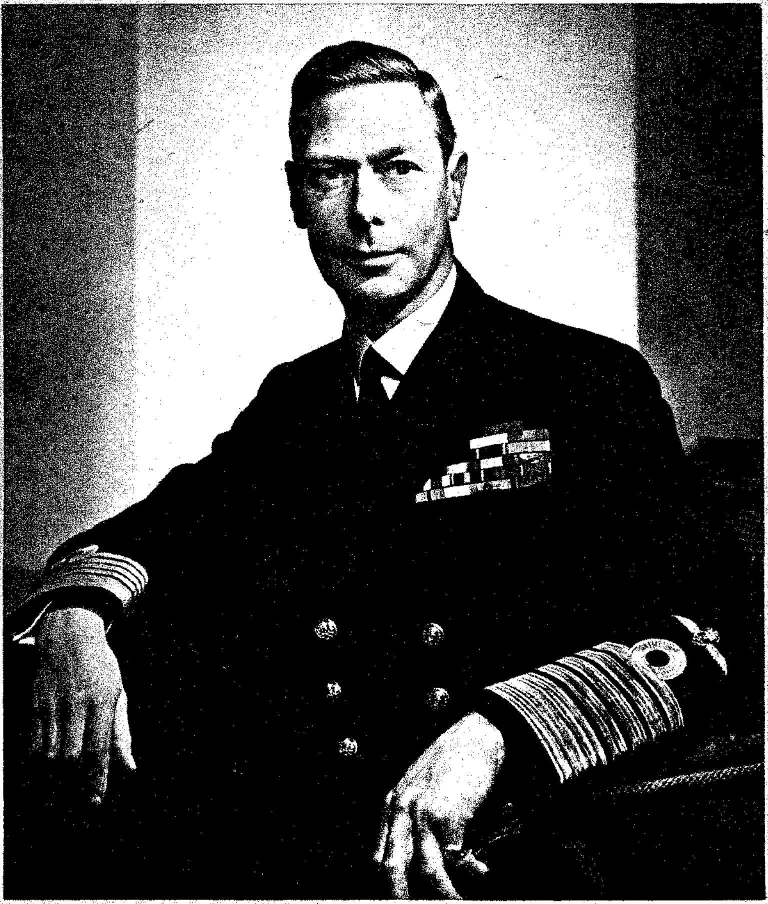
When I made this study of President Truman he was a Missouri Senator, and there was a certain frank skepticism about him. I liked him immediately. He was agreeable and unaffected, forthright and honest. At the end of almost an hour together, I felt that I had met a man of great personal courage whose integrity could never be questioned.



JAMES F. BYRNES

American Statesman

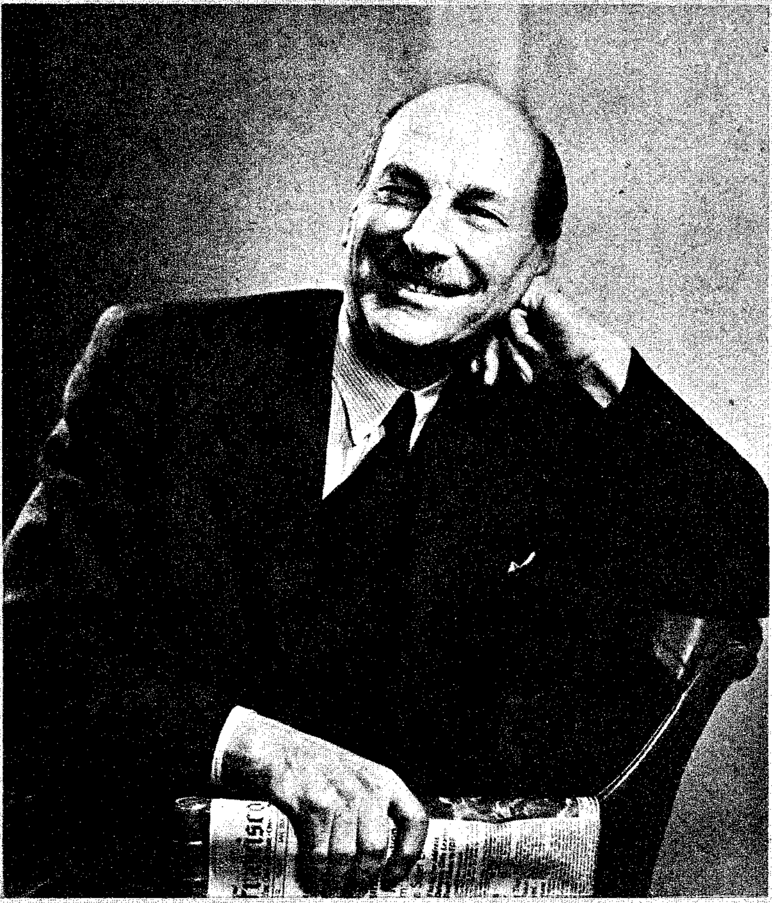
Mr. Byrnes is one of those dynamic persons who can charm the birds off trees. He is a small but active man. I photographed him standing and poised for action in order to convey the urgent atmosphere which continually surrounds him. Genial, precise, and dapper, he left me feeling that I had touched briefly a brilliant and very complicated personality.



King George VI

of England

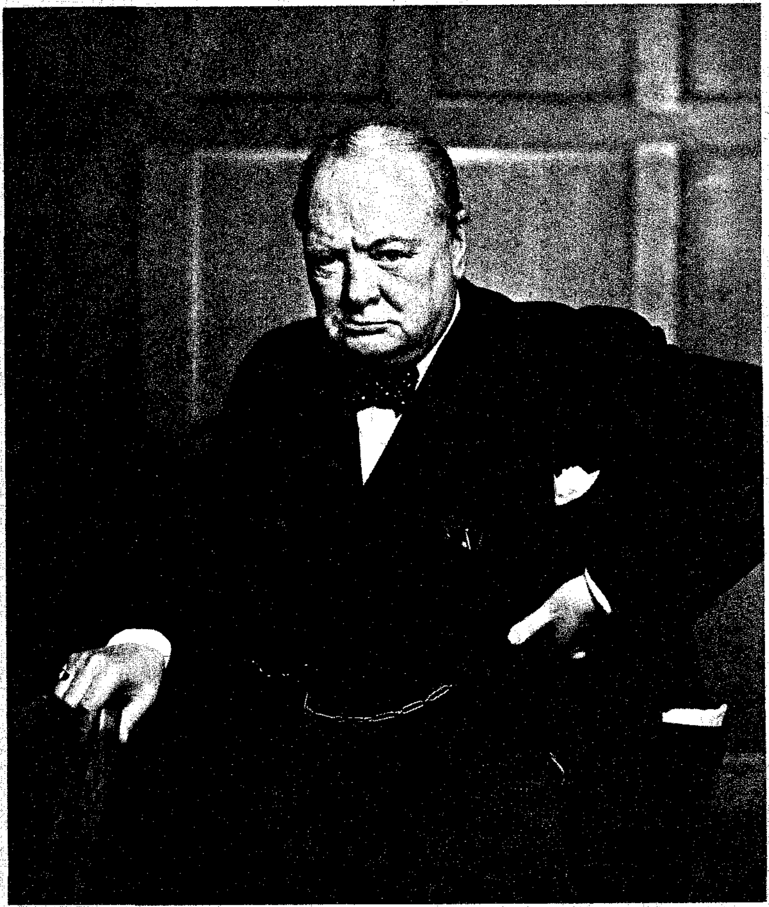
As a voice announced, "His Majesty, the King," I bowed. When I looked up, I found a blond sailor smiling at me. Watching my assistants fumble with the Army blanket I use as a background, His Majesty stepped forward and helped them pin it up—so simple and considerate is the King of England and of Britain's great Dominions beyond the seas.



Clement R. Attlee

Prime Minister of the United Kingdom

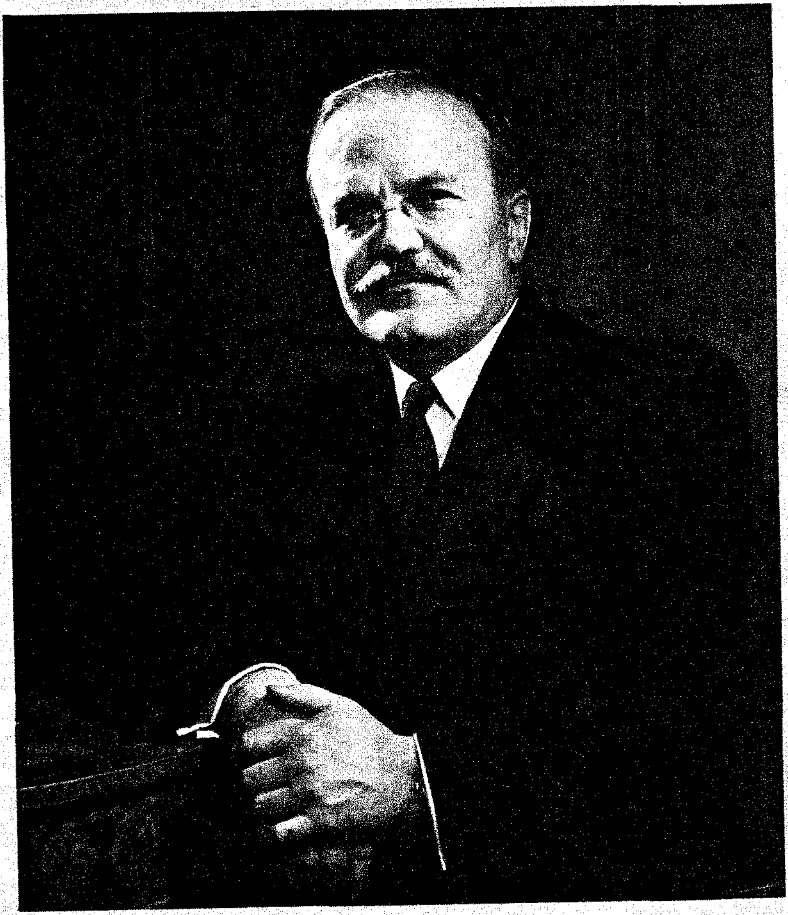
I took this picture of Mr. Attlee in San Francisco, but I'll never forget the time in London when his suit needed a pressing. "If it's good enough for the line, it's good enough anywhere," he said, reminding me that all Englishmen were then fighting a front-line war. It was typical of a man too modest ever to surround himself with the glamour of leadership.



Winston Churchill

Britain's Wartime Prime Minister

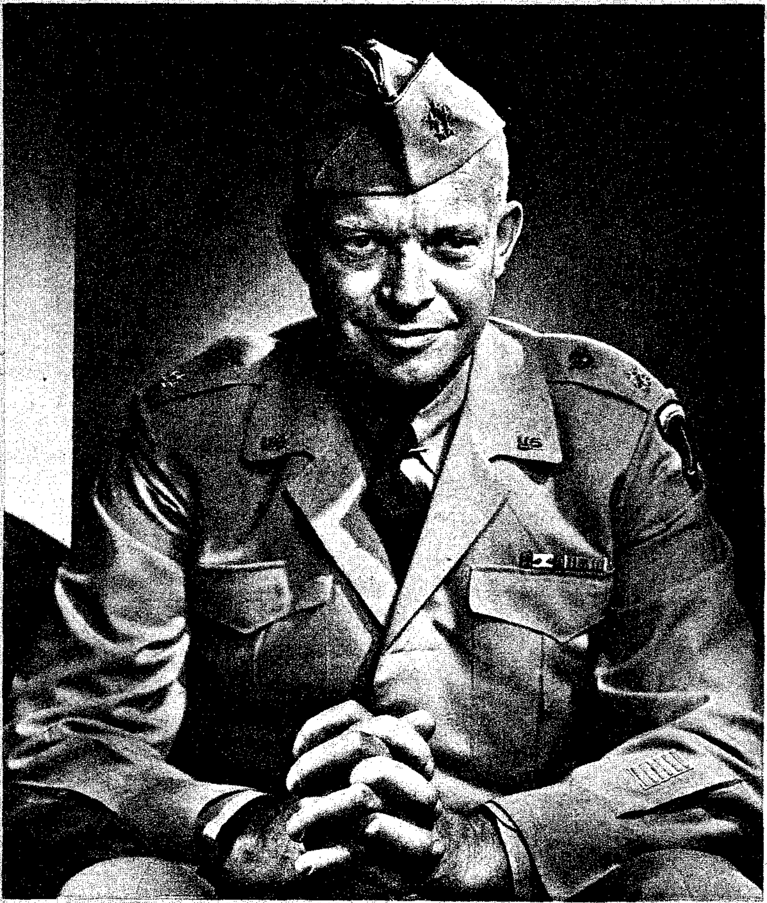
England's great war leader was in no mood for posing. But after a little persuasion he stuck a cigar in his mouth and sat down. Hoping to get rid of it, I offered him an ashtray. He dismissed this with a frown, so I boldly took the cigar away and clicked my shutter. After our tussle, Churchill said genially: "You can certainly make a roaring lion stand still."



Vyacheslav Molotov

Foreign Minister of the U.S.S.R.

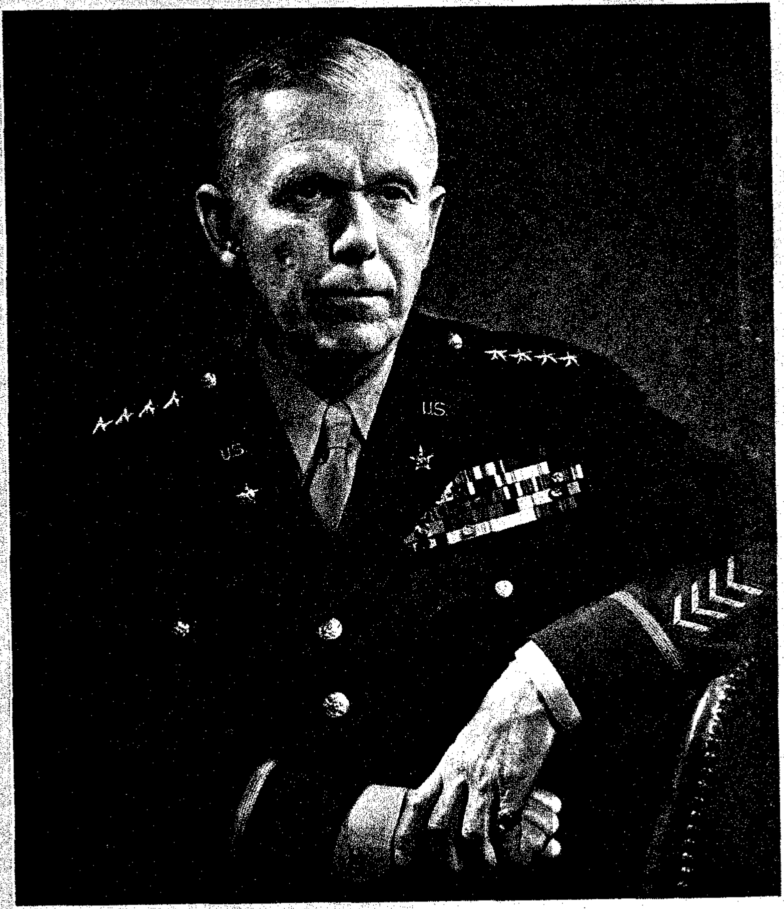
Molotov's staff had warned me that nothing annoyed him so much as people rushing about in his presence. But in posing for me he was most cooperative. And when I told him of my great desire to go to Russia and photograph Stalin and the Russian people, he replied amiably: "Why not, why not? By all means." But I am still waiting for my entrance visa.



GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

Chief of Staff, U. S. Army

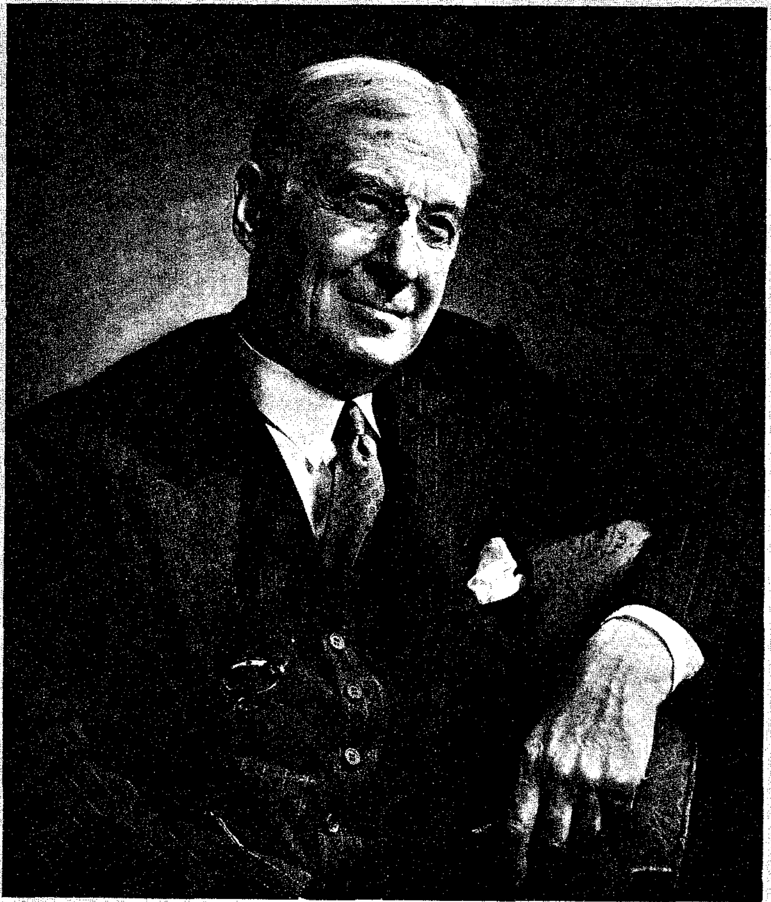
While photographing General Eisenhower, I suggested that he should be elected the first Minister of International Peace. He smiled and said: "Well, that's a good start." When we were through, he chided: "You made me work as hard as you did." But although I was exhausted, "Ike" Eisenhower was as unruffled as when we had begun.



General George C. Marshall

Soldier and Statesman

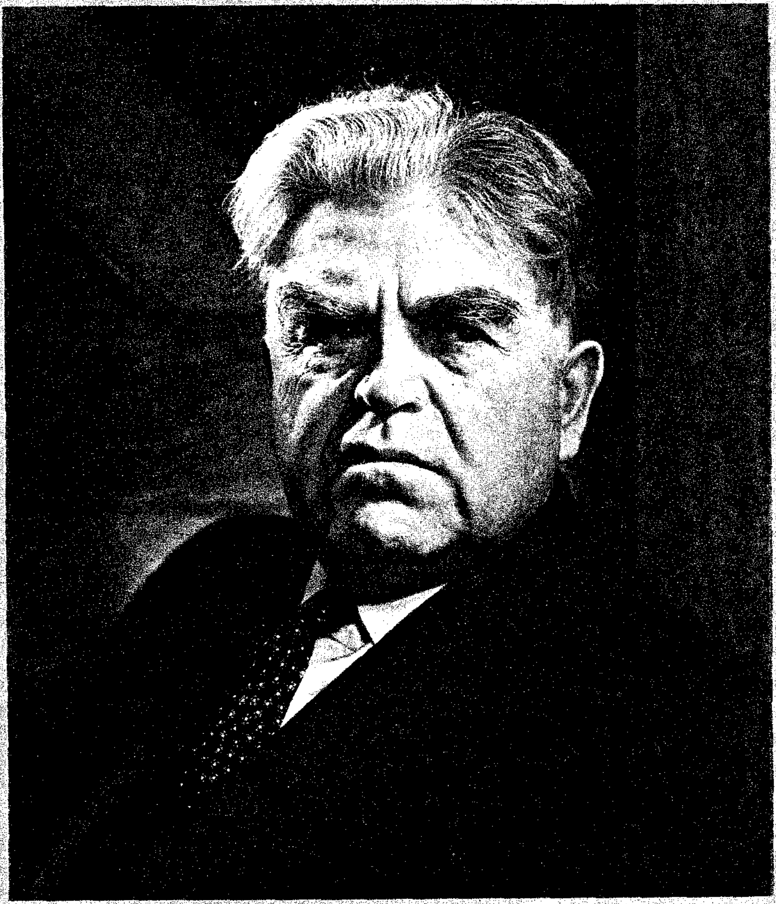
If I were asked to name the most modest person I have ever photographed it would be this unassuming gentleman. At the end of our session, he told me: "I would like a picture of Mac. He deserves to have his portrait taken more than I do." Who was Mac? The Chief Messenger of the Office of Chief of Staff. I photographed Mac a few days after the General.



Bernard M. Baruch

Adviser to Presidents

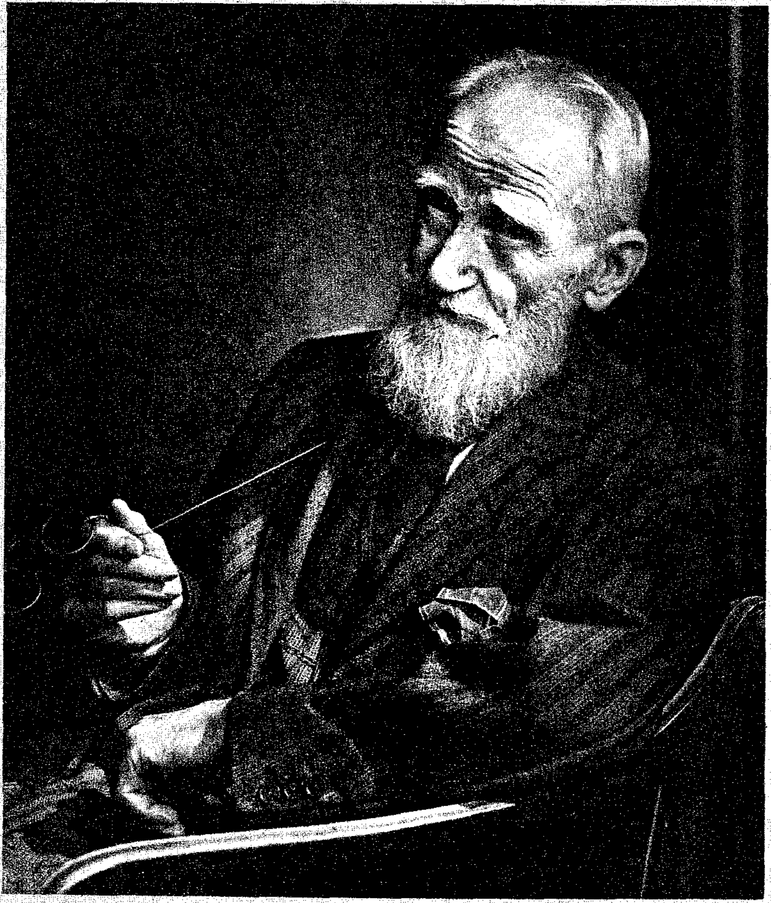
Mr. Baruch wanted to be photographed standing, to show his great height, but I thought I'd get a truer impression of him if he were relaxed. When I said that Princess Elizabeth was charming, he said: "As you get older you will realize that every Princess and every wealthy man is charming. I am so much more charming than when I was a mere twenty."



JOHN L. LEWIS

President of United Mine Workers of America

John L. Lewis made me feel like a toreador with a champion bull. After each exposure, he would dash away and I would have to persuade him to come back. The fourth time, I was so discouraged that I made a portrait of his empty chair. Mr. Lewis impressed me as a competent, fearless leader who seemed to be at cross purposes with himself.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Irish Playwright and Philosopher

Shaw, though nearly 90, glowed with good humor when this picture was taken. When I told him that I was Armenian, he exclaimed: "Good! I have many Armenian friends, but to keep them healthy they should be exterminated every little while." As with all the others, it was an honor to record this vital personality for the endless years to come.

Unfurled from the Show World

Sounds in the Night

There goes a mistake I almost made.

Her figure winks at you.

I had so much trouble with the will that sometimes I wish my husband hadn't died.

She doesn't let love go any further than a blush.

He's a social hiccup.

She may be a little doll—but she's also a little dull.

People take to him as though he were a dentist's drill.

She doesn't show her age, but if you peek under the make-up, there it is.

—*From Walter Winchell's column*

Cellulines

I'll make her a star overnight, even if it takes a lifetime. —Gregory Ratoff

It is quite an experience for a Hollywood visitor to sit around the pool of the Copa Club, at the Beverly Wilshire, and hear the celebrities being paged.

Hollywood is so inured to famous names that no one pays any attention. But I got a tremendous kick out of it. The public address system spluttered: "Mr. Pat O'Brien . . . ! . . . Miss Claudette Colbert . . . ! . . . Mr. Joe Pasternak . . . ! . . . Mr. Bing Crosby . . . Mr. Frank Sinatra . . . ! . . . Miss Ingrid Bergman . . . ! . . . "

I wondered just how blasé the denizens could remain and decided to try an experiment. So I sought out Paul, the distinguished major domo, and asked if he would do me a favor.

A few minutes later the loudspeaker blared: "General Benedict Arnold . . . ! . . . Calling Benedict Arnold . . . ! . . . "

And not a soul, except myself and a woman with a determined tourist's look on her face, turned a head!

—George Dixon's *Washington Scene*

Two Hollywood children were discussing their parents. Boasted one, "I have had four daddies by my first mama and three mamas by my fourth daddy."

—Sylvester Jacobs

Onstage

While appearing in summer stock in 1934, Flora Campbell, the actress, met a young man in the cast who was the darling of the company. And aside from his personal popularity, he was a very promising actor.

When Flora met him in New York the next spring, she was shocked at his appearance. He was unshaven and his clothes needed pressing. It was the old story: the stage had just about beaten him; he couldn't get a job. "I'll give the theater six months," he said, "and if nothing happens, I'll change my trade."

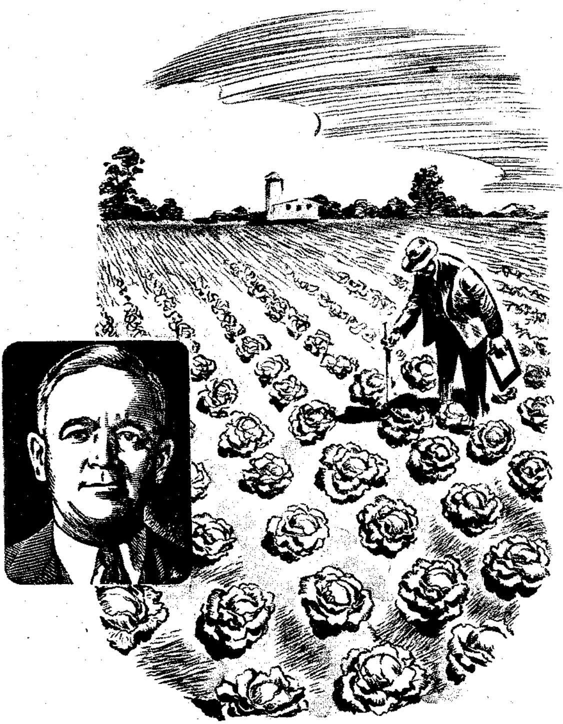
The next summer this popular young actor won a part in *The Petrified Forest*—and Humphrey Bogart was on his way.

—Margaret Cox

Air Lines

Happy Felton, *Guess Who?* quizmaster, has discovered the longest word in the English language. It's the one following the statement, "And now, a word from our sponsor." —Sid Ascher in *Caravan*

Fred Vahlsing: Ruler of a Vegetable Empire



by NORMAN CARLISLE

From a ramshackle building in New York, a fabulous farmer commands a sprawling kingdom that produces fresh food for you

THE SUNBURNED FARMER shifted from one foot to the other, twisting his battered hat in hands. Tears sprang to his eyes as he spoke.

"If I lose my crop I'll lose the farm," he said. "I figured on meeting the mortgage payment with crop money."

The stocky man before him stood up and regarded the farmer with quizzical brown eyes. "All right," he said tersely. "It's not our job, but we can't let you lose your farm."

A few hours later a plane was roaring over the tomato fields of the desperate New Jersey farmer, spraying DDT to kill worms that had suddenly threatened his crop. It saved the tomatoes—and cost the farmer nothing.

This story of generosity never reached the newspapers because the man who sent out that plane doesn't seek publicity. Probably that is why so few people know about Fred Vahlsing and the fabulous enterprise which has won him the name of "the Henry Ford of vegetables." No matter where you live you've probably eaten vegetables raised by Vahlsing; and even if you haven't, you owe him a debt of gratitude because he was among the first to bring winter vegetables to Northern cities at low prices.

Today, Fred Vahlsing commands a sprawling vegetable empire that includes thousands of acres in Texas, California, Maine, New York, New Jersey and Virginia. Most incredible of all his huge farms is the 25,000-acre domain in Texas. There he has 10,000 acres in one gigantic vegetable patch, perhaps the world's largest. If you stand in the middle you can't see the outer edges.

Three thousand workers swarming over this tremendous garden can harvest a carload of vegetables in a day. Here you can see 500 acres of parsley, 1,500 of broccoli, 3,000 of carrots. Last year more than 12,000 carloads of vegetables rolled away from Vahlsing's farms, representing a gross of $17,000,000. His farm equipment includes hundreds of trucks, tractors, loading machines and even planes, these being used not only to dust crops but to sow seeds. Vahlsing generously provides clothes for his workers, buying 50 tons of garments at a time.

Vahlsing is a hard-driving little man, with a quiet manner that belies his tremendous energy. He runs his vast vegetable empire from a ramshackle building in Manhattan, where every morning he barks telephone orders that determine what vegetables thousands of Americans will eat a week later.

Managers of his far-flung farms expect a daily call from Vahlsing, because he personally runs every part of the enterprise. The six direct wires, the teletype and telegraph printers in his office release a flood of facts to the distant managers, but the basic decisions are made by Vahlsing himself. He tells the managers what, where and when to ship. He is a walking encyclopedia of information about vegetables, insecticides, weather, freight rates or anything that concerns the raising and shipping of his products.

If anything comes up that Vahlsing thinks requires personal attention he speeds to his own Jersey airport and is soon aloft in his special twin-engine Beechcraft, which carries him swiftly to any part of his empire. His managers know that he can turn up at any moment, even though they have talked to him on the phone only a few hours before. It is not unusual for him to spend the morning in his New York office, rush to New Jersey to visit his model dairy farm there, and be bounding around his Maine farm in late afternoon. The next day may find him in Texas.

VAHLSING STARTED his amazing career on his father's Long Island vegetable farm. By the time he was 12 he was begging his father to let him drive the daily vegetables to old Wallabout Market in New York. Vahlsing, a stolid, conservative farmer, finally agreed. When young Fred came home with $12 instead of the usual $10, his father told him that he had a permanent job of marketing. Neighboring farmers, hearing of the boy's success, begged him to handle their vegetables, and soon he had a thriving brokerage business.

Right there, young Fred might have settled down to a prosaic though profitable existence. But he was restless, and decided to see the country by riding freight cars. Odd jobs supported him; he was too proud to send home for money. One day he wandered into Houston and got a job with a real-estate company that wanted a man to operate a projection machine.

Vahlsing discovered that the slides he was projecting advertised the lower Rio Grande Valley, poetically described by the real-estate company as Magic Valley. Wide-eyed, young Vahlsing looked at pictures of vast fields and gigantic vegetables. Promptly he left Houston and rode down to the Rio Grande. The country was hot and undeveloped, and didn't look quite like the slides, but to the eager youth it seemed wonderful. He could visualize great fields that one day would be under cultivation.

Fired with ambition, young Vahlsing rushed back to New York. But everyone he talked to thought his idea was crazy. So he returned to the brokerage business; yet in his little office he tacked a map of Texas, and any time he felt discouraged he would look up and plunge into his work with new fury. A few dollars at a time, he piled up the capital needed to start growing vegetables in Magic Valley.

He knew precisely what vegetable to start with—broccoli, favorite food of Manhattan's big Italian population. From November to early spring it disappeared from the markets, to the great unhappiness of Italian housewives. But Vahlsing had a problem: he could not leave his business to go to Texas himself. Finally he thought of an old friend, Melvin Giese, who had lived on a neighboring farm on Long Island. Vahlsing handed him a hard-earned $10,000, plus five pounds of broccoli seed

When Giese reached Rio Grande Valley, he was shocked. The idea *was* crazy, he wired back. This place was an inferno, and besides, everybody spoke Spanish. His new bride was lonely, and he wanted to come home. Vahlsing talked to him by long distance and did a job of persuasion. Today, Giese is the mayor of Elsa, Texas, and earns $50,000 a year.

Giese succeeded in raising a lot of broccoli on the 200 acres he rented as a starter for the Vahlsing enterprise. On the arrival of his first carload in New York in the winter of 1927, hotels featured it on menus, musical shows worked it into their gags. The publicity attracted people who had never eaten broccoli before. All of which was good news for Vahlsing.

Now his dreams of raising all kinds of vegetables in Magic Valley began to take shape. He bought land, first by the hundreds of acres, then by the thousands. Vahlsing knew he could raise vegetables, knew he could get them to market, but there was still one catch. Due to high shipping costs, they were too expensive for most buyers.

Railroads charged $105 for putting ice into car bunkers, with inspections along the way to replace ice that had melted. Vahlsing hounded the railroads. Couldn't they find a way to cut costs? Transportation experts haughtily assured him that this way was best.

Vahlsing was about ready to agree when he came up with a bright idea. Why not put the ice right on the vegetables? Of course, you couldn't do this with big chunks of ice, but suppose the ice were flaked?

Today ice is blown through hoses onto the vegetables, practically embalming them for their week-long trip from the South to the big cities of the North. As a result, winter vegetables have found their way to countless homes where they could not otherwise have been enjoyed.

WITH HIS SHIPPING problem licked, energetic Vahlsing plunged into the job of growing more vegetables of a greater variety. Other Texas farmers shook their heads when they heard that Vahlsing proposed to raise corn. He would lose his crop, they warned. Others had tried it—and failed—because a certain worm invariably destroyed Texas corn.

"There must be a way to lick that," Vahlsing said. Blithely he planted thousands of acres of corn, then asked experts from the Texas State Department of Agriculture for advice. They told him the moth laid its eggs on the silk tassel, and the eggs hatched into the worms that ate the corn.

"You'll have to oil the corn," they told him, explaining that an insecticide could be mixed with heavy oil, one drop of which should be placed on each ear of corn. Vahlsing rushed his manager into town to buy 500 oil cans, and skeptical neighbors gathered to watch 500 Mexican workers swarming over the corn field, carefully dropping oil on each ear.

A few weeks later, those same workers harvested a huge midwinter crop of corn. Just as he had done previously with broccoli, Vahlsing created a sensation by offering corn on the cob in January.

Vahlsing again made his favorite there-must-be-a-better-way remark when it looked as though a water shortage would endanger his vast Texas holdings. At that time, the irrigation method was to fill ditches with water until it reached the level of surrounding land, thus flooding the patch being irrigated. Vahlsing could see that this wasted both time and water.

His solution was simple. He thought of the common whirling lawn sprinkler. Why not try the same principle for his vast vegetable tracts? He attached big sprinklers to long hoses. Mounting a pump on a truck he drove it to the field, hooked it up to the hose and pumped water out of irrigation ditches. After the vegetables had been given the equivalent of one inch of water, he moved on to the next field. The method worked.

With 20 varieties growing in his Texas vegetable paradise, Vahlsing looked for other fields to conquer. Potatoes seemed promising, so he bought thousands of acres in California. He wanted potato farms in the East too, but discovered that potato land was hard to buy. Well, if he couldn't find potato land, he'd make it.

Scouting around Jersey he found a huge weedy swamp near Robbinsville, long since given up as worthless. Yet when the owners discovered that Vahlsing wanted to buy, they upped the price. Vahlsing bought it anyway, and farmers for miles around laughed at the gullible city slicker.

A few weeks later Vahlsing's neighbors stared in amazement as giant earth-moving machines arrived and began to make mile-long grooves in the swamp. Local farmers gathered to watch. Finally one of them could contain his curiosity no longer and asked Vahlsing what he was doing.

"Building a lake," Vahlsing told him jokingly.

"What for?"

"To go fishing."

That sounded like as good an explanation as any until the earthmovers started to fill up the excavations. What Vahlsing had done was to lay underground pipes to drain the swamp. Before long the neighborhood scoffing turned to admiration as they saw the flourishing potato fields. The diehards, however, said that Vahlsing would never get a crop. Potato crops in this section always suffered savage attacks by bugs and blight. Ordinary spraying did no good.

With wonderment, the farmers watched what happened next. Workmen descended on a part of the drained land that had not been planted and laid long strips of perforated steel matting. The matting was hardly down when two planes came roaring in for a landing. This crazy man was going to use planes to spray potato crops!

Day after day the planes roared over the fields, depositing DDT dust. A few months later Vahlsing was harvesting tremendous crops—nearly seven tons to the acre—while on near-by fields the yield on the most carefully sprayed patches seldom exceeded five.

The success of Vahlsing's spraying brought to light many pathetic stories of farmers who faced disaster. With new hope showing on their faces, they gathered at Vahlsing's airport and begged him to use his planes to spray their crops. Vahlsing told his manager to decide which fields to dust on the basis of the farmers' needs.

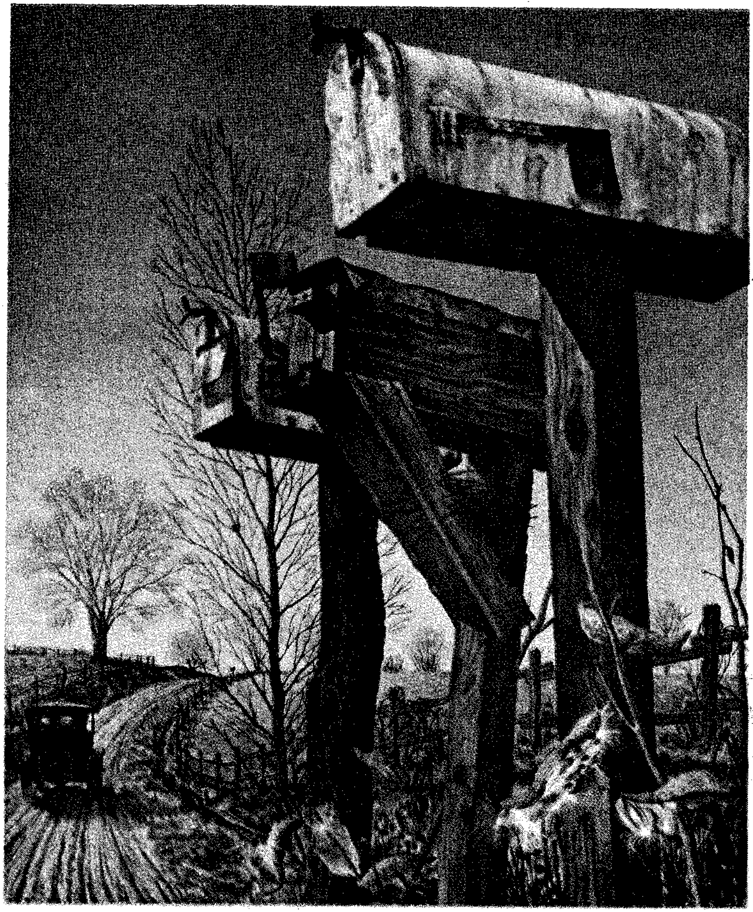
Vahlsing's action was a purely generous one, which slowed the dusting of his own fields. Today, the steel-strip field has regular sod runways and many young farmers are learning to fly there. Crop-dusting is an accepted institution, thanks to Vahlsing's pioneering.

Each year, Fred Vahlsing adds hundreds of acres to his vast empire. He has no intention of losing his title as one of America's vegetable kings. Every year Americans eat more vegetables per capita, and Vahlsing figures that there is an unlimited future for a man who can find a way to get them from farm to kitchen, cheaper and faster.

This Thing Called Love,

A Los Angeles man was granted a divorce because his wife made him pay five dollars for each kiss. —W. E. GOLDEN

Mrs. Monica Appleby of Coventry, England, cut her husband's throat while kissing him. —*AP*



Rural Free Delivery

The weather-beaten mailbox at the side of the furrowed road is as American as the surrounding countryside. Its raised flag, a signal that the carrier has made the rounds in his ramshackle car, beckons the farmer from the fields or the housewife from her kitchen, eager to see what new treasure the box contains.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR SCENES IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY PAUL WEHR.

Why the Rose Is My Favorite Flower

When only memory remains, there's heartbreak in the blood-red beauty of a rose

by CHARLOTTE PARNES

JIM WAS A LITTLE embarrassed as he handed me the long package wrapped in ribbon and tissue. "Some day," he said quietly, "I'll buy you dozens of them."

My fingers suddenly became all thumbs. This was Jim's first gift! We had met only a few weeks before in one of our college classes. He was working on the campus to help pay for his medical education, and I knew he had no extra money for luxuries—or even for some of the "necessities."

On our dates we usually went for long walks on the campus, spent hours over a coke, or climbed the balcony stairs to listen in rapt silence to a concert or recital.

"Here, let me help you," he said, untying the ribboned knot. I pulled away the paper and uncovered a single red rose. But it was the most beautiful, the longest stemmed, the most richly fragrant rose I had ever seen. I put it to my cheek to feel its velvety smoothness. Then, to Jim's acute embarrassment, I kissed him.

By the time Jim had finished his pre-med course and gone on to medical school, we were engaged. The first few weeks seemed endless; I missed him more than I had imagined I could ever miss anyone. He didn't get back often; he was too busy working and studying. Besides, there was the matter of train fare. And even though I wrote to accuse him of extravagance, he never failed to send a single, perfect red rose each week.

The day Jim got his degree we were married and moved into a little rented house in his home town. There he hung out his shingle and treated his first patients. But he had hardly gotten started when the war came and he went overseas with the Medical Corps. Yet even when he was thousands of miles away, that one red rose—by now a solemn ritual—arrived regularly to ease the pain of his absence.

Before me now on the mantel is a crystal vase, and in it is a single red rose whose fragile loveliness is tinged with haunting memories. But there is no pain now, only a grateful remembrance.

The flower is the same deep red that Jim loved so well. It is as red as the blood he shed to win the citation beside the vase—a citation Jim never saw.

The Hoosier Beauty is a favorite Hybrid Tea rose. Kodachrome by Josef Muench.

Fair Play for the Average Man

by **Norman M. Lobsenz**

Justice carries no price tag in America; thanks to our novel small claims courts, it is something that anybody can afford

BEHIND THE DOOR marked "Small Claims Part" is a most unlegal looking courtroom. There are no counsel tables, no jury box. There are only a few rows of seats and, in front of them, a bench. Behind it sits the judge, who wears no robes.

Promptly at 10 A.M. a nervous but determined girl steps to the witness chair.

"Tell me the facts in your own way," says the judge. "And speak so the defendant"—he points to a matronly woman in the front row—"can hear you."

The girl tells her story: she had been hired for $5 to do a day's housecleaning. When she finished the housewife refused to pay, saying her work was unsatisfactory.

"How much time did you put in?" asks the judge.

"Seven hours."

"And you cleaned everything you were supposed to?"

"Yes."

He motions the defendant to the stand.

"I would have paid the girl," she says, "but the house was almost as dirty when she finished. There were spots left on the kitchen walls."

The judge turns to the girl. "What about that?"

"I scrubbed them for half an hour, but they wouldn't come out."

"Was anything else dirty?" he asks the housewife.

"No, I guess not. It's just that she didn't do a thorough job."

"I think," says the judge, "this girl deserves her $5. You can send her a check or pay her now."

The housewife draws a bill from her purse and hands it to the girl. When they leave the courtroom it is 10:08 A.M.

The fact that within eight minutes a plaintiff and a defendant have testified and been cross-examined, that a decision has been handed down and carried out, and that this has been done with a minimum of formality, red tape and expense, is evidence of the usefulness of the small claims court.

The small claims court, now national in character, is more a method than an institution. First created in Kansas in 1913 to help a washwoman collect a $3 bill, it soon was adopted by other cities. Today there are small claims courts in virtually every large town, each empowered to try cases involving small sums without formal pleadings, jurors or lawyers, and to try them on a common-sense basis.

New York City's court is typical. Having jurisdiction over cases involving up to $50, it handles an average of 20,000 a year. The plaintiff must be an individual acting for himself—no corporations or partnerships are permitted to jam the docket. To begin suit, a plaintiff need only tell his story to the chief clerk, who writes a summons served by mail. Total cost to complainant: $1.25 (only 27 cents in wage cases). Cases are called for trial rapidly, and since the average case is settled in less than 15 minutes, backlogs seldom crowd the calendar.

The case of the houseworker is typical of those which, were it not for small-claims procedure, would drag out interminably in crowded municipal courts. In fact, in Manhattan's old Municipal Court more than half the claims under $50 were dropped because of high costs. Such claims may be small in themselves, but even $5 looms large to the man who earns $30 a week. And the aggregate of these minor sums is almost unbelievable. New York City's Small Claims Courts, for example, ordered payment of $162,000 in 1945.

SINCE LAW technicalities play no part in small-claims procedures, there is little need for attorneys, and although the right to a jury trial exists, it is seldom exercised. Speedy and simple justice is the aim. Key to this aim is the referee.

Judges are carefully chosen: they must be gentle with the timid witness, tactful with the obstreperous one, understanding with the ignorant one. They must run their court informally yet preserve its dignity. Most important, they must be adept at assessing human nature, at distinguishing truth from trumpery.

For example, a tenant who agreed to move from his apartment on the first of the month did not leave until the seventh because of the current housing shortage. The landlord asked a full month's rent, to which he was entitled under the law. But the judge, taking into consideration the tenant's good faith and the difficulties of finding living quarters, decided only a part of the rent need be paid.

On the other hand, there was the caterer who contracted to furnish refreshments for a wedding party of 70 and provided only one platter of fruit and a few bottles of wine. Though legally within his contract rights, the court held he had not fulfilled the terms in good faith.

The small claims judge must have a general knowledge of such things as automobile mechanisms, dry-cleaning processes and the quality of clothing. In one New York case the plaintiff asked $12.50 for a pair of trousers he said were ruined after a waiter had spilled coffee on them. The restaurant owner, who had already paid the cleaning bill,

contended that the trousers weren't worth that much.

"They're flannel, judge," said the plaintiff, showing a sales receipt.

"They feel more like seersucker to me," said the judge.

"But the dealer swore they were flannel!"

"I'll give you $7 plus costs," said the judge, "and God help the dealer's soul!"

When dealing with clothes lost or damaged by dry cleaners or launderers, it's hard to convince the plaintiff that the age of the article has a bearing on the case. A judge once awarded $5 to a man whose ten-year-old suit, well-worn, was stained by a cleaner. The man complained to the Mayor, the City Council, and the President Justice of the Court. And in the end, the original decision was upheld.

Is low-cost justice making the public more eager to take cases to court? Some officials think so. "People seem to acquire the 'what-have-I-got-to-lose?' complex," said one judge. "They know they have no valid complaint, but they hope their unwarranted claims will be upheld." But the accomplishments of small-claims courts far outweigh this single drawback. They protect the small tradesman against non-payment of wages; they enable the small income person in general to seek redress in the courts. Above all, small-claims courts convincingly deny the cynical old saying that justice exists only for those who can afford it.

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They Stop Strikes Before They Start

by **WILFRED WEISS**

The impartial umpires who assure fair play in industry are experts at settling labor disputes with speed and economy

LATE IN 1943 A Delaware shipyard dropped 1,400 employees when the Navy cancelled a contract for destroyer-escort craft. The union protested that the layoffs had not been made according to seniority provisions. The shipyard countered that the union was misinterpreting its contract.

Each side stuck to what it believed to be the facts, and the argument heated itself to the point where the union alerted its members for a strike. On a Friday afternoon, the shipyard reminded the union that it was still working on vitally needed craft, and suggested arbitration as provided in their collective bargaining agreement. The union agreed and postponed strike action for 48 hours.

At this juncture, the American Arbitration Association was invited in. As is its usual procedure, the AAA submitted to both sides a list of names, chosen from a pool of 12,000 in about 1,500 communities, recommended by business, industrial, labor and civic groups all over the country. Each side struck out certain names as unacceptable, numbered the rest in order of choice, and the arbitrator with the highest preference was assigned.

Witnesses for both sides met with the arbitrator in a conveniently located office on Monday morning. Most of them took off their coats and smoked as they sat at the long table. It was a pleasant, airy room; the atmosphere was completely informal.

The testimony was given conversationally; witnesses occasionally argued with each other. At one point a lawyer for one side objected that a witness was introducing irrelevant material. The arbitrator promptly spoke up.

"If it's irrelevant, I'll recognize that," he told the lawyer. "Right now we want to get the facts as quickly as possible. If both sides will just take it easy, we'll get this settled promptly."

Because there are no legalistic rules of procedure or pettifogging in arbitration, hearsay was admissible. The arbitrator allows anything which he believes will help give a clear picture of the case. So by that evening, the arbitrator had heard all the evidence, and Tuesday morning ruled that about half the men had been improperly laid off. These men, he directed, were to be rehired, and the other releases scheduled according to contract. There was no work stoppage, and both sides were happy about the solution to a serious situation.

This example of voluntary arbitration is typical of the AAA, a nonprofit organization founded in Albany in 1926 by a group of business leaders including Lucius R. Eastman, Felix M. Warburg, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Charles M. Schwab. The idea of arbitration traces back at least to the Code of Justinian, and in this country the record starts with George Washington, who provided that any disputes over his will should be arbitrated. The AAA was the first to unify several loose arbitration groups into a central organization.

In its early years the AAA handled only conflicts between buyers and sellers—disputes about quality of merchandise, breaches of contract and similar commercial matters. Next it expanded its operations to include an accident tribunal. Yet in all cases, questions of law were involved in only a minor way; the issue was usually an interpretation of facts. The prime objective was to relieve congestion in the lower courts simply, quickly and inexpensively. Since those days the AAA has expanded to include labor and international tribunals, and now handles practically any civil dispute.

All its facilities—arbitration, arbitration education, model arbitration clauses—are available to anyone at its main offices in Rockefeller Center, New York City, or any of its 30 regional offices around the country. The actual work of the organization is directed by three paid vice-presidents; the other officers and directors—business, industrial, labor and civic leaders—serve without pay.

The arbitrator's job is to winnow the facts and deliver a common-sense, decisive verdict. Often, as in the shipyard case, the verdict sounds like compromise because there are two sides and the verdict will be in two parts. Its purpose is further confused by the fact that in years past, the term "arbitration" was used when actually collective bargaining was meant, and the word is sometimes used mistakenly as a synonym for mediation and conciliation.

In general, the AAA's work can be compared to baseball. It's like a close play at second base. The runner sliding in sees himself as safe. The second baseman is sure he tagged him. The umpire, getting an impartial view, is concerned only in calling the play as he sees it.

In the instance of the AAA, the umpire's value is that he gets to the scene, collects the facts and delivers his verdict without wasting time. A few months ago the workers in an East Coast factory were grumbling because piece rates for the industrial belts they made had been adjusted downward. The union representative complained, "At this new rate, our take-home pay won't be enough to live on."

Management's representative replied: "It's not that bad. Anyway we have no choice. We can't afford

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Wilfred Weiss has been a newspaperman and writer since his school days at Trenton, New Jersey, and New York University. During three years' service in World War II, he edited Army newspapers at Camp Hood, Texas, and the New Orleans Port of Embarkation. While working for a trade-paper syndicate he became interested in industrial relations and their widespread effect on the world in general. This article is an outgrowth of that interest.

to pay the rates we paid before the Navy terminated its contract."

The union reminded management of its wartime profits; management reminded the union of its wartime wages. Soon a strike was brewing. At this point arbitration was invoked.

Shortly after proceedings started, the arbitrator decided that an expert time-study was necessary and discussion was postponed until this was done. The study took a day, and another day was used to hear testimony. The fourth day the arbitrator delivered his decision, which held that a fair wage scale would be somewhat more than the company had offered, but less than the union had demanded.

Both sides were satisfied, since in the complete privacy of arbitration they could make concessions without embarrassment or loss of face with the public and competitors. Further satisfaction was derived from the fact that the decision cost each side only $70, based on the AAA's labor-tribunal rate of charging each side $25 for the first day and $15 for each subsequent day.

Had the union struck for only a week to win a ten per cent raise, it would have taken ten weeks at the new rate to make up what it would have lost on strike. And management's loss would have been just as great proportionately.

Commercial arbitration works the same way. A New York fur broker sold about $20,000 worth of furs to a Canadian merchant. The Canadian claimed that the furs arrived damaged. Dragged through the courts, the case would have taken months and cost almost as much as the furs were worth. But an arbitrator secured expert, disinterested testimony and decided that the furs were damaged before or during transit, and awarded damages to the Canadian.

Aside from damages, the cost was $210 to each, based on the AAA's commercial rate of $10 for filing the case plus one per cent, which slides downward as the amount involved rises.

If the case had gone to court, further time would have been lost while expert witnesses instructed judge and jury. But in arbitration the man who made the decision didn't need special instruction; he was chosen because he was an expert in the field.

ARISTOTLE VOICED the major premise for arbitration when he declared that a judgment of reason is more sensible than one of violence, and added that ". . . the arbitrator keeps equity in view, whereas the dicast (Athenian judge) looks only to the law." The late

Chief Justice of the United States, Harlan Fiske Stone, concurred when he declared that the complexities of our court machinery often make it "cumbersome and dilatory when applied to controversies involving simple issues of fact or law." He suggested that there are many instances where a layman with specialized knowledge can better evaluate facts than a judge and jury.

Any parties to a dispute may agree to arbitration with legal effect, and pick their own arbitrator or ask the AAA to assign one. In voluntary arbitration, about 98 per cent of judgments are accepted without question. In the two per cent where a party demurs, the arbitration can be given the legal standing of a court order by simple summary procedure in many states. In states where arbitration statutes have not been modernized, a somewhat more involved process is necessary.

Today, practically every major industry and international labor union provides for arbitration of the interpretation and application of its contracts. To a large degree, this wide acceptance can be credited to the educational job done by the AAA, which has plugged arbitration as "justice, economy, speed."

For broadening the uses of arbitration, the AAA bases its optimism on the growing recognition that a quick private settlement of a dispute pays off better for all concerned than a loud brawl. Perhaps, some day, even the nations of the world may learn to heed this important lesson.

Improving on the Dictionary

Burlesque Show—Where attendance falls off if nothing else does.

Diplomacy—The art of cutting the other fellow's throat without using a knife.

Echo—The only thing that ever cheated a woman out of the last word.

Genius—One who can make anything but a living.

Glamour—Something that evaporates when the sweater is too large.

Hollywood marriage—Good way to spend a week end.

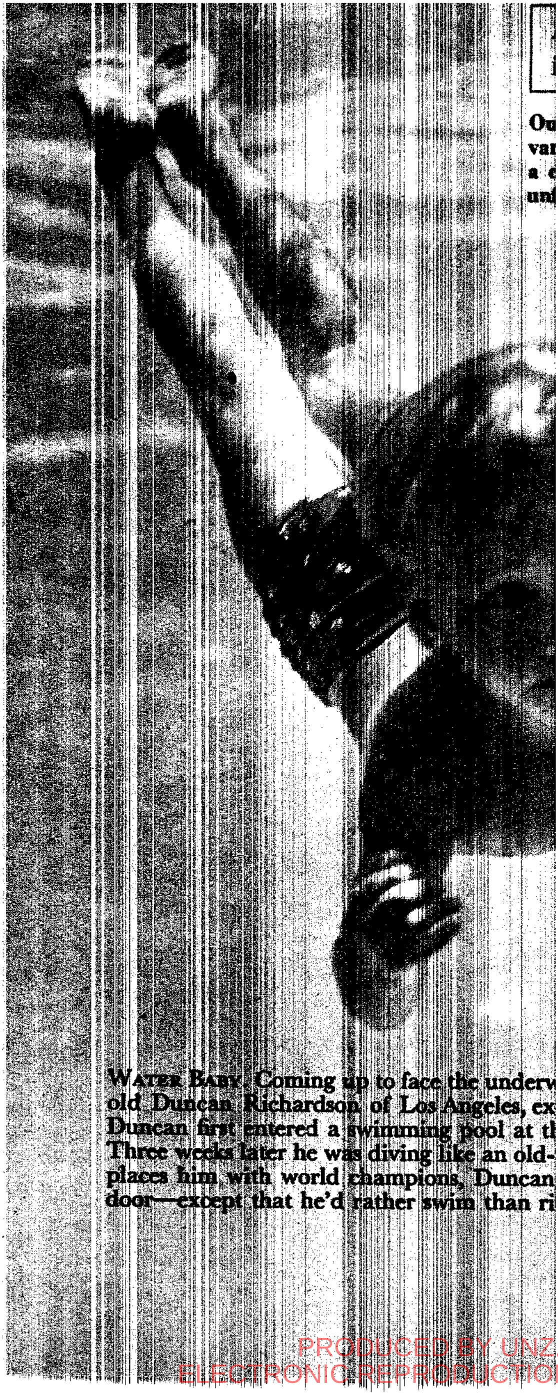
Impossible—What nobody can do, but somebody does.

Pessimist—A person who builds dungeons in the air!

Wealth—Any income that is at least $100 a year more than the income of one's wife's sister's husband.

Women's tears—The most efficient water power in the world.

—Wilson Mizner



Water Baby. Coming up to face the underw
old Duncan Richardson of Los Angeles, ex
Duncan first entered a swimming pool at th
Three weeks later he was diving like an old-
places him with world champions, Duncan
door—except that he'd rather swim than ri

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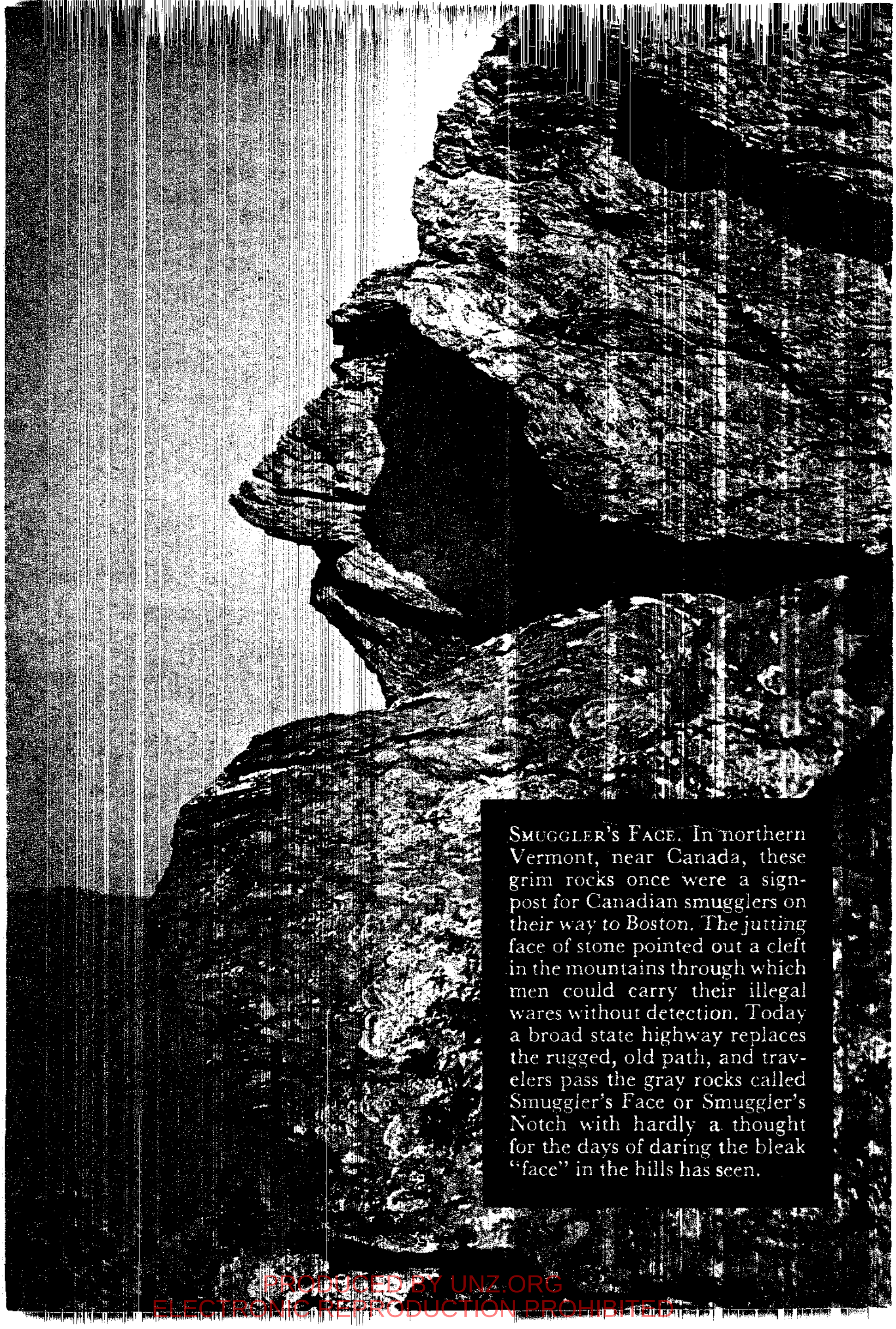
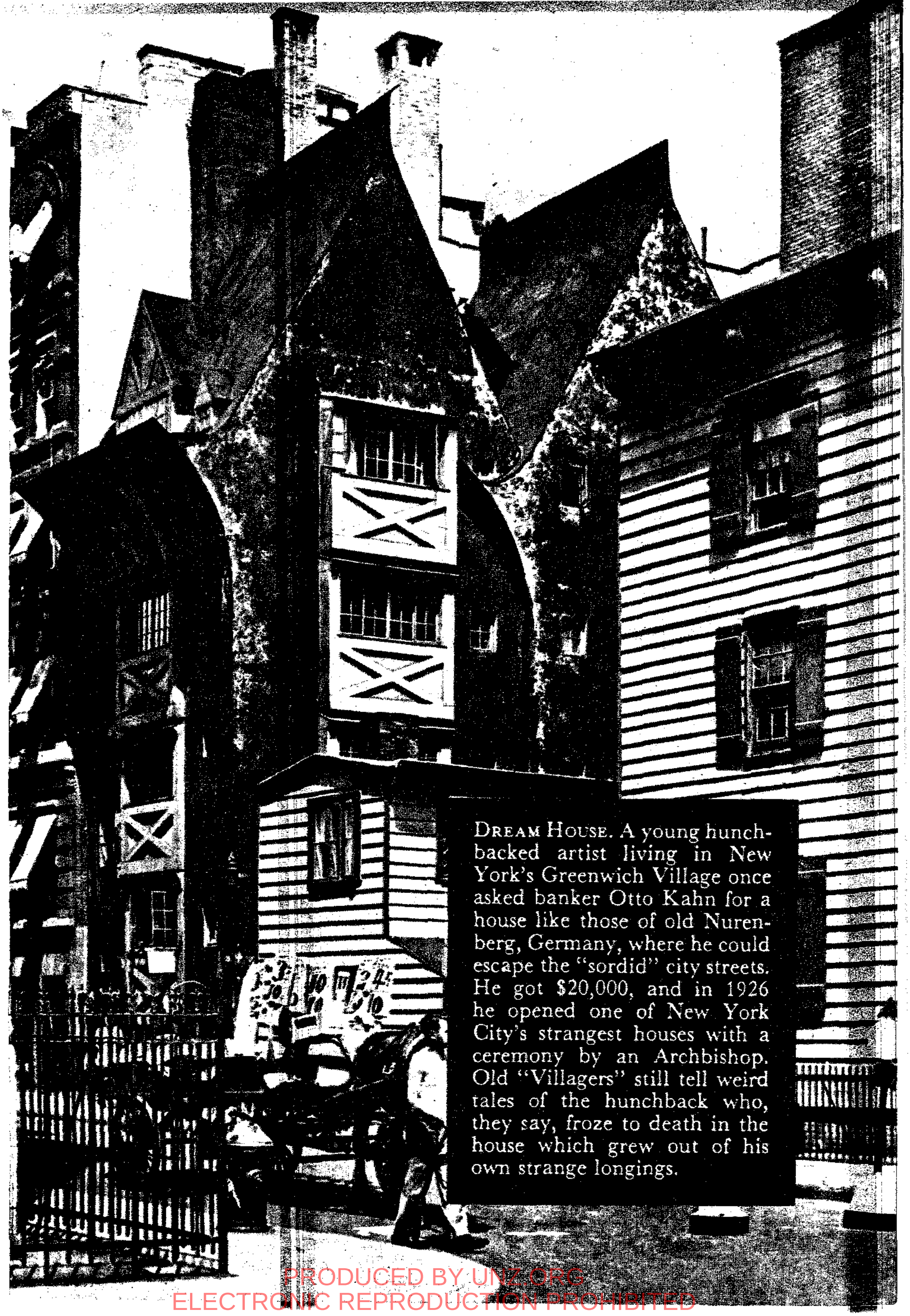


Smuggler's Face. In northern Vermont, near Canada, these grim rocks once were a signpost for Canadian smugglers on their way to Boston. The jutting face of stone pointed out a cleft in the mountains through which men could carry their illegal wares without detection. Today a broad state highway replaces the rugged, old path, and travelers pass the gray rocks called Smuggler's Face or Smuggler's Notch with hardly a thought for the days of daring the bleak "face" in the hills has seen.



DREAM HOUSE. A young hunchbacked artist living in New York's Greenwich Village once asked banker Otto Kahn for a house like those of old Nurenberg, Germany, where he could escape the "sordid" city streets. He got $20,000, and in 1926 he opened one of New York City's strangest houses with a ceremony by an Archbishop. Old "Villagers" still tell weird tales of the hunchback who, they say, froze to death in the house which grew out of his own strange longings.

Your Friend in Blue

WHETHER HE IS in uniform or plain clothes, whether patroling his beat or on his way home after a strenuous day, the policeman is really never off duty. He is one public servant who is on call 24 hours a day, for people in trouble or in need of help naturally turn to the man with the badge and brass buttons.

And it isn't only crime that keeps the policeman busy. He is likely to come into our lives in hundreds of ways: to rescue a kitten that has climbed a drain pipe, to find a lost child for a frantic mother, to direct an out-of-town visitor to the nearest bus stop. If your house catches fire while you are asleep or away from home, it is often the cop on the corner who warns you, turns in the alarm, and even fights the flames until firemen arrive. Night or day, he is alert to every indication of trouble or danger as he patrols his beat.

You may never have to report a robbery or murder, but if Junior accidentally locks himself in the bathroom, you depend on the police to get him out. Or you may enlist their help to straighten out an erring child before he gets into serious trouble. When parental bullying and threats have failed, a patient policeman, in a heart-to-heart talk, can generally teach a wayward boy respect for law and order. For the cop on the corner is the child's first contact with the law, his first glimpse of the machinery that keeps organized society working for the good of all.

The policeman may even have been responsible for your safe arrival in the world. A doctor is not always available when needed, but the cop on the beat generally is. Thanks to his expert training, he knows how to deliver a baby in an emergency; how to handle the umbilical cord to keep the infant from strangling, how to put the first drops of Argyrol in unseeing eyes or breathe the breath of life into tiny lungs that are not functioning as they should.

Rich or poor, young or old, no matter what your station in life, remember that the policeman is your friend. Whether he is helping an old woman across the street, clearing the way for a doctor on an urgent errand of mercy, breaking up a fight between a couple of urchins or giving first aid to an accident victim, his blue uniform is recognized today as a proud symbol of patient and unselfish service in a civilized society.

Breath of Life. This remarkable, on-the-spot picture of two of New York's well-trained patrolmen in action, shows them breathing air into the mouth of a six-weeks-old infant, to save it from strangling to death. Such jobs make our nation's policemen daily heroes.

The Big Blizzard of '88

THE STARTLED NEW YORKER stared hard at the amazing weather forecast in his morning newspaper of March 12, 1888. "Clearing and colder," it read, "followed by light snow." Outside his window a 45-mile-an-hour gale was blowing and the city already lay under a two-foot blanket of snow. The thermometer registered 15 degrees and the barometer had fallen steadily during the night.

Small wonder that the weather man was caught off guard: the now-famous blizzard of 1888 had descended with sudden, astonishing violence. Before it ended New Yorkers were to hear many a fantastic tale of men rescued from precarious ice floes, women stranded on snowbound elevated trains, and children literally blown through the air and buried in 12-foot drifts.

The storm raged for 36 hours, at times generating 70-mile-an-hour winds that lashed the Atlantic seaboard and were felt 100 miles inland. All districts within a 30-mile radius of New York were paralyzed; Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and practically all of New Jersey were prostrated.

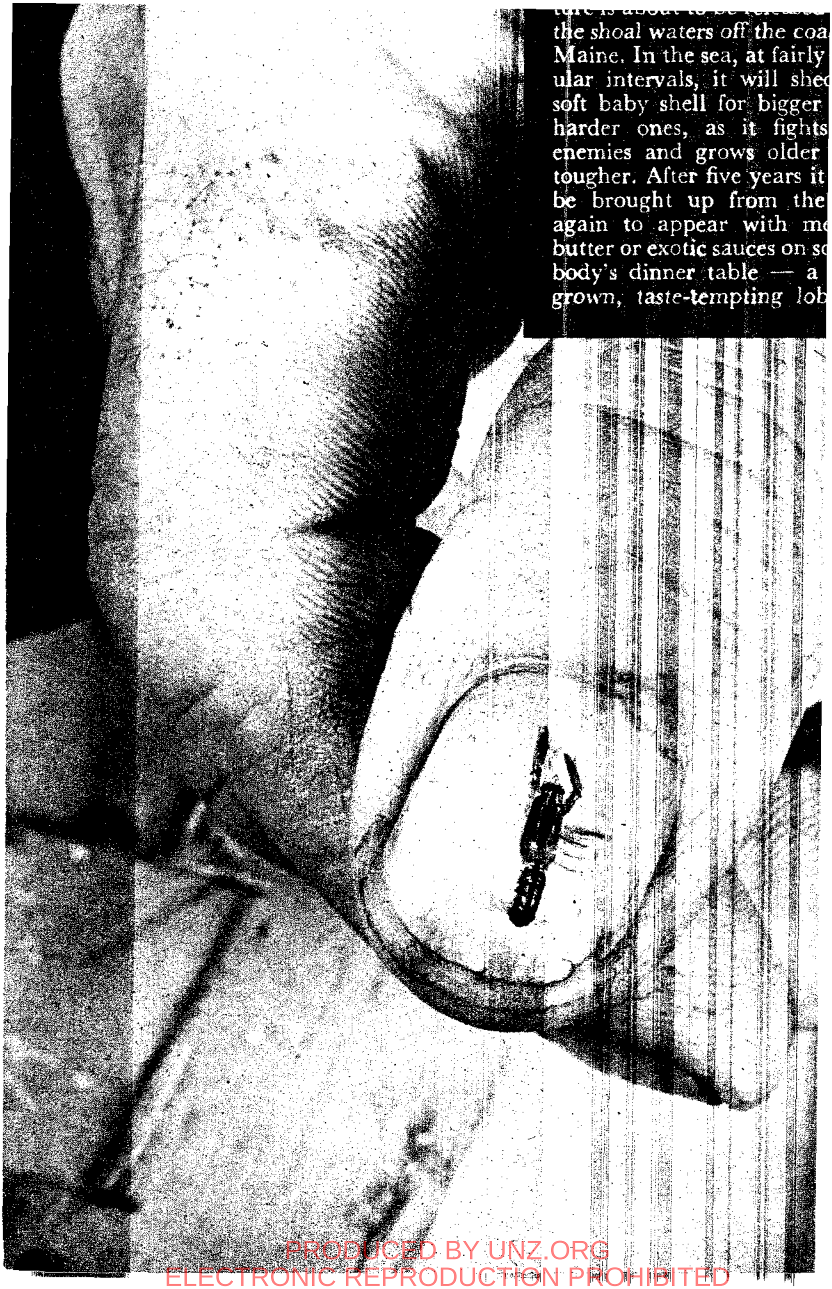
With transportation virtually at a standstill, New York on Monday morning resembled a ghost city. By noon it was cut off almost entirely from the outside world. Telegrams between New York and Boston were sent over the Atlantic cable via England, crossing the ocean twice to reach points less than 250 miles apart.

By Wednesday the storm had abated, but huge drifts still prevented trains from running. Cut off from its supplies of coal, food and milk, the city faced the threat of famine. But on Thursday things took a sudden turn for the better. The sun shone for the first time and transportation and communications were partially restored.

By Sunday the city had dug itself out. Piles of snow and slush were all that remained as visible reminders of the great storm, but the toll in all affected areas stood at 400 dead and countless millions of dollars in property destroyed.

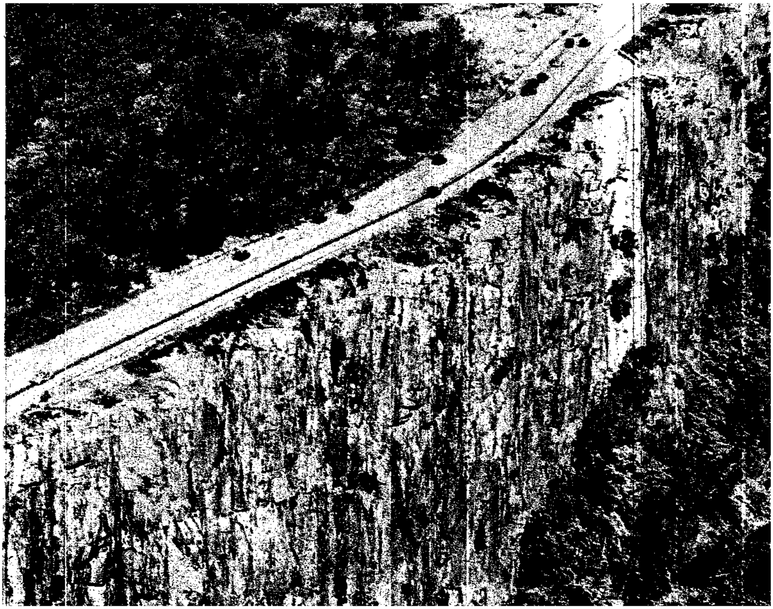
New York has experienced heavier snowfalls, more powerful winds, but no storm has combined the forces of wind, snow and bitter cold, or has come with such dramatic suddenness. That is why the great blizzard of 1888 is still commemorated each year on March 12, when oldtimers get together to exchange fabulous stories that never grow stale.

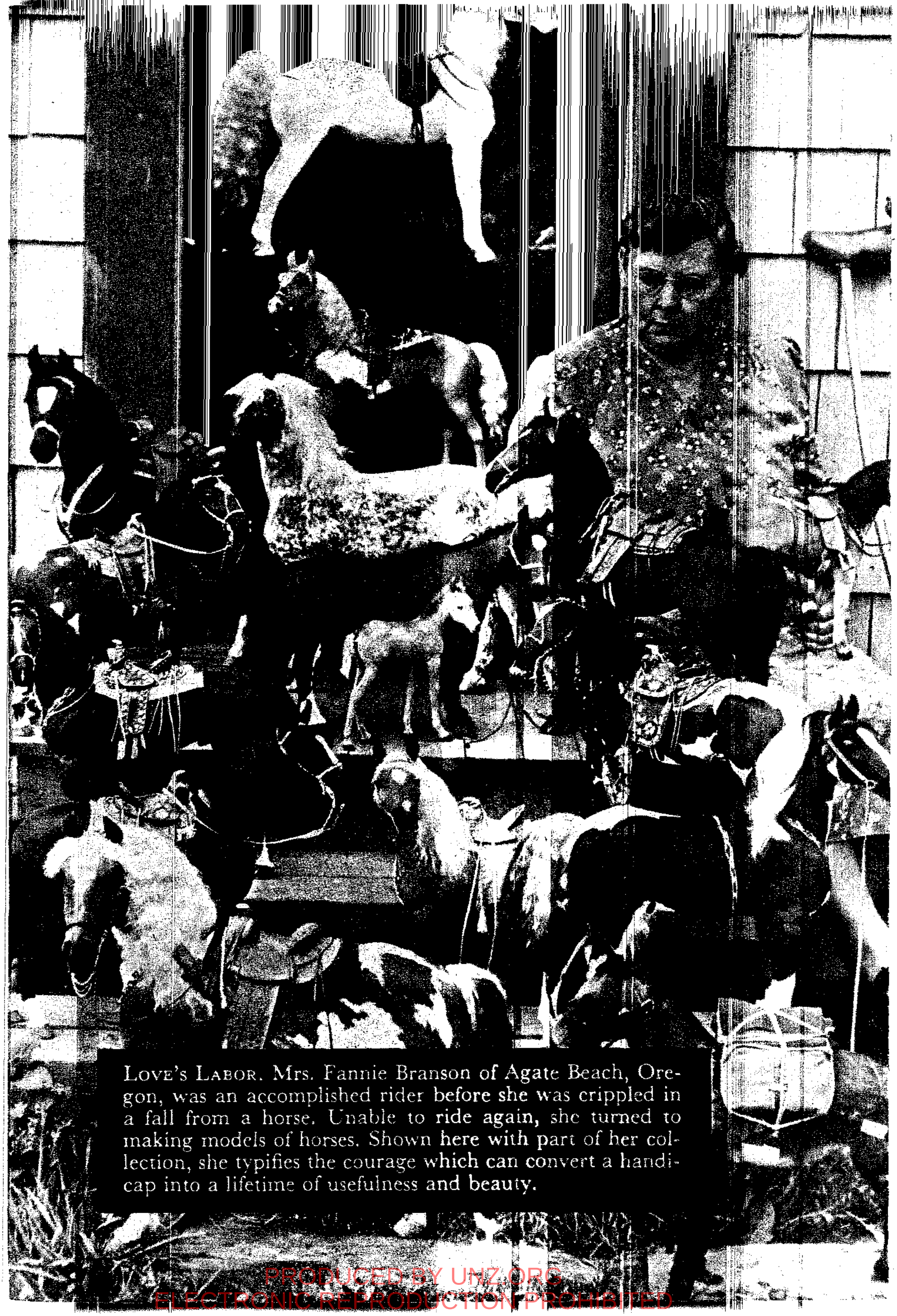
SNOWBOUND. One of the few remaining relics of the blizzard of 1888, this rare photograph was taken just after the storm had subsided. A view of New York's Madison Avenue, the picture is dramatic evidence of the helplessness of America's largest city.



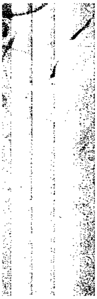
the shoal waters off the coa
Maine. In the sea, at fairly
ular intervals, it will she
soft baby shell for bigger
harder ones, as it fights
enemies and grows older
tougher. After five years it
be brought up from the
again to appear with me
butter or exotic sauces on so
body's dinner table — a
grown, *taste-tempting* lob

Racing Grandma. This is Mrs. Forest Burright of Oregon, Illinois, a 64-year-old grandmother who holds a world's record for harness racing. After more than 30 years of competition in her chosen sport, Mrs. Burright can still say, "I'm out there racing to win!"—and mean every word of it.





Love's Labor. Mrs. Fannie Branson of Agate Beach, Oregon, was an accomplished rider before she was crippled in a fall from a horse. Unable to ride again, she turned to making models of horses. Shown here with part of her collection, she typifies the courage which can convert a handicap into a lifetime of usefulness and beauty.



The English Love Tradition

LIKE A THRIFTY person who saves the tiniest bit of string or wrapping paper, the British people have always preserved old customs, even when their origin has long since been obscured. For England is a land of tradition. Her people's civil liberties and democratic form of government are guaranteed by an unwritten constitution based on tradition alone.

Many of the customs commemorate small victories in the struggle to limit the power of nobility and royalty. For example, once the king has ascended the throne, he may never enter the House of Commons, nor can his name be mentioned there in debate. For the House of Commons represents the people.

Even so simple a thing as the granting of fishing rights to the people of Hungerford more than 600 years ago is still celebrated by the little Berkshire village with an annual festival. Each year new residents are welcomed to the village in a ceremony called "the shoeing of the colts." A "blacksmith," complete with leather apron, attempts to drive a nail into the shoe of each colt (newcomer). When the colt cries "Punch!" he forfeits 10 shillings for drinks, but at the same time he becomes a full-fledged Hungerford citizen.

One annual Yorkshire ceremony—"the Penny Hedge planting"—dates back to 1159, when a penalty was imposed on three hunters who murdered a priest because he shielded some wounded animals. The ceremony consists of planting a hedge on the sands near Whitby, in Yorkshire. After the planting three blasts are sounded on an 800-year-old horn.

And following a tradition handed down from stagecoach days, when the "public house" was a natural stopping point, the English still route their city busses from one "pub" to another. A seasoned passenger knows that he must catch a certain bus at "The Hand and the Flower," change to a second vehicle at "The Packhorse and Talbot," and finally get off at "The Crooked Billet" to reach his destination.

It is sometimes difficult for Americans to understand or appreciate the spirit behind England's respect for old traditions. But to Britons the odd and colorful customs they treasure are a constant reminder that their hard-won democracy, too, is something to preserve and cherish.

SHOEING A COLT. The woman having a nail driven into her shoe in this old English ceremony is a "colt," or newcomer to the little town of Hungerford. Once she has been "shod" by the "blacksmith," she is recognized as a full member of the town.

Warning to Housewives

IT'S A SMART HOUSEWIFE who can make last year's—or even last month's—household allowance fit today's inflationary prices. With living costs soaring almost while you wait, the average family budget has a way of becoming obsolete overnight.

But rising prices aren't the only factor involved: the housewife's problem is further complicated by some unscrupulous shopkeepers who have devised ingenious ways of putting more money in the till for less goods sold. As a result, it takes an alert shopper to make sure she is getting full value for her closely budgeted dollar.

Dishonest merchants have gone far beyond the old thumb-weighing trick. Here are just a few of the methods used to cheat the unsuspecting housewife:

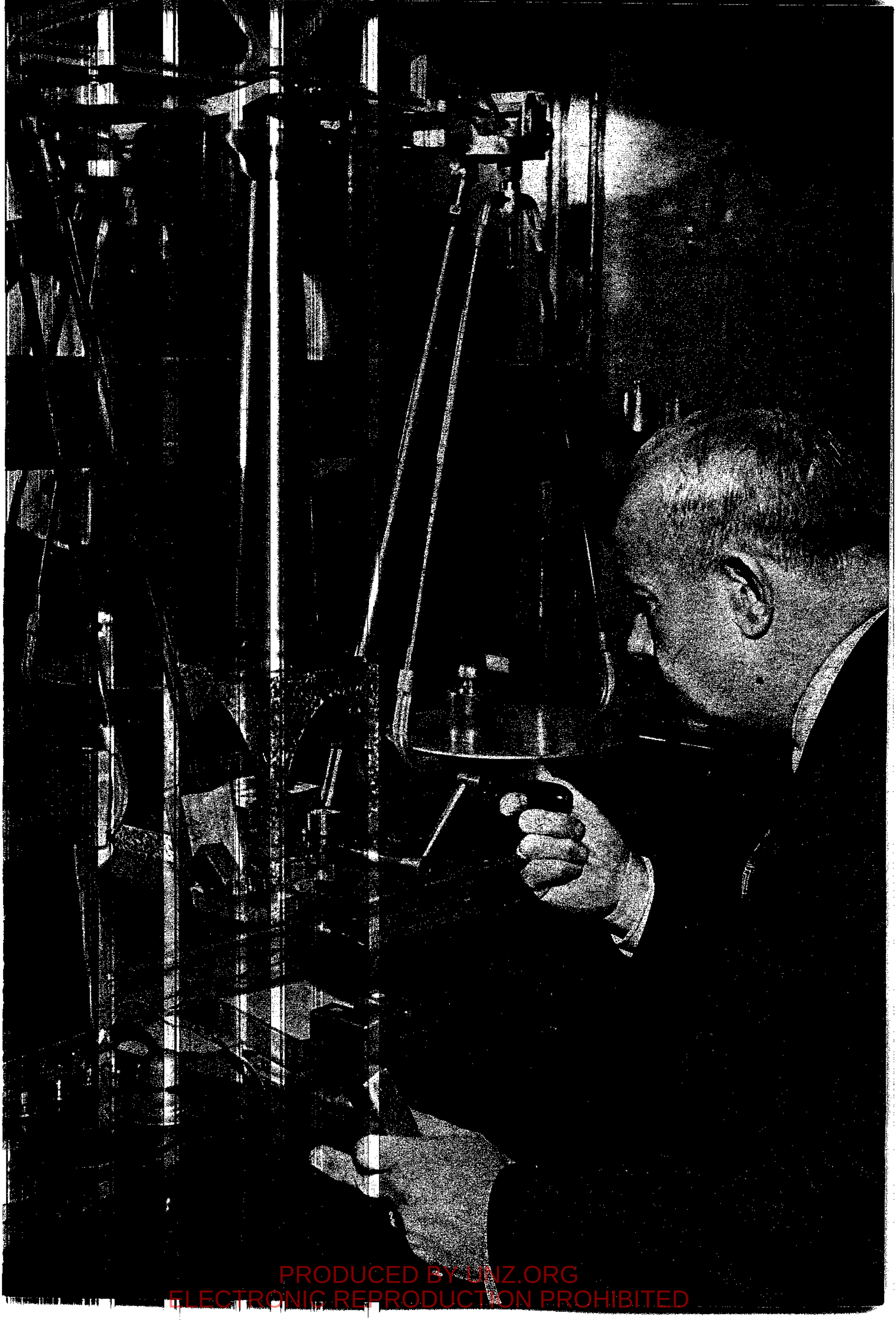
Putting butter in a pulpy cardboard carton before weighing it is a common practice. The container weighs about half an ounce, so if butter is selling at 80 cents a pound, the shopper pays 2.5 cents for the carton. A grocer may be justified in collecting the cost of a container, but hardly at the current price of butter.

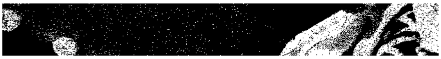
Hams are often wrapped in thick paper or cloth that weighs four to eight ounces; turkeys in some stores have been found to contain lead sinkers weighing almost two pounds; bacon may be put on a scale loaded with heavy waxed or oiled paper, or even a rag.

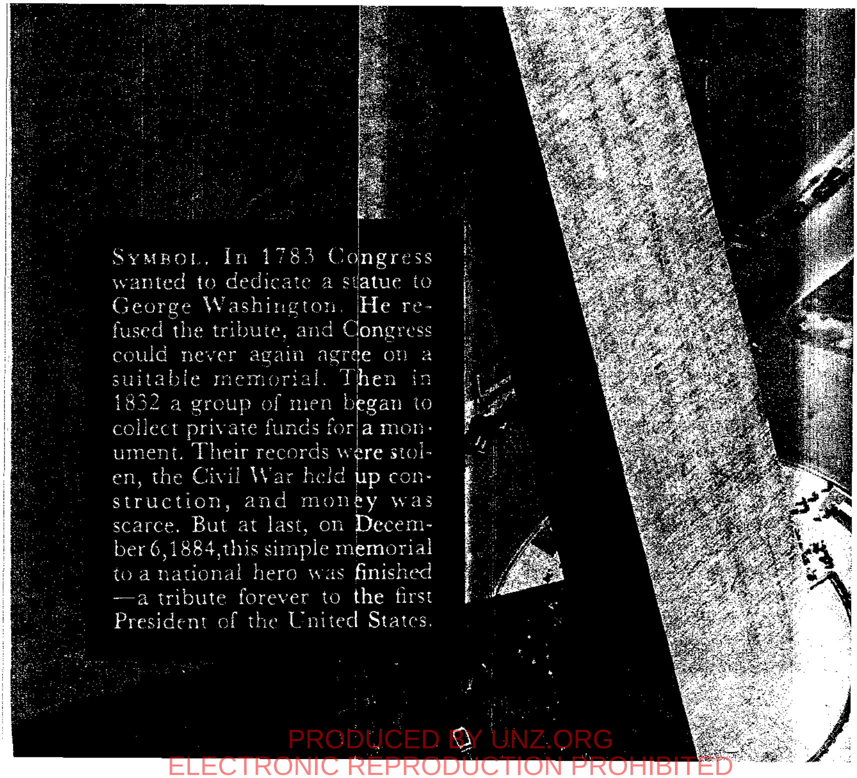
What can the housewife do about it? Plenty! For one thing, when she shops she can watch the scales closely to make sure she is getting full weight for the money she spends. She can compute the cost of her purchases with the merchant, asking questions freely. She can insist on a slip showing the weight of each purchase, to be checked on a scale as soon as she reaches home. And she can report violations promptly to her local Bureau of Weights and Measures or to the Better Business Bureau.

If she is suspicious of the scales in her neighborhood store, she is perfectly within her rights in requesting the local inspector to check them. This service is provided by every city or town which has an efficient county or municipal government. It has done a lot to assure the housewife of full value for every dollar spent. But it can do even more if the housewife herself will cooperate in reporting merchants who take advantage of their unwitting customers.

CHECKER CHECKING. Illustrating the care with which New York protects its shoppers, this inspector is comparing the State's official weights with his own. When his weights are correct, he will be able to test the scales of local storekeepers for accuracy.





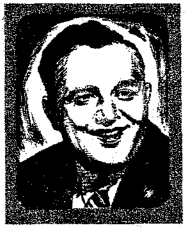


SYMBOL. In 1783 Congress wanted to dedicate a statue to George Washington. He refused the tribute, and Congress could never again agree on a suitable memorial. Then in 1832 a group of men began to collect private funds for a monument. Their records were stolen, the Civil War held up construction, and money was scarce. But at last, on December 6, 1884, this simple memorial to a national hero was finished—a tribute forever to the first President of the United States.

COLOSSAL
Is the Word for Sidney

by **Cameron Shipp**

At 30, Hollywood's top young man is a past master at discovering new stars and turning out million-dollar epics



In the film factories of Hollywood, where nervous exhaustion and nightmares are occupational ailments, a surprising young man named George Sidney does extraordinary things as calmly as if he were conducting a retreat for the pious.

Currently he is making arrangements to photograph New York, Brooklyn and a couple of other spots in the East from a helicopter for scenes in *Cabbages and Kings.*

Sidney is the youngest top director in Hollywood. At 30, he already has six "million-dollar epics" to his screen credit. He has attained a position and an income seldom achieved by men in any profession before the age of 50. But he did not get there simply because he was a bright young man who pops ideas with the regularity of a trip hammer. Hollywood is full of young men like that. Many of them tremble at the snap of a junior executive's finger.

In 1936, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer promoted Sidney from handy man around the lot to the unimportant spot of test director for Apple Blossom queens, Little Theater hopefuls and other youngsters who were banging their hot little fists on Hollywood's gates. By and large, a test director gives these aspirants a bored 30 minutes of his inexpensive time and dares them to prove they can act.

Young Mr. Sidney, who up to that time had not been able to prove his own genius no matter how skillfully he sharpened pencils or ran errands, immediately threw himself into the task of demonstrating that a number of other youngsters deserved a chance in pictures. He studied his charges, arranged long conversations with them and tried to appraise their real characters underneath acquired mannerisms and inept dramatic tricks. He rehearsed them endlessly, took four to five days with each test and finally got them before a camera unfrozen and unawed.

He had a good many failures. Not all of his new people were photogenic or talented. But before too long, the front office was signing up an unusual number of newcomers, all from George Sidney tests. Among them were Robert Taylor, Lana Turner, Van Johnson, Gene Kelly, Kathryn Grayson and Jean Pierre Aumont—major stars today.

The Hollywood touch to this

story would next have Sidney vault to glory and bags of gold as the result of these valuable discoveries. But actually, Hollywood is a reasonable facsimile of any other business. Having found a good man for a job, M-G-M kept him right at it. And Sidney was pretty happy. He enjoyed working with the youngsters, and he toiled overtime devising new tricks, new camera angles and more attractive methods to bring them to the attention of the company's top executives. Finally, as a side line, the studio moguls gave him the chance to make some short subjects.

In this department, Sidney produced dramas about crime prevention, pseudo-scientific discoveries, hobbies and travel. Then he moved in and directed a number of "Our Gang" comedies because he was one of the few men patient enough to cope with a cast more interested in ice cream than in performance.

And now came the lucky break, the opportunity that every man knows he needs to spark his career on the highway. On a spring night in 1940, all the great stars and great producers gathered to bestow the annual Academy Awards. On this brilliant occasion, Pete Smith's *Quicker'n a Wink*, a short subject about fast cameras, was announced as best of the year. Sidney was the director.

George, whom no one had bothered to invite to the party, was at home fretting over an idea to make a bathing beauty look like a dramatic actress in a few feet of test film. No one even called him on the phone.

It was the same next year, when John Nesbitt's Passing Parade short, *Of Pups and Puzzles*, took an Academy Award. Again George was the director. But he might as well have won a Culver City bowling tournament for all the excitement his success stirred up on the M-G-M lot. The studio had been accorded so many major honors that a mere short-subject director and ex-pencil sharpener could not possibly be invited to take a bow. Instead, George was next assigned to make a little picture about white mice.

Sidney's chance to direct a feature-length film came when he had toiled at the studio for seven years and had reached the discouraging age of 26. There was a picture in work to which no recognized director wanted to put his name. The unfortunate man who had been assigned to it found escape when half-through by taking to his bed and proclaiming himself in enormous pain. As a result of this dilemma, George was promoted from mice to his first big picture. It was not a hit, but he saved it from utter failure by getting a brilliant performance out of the new and untried leading lady. He did this by cutting out pieces of the test he had painstakingly made of her months previously and inserting them wherever he needed good acting. Promptly the

Sidney legend began to take shape.

The studio finally put its executive finger on George's real talent. He had been so sincerely interested in frightened newcomers, good, bad or indifferent, that he had learned how to put them at ease, how to inspire performances that sent many of them to the top. Today, George is past master of the rare art of getting other people to do things. It is this quality, rather than brilliant improvisations and mastery of the camera, which accounts for his success in Hollywood.

He treats 15-year-old girl singers as if they were prima donnas, sends them red roses to make them feel adult—and they warble their hearts out for him. He invokes this genial technique on the celebrated as well as on the unknown.

One evening Jose Iturbi was surprised to get a phone call from Sidney, of whom he had never heard. George explained that he was going to direct Iturbi's next picture, that he considered it an extraordinary musical event, and that he thought millions of young people might be induced to like good music through Mr. Iturbi's playing. But, said George, it would be necessary first to capture the young people's interest. Wouldn't it be a good idea for Mr. Iturbi to play something popular too, in order to lure the bobby-soxers into theaters?

That is how Jose Iturbi made his debut in Hollywood as a boogie-woogie pianist. It turned out that he was one of the best swing men in the business, and the young folk went wild. Meanwhile, they were indoctrinated with a great deal of first-rate music.

Frank Sinatra had made a couple of pictures in which his reputation as a national heart-throb was somewhat damaged. George took him aside. Wouldn't it be better, he asked, if Sinatra appeared in his next picture as a confused little guy who was afraid of girls? Wouldn't that be likely to inspire the same effect as his radio songs? Sinatra forthwith placed his million-dollar career in George Sidney's hands—and won magnificent notices as an actor.

Any intelligent person might profit by these methods, but George Sidney is superbly equipped physically to carry them out. He is six-feet-three and weighs 265 pounds. This enormous heft, which he pretends to abhor, is not overawing but reposeful. It makes older men feel they are younger than he is. It gives him an aspect which breeds confidence and relaxation. He treats all his players fondly, as if he had mentioned them in his will.

When the Metro lot is awash with surplus executive adrenaline and studio crises are developing by the minute, George is as serene as a well-fed Buddha. His contemporaries profess to believe that he was born on a sound stage at the age of 45. He takes charge of troubled situations like manifest destiny and by now is so used to taking charge that his associates claim he *presides* even when alone.

GEORGE WAS BORN IN New York. His father operated a movie theater in Jamaica, Long Island, and the stage-struck boy used to hang around the wings when Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor made personal appearances. He was six-feet-three and shaving every day by the time he was 13, and on his way to Hollywood to be an office boy at $12 a week when he was 17.

After he had achieved top directorial status at Metro, he married the studio's dramatic coach, Lillian Burns. A few years older than he, she is an invaluable mentor in selecting casts for George's pictures. They live in a big Beverly Hills house along with George's mother and father, and an aunt.

A preview of a George Sidney film is an enormous emotional experience for the entire family, which sits in a body with George in the middle, holds hands, applauds loudly and is near collapse before the end. The Sidney family is sufficient unto itself. They go to concerts together, on vacations together, and bother very little with Hollywood society.

George's biggest pictures have been expensive extravaganzas like *Thousands Cheer*, *Ziegfeld Follies*, *Anchors Aweigh*, *The Harvey Girls* and *Holiday in Mexico*. In all of them he has sought new and surprising ways to put music on the screen.

But despite the cavalier stratagems, Sidney has serious intentions. For a while, he thinks, it will be necessary to train his camera through the strings of harpsichords and to photograph the insides of grand pianos while maestros play Bach, but these are mere subterfuges to make people listen to better music. "Some day," he promises, "we can forget all that and smack 'em with great music—and no fooling around."

Sidney's most serious ambition is to carry out his program so thoroughly that he will be able to introduce light opera and then grand opera on the screen without fearing for its acceptance. He regards the development entirely as a matter of education and showmanship.

George argues that the public will always turn to the best if you give it a chance to learn what the best is. At 30, he has plenty of time to prove his theories.

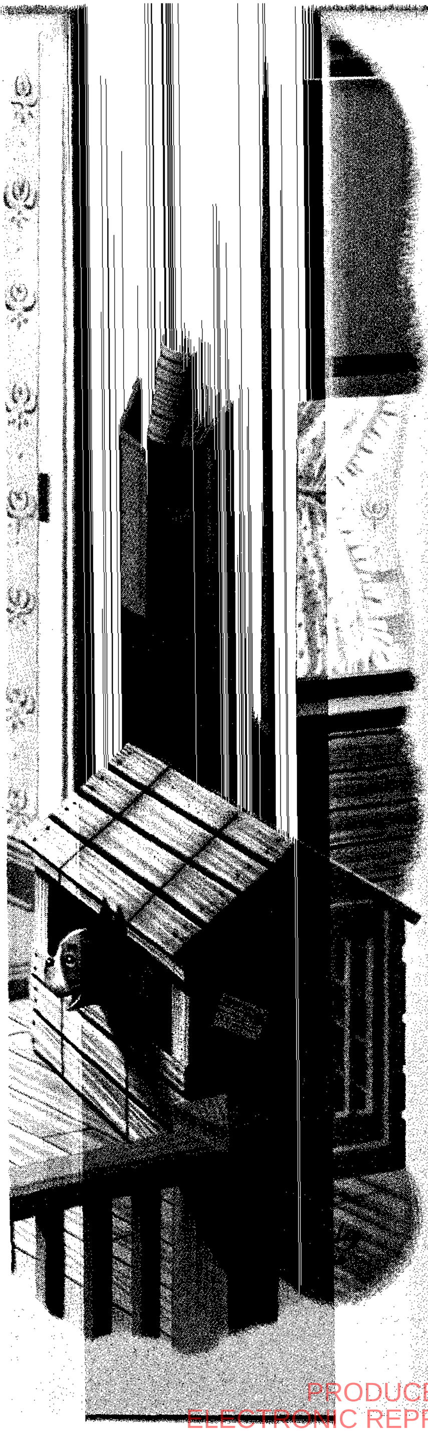
The Proverbial Straw

When Jimmy Durante was just getting started in show business, he and his partners, Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson, played their first engagement at the Club Dover. We "discovered" them there; it was a small place over a garage. In one of their funniest acts they were supposed to be in a rowboat lost at sea. They created this illusion by sitting in chairs and pretending to row.

"It isn't a fit night for man or beast!" Durante would howl. Then he'd point off in the distance and yell, "I see land! I see land!"

"That isn't land, that's only the horizon," Clayton would cry, and Jimmy's husky voice would croak, as he started rowing furiously, "Well, let's pull for *that!* That's bettern' nuttin'!"

—From *How to Grow Old Disgracefully* by Norman Anthony. Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.



A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

A Veteran Comes Home

BILL O'NEILL picked up a shivering, stray pup on the streets of San Francisco in 1941 and took it back to his ship, the carrier *Yorktown*. The little brown and white bull terrier, promptly christened "Stuff," became the ship's mascot.

Bill and Stuff were inseparable until the Battle of Midway. All through the nightmare of Jap dive-bombing, O'Neill kept Stuff by his side, protecting him against each blast of fire. But when the carrier's planes roared into battle, O'Neill had to leave. As his master climbed into a plane, Stuff whined piteously. Her engines dead, the crippled *Yorktown* was still undefeated. But two days later Jap submarines sent her to a Pacific grave.

Bill's plane was shot down but he was rescued. Then, for weary months, he wrote letters to *Yorktown* survivors: "Did you see Stuff go down? Was someone with him?"

And always the same answer. "Sorry, O'Neill. I don't remember seeing anything. It all happened too fast."

Three years passed. Bill got a medical discharge and entered an electrical school in Indianapolis. He had almost forgotten Stuff. Then one day expressmen left a crate at his home. From inside came a familiar whimper. It was Stuff! Back from the dead!

There was no clue to the shipper's identity. But that doesn't bother Bill and Stuff. All that really matters is that Fate, working in her mysterious way, has reunited two combat veterans.

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY EKMAN

How Wise Is the Owl?

In spite of the bird's prodigious reputation, its intelligence is questionable

by CAROL LYNN GILMER

FOR A GOOD MANY centuries, the owl has enjoyed a prodigious reputation for dignity and wisdom. He stares with unblinking serenity from the illustrations in children's books—often clothed in the garb of a judge or scholar. In song and story, he has been referred to, invariably, as "a wise old bird."

Naturalists will not quarrel with that adjective "old." In captivity owls may live 20 years; free of restraints, some have lived to a ripe 60. But the matter of the owl's intelligence and dignity is certainly open to argument.

There are many who think the owl is actually a foolish bird, in addition to being lazy, greedy and untidy. And there's nothing very staid or decorous about his eating habits. He's so gluttonous that he consumes one-third his own weight in food every night, gobbling rats, mice, small birds and even snakes.

Too lazy to build his own nest, he prefers to take over those abandoned by hawks or crows. Yet once moved in, he's a poor housekeeper; his adopted nest is always filthy. But the owl is a good parent; he will slash savagely at any humans who come near his young offspring in their nest.

In courtship, the owl is not only undignified but also rather silly. He bursts into song and performs spectacular aerial feats—then applauds his own efforts by flapping his wings in mid-air.

Since his eyeballs are set far back in the sockets and do not move, the owl can only stare straight ahead. But if he wants to look at something behind, he simply twists his head in a 180-degree arc.

He's a natural-born ventriloquist, too, and can throw his voice for great distances. His weird noises have been known to keep entire neighborhoods awake all night. Owl cries have been variously described as sounding like a horse's whinny, a banshee's wail, a maniac's laugh and a woman's scream, which proves that owls, as a species, are pretty versatile performers.

But the owl seldom bothers to demonstrate his vocal talents. Most of his waking hours are spent in complete silence, for even in flight the owl is noiseless. And this, perhaps, is the secret of his unwarranted reputation for shrewdness. Apparently, among birds as well as among humans, silence is too commonly mistaken for wisdom.

A young Barn Owl stands on the trunk of an oak tree. Kodachrome by Don Bleitz.

Shock Treatment for Intolerance

by **STEPHEN B. BOOKE & JAMES R. DANIELS**

With "seeing is believing" as his motto, a soft-spoken idealist is breaking down prejudice among New York's millions

SOME PEOPLE TALK about tolerance of class, race or religion, but Clarence V. Howell, a former Methodist minister of New York City, both talks and acts.

In the past 25 years this soft-spoken, practical idealist has put more than 92,000 men and women through his "shock treatment" for intolerance and prejudice. One man among New York's millions, and without wealthy backers, he has accomplished more in advancing human brotherhood than a ream of high-sounding editorials or a regiment of do-gooders.

The "seeing-is-believing" formula which Howell uses involves jolting people out of familiar grooves. He introduces mink-coated socialites to Bowery bums. Hardshell Baptists, under his guidance, listen to age-old chants in Jewish synagogues. Presidents of corporations swap views on collective bargaining with rabid Communists. And it is all done under the aegis of Reconciliation Trips, Inc., a unique organization which is not dedicated to earning big profits.

For a modest fee, plus carfare and meals, Howell pilots groups of 10 to 100 men and women on eye-opening tours of the world's greatest city. They go into flophouses, plush hotels, temples, foreign byways. Purpose of each trip is to understand the problems of the nationality, race and community visited.

"I'd never thought much about foreigners before," said a Midwest manufacturer after an all-day visit to Manhattan's melting pot. "In fact, I rather looked down on them. But now I realize this country means as much to them as it does to me. I've picked up firsthand facts that will help me in dealing with my foreign-born employees."

Recently Howell led 25 teachers from Columbia's Teachers College on a trip which showed them what a Park Avenue penthouse looked like. Then the party moved downtown to an East Side "old-law" tenement.

"More than 2,000,000 people live in these tenements," he explained, "although the New York Housing Commission condemned many of them as unfit for human habitation more than 45 years ago."

"Why doesn't somebody do something?" a teacher demanded.

"Somebody *is* trying to wipe out slums," said Howell. "Let's go and see." They followed his gray, slightly bald head down a rickety stairway to the street.

"Now here's a Federal housing project. It's clean—steam heat, electric refrigeration, windows in every room."

"Isn't it wonderful what the Government can do?" said the teacher to a fellow tripper.

"Yes," he replied, "but it's socialism, isn't it?"

"I don't know, but if it is, I'm for it. Anything's better than those horrible slums."

Howell's blue eyes danced, for his "shock treatment" was working. Such arguments are a sure sign of social awakening.

One of his favorite stories concerns the Negro and white ministers who attended a conference at Union Theological Seminary. During the sessions a Negro minister was seated beside his white "brother," but the white man, a Carolinian, edged away. A few months later the two were part of a group of clergymen guided by Howell through Harlem's largest Negro church and community house. The Carolinian was deeply moved.

"Did the Negroes really build this place themselves?" he asked Howell. Yes, not only had they planned the buildings and the programs, but they also footed the bill of more than $300,000.

The Carolinian turned to the Negro minister and grasped his hand. "I have seen the whole race problem in a different light today," he said. "If you are ever in my town, drop in to see me. We have much work to do for our people."

Others of Howell's followers have had similar awakenings. A devout Roman Catholic wound up a trip through Jewish temples and schools by taking the rabbi aside. "This is the first time anybody has explained the Jewish religion to me," he said. "It isn't my religion, of course, but it's a fine one. You've made me appreciate that in different ways we are both seeking the same thing—a better America, a better world."

Sympathetic appreciation of different faiths through Reconciliation Trips, Inc., is part of the training of nurses at many hospitals in the New York metropolitan area. Each class studies cultural backgrounds, creeds, dietary customs and ideals of all peoples.

A young probationer who went to Harlem with her classmates told Howell: "Before this trip I had never had much contact with Negroes, and therefore didn't know

what the race had to put up with in a white man's country. As a result of the trip, I believe I can now give them much better nursing care, and talk to them about some of the things I have learned."

Among Howell's "parishioners" are the owner of an East Side dance hall, guards at the Federal Reserve Bank and a group of Syrian candy makers. Untiringly he brings them face to face with college students, housewives, lawyers. "When each trip is over, all have become friends," he asserts.

About 50 different trips are on Howell's itinerary. From Monday to Friday he conducts expeditions for nurses, teachers, ministers. Students and the general public don stout walking shoes for week-end sight-seeing-with-a-purpose.

Trips are divided into "national and racial," "religious," and "social action." If you were to go along for three week ends, you might listen to Scottish bagpipers, inspect ancient records at the Irish Historical Society, watch English folk dances, and discuss Welsh music at a chophouse dinner. Next day you would attend a Moslem mosque service and question a Koran reader about the faith of Islam. If your feet held out, you could attend a police line-up and night court, and shudder in the crime museum.

Social-action tours listed as "Political Isms" and "Union Labor" provoke the liveliest arguments. The first includes lectures and free-for-all questions at Socialist, Anarchist and Communist strongholds. The second takes in CIO and AFL local headquarters, as well as employers' associations.

Romance sometimes blossoms on a Reconciliation Trip. In a long day of tramping, talking, listening and seeing, Boy may be drawn to Girl. More than one friendship has begun on a serious note of social significance and progressed into more personal channels. "Every now and then I feel like Cupid," Howell chuckles.

But he doesn't resemble Cupid, except for a smooth, pink complexion. Now 61, Clarence Howell is well-set, broad-shouldered, with a sturdy physique bequeathed to him from a boyhood on a Michigan farm. Working his way through Michigan's Albion College as a book salesman, he gained experience in making contacts with all kinds of people.

After entering the Methodist ministry, he spent three years in rural churches. Then, in 1921, he was conducting religious forums among New York's laboring classes. At that time "the menace of radicalism" was a bristling topic. A conference of clergymen discussed the subject with some heat, but no one present had any authentic information on radical activities.

Howell arranged for several radical officials to address the ministers. Speakers ripped into the "white-collared parasites" and the empti-

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Stephen B. Booke, a former newspaperman and feature writer, has also written news and dramatic programs for radio and has edited several trade journals. He is now executive editor of a business weekly. James R. Daniels, also a former newspaperman and trade-paper editor, is at present associate editor of an industrial publication. Individually and in collaboration, they are frequent contributors to leading national magazines.

ness of their services to society. But despite a time-bomb tenseness, the clergymen came away convinced: "They may be crazy, but they're not dangerous."

That was the beginning of Reconciliation Trips. Two months later another group of ministers asked for a repeat performance. Others became interested, and gradually additional trips were planned to include racial and religious as well as political centers.

By 1925, Howell was devoting full time to the project. His wife, Ida Oatley Howell, who had received training as a deaconess, joined him as co-director. For the next eight years the trips were partly financed by the Methodist Episcopal Home Mission Board. But when depression forced the Board to drop its support, a generous college professor picked up the financial load until 1935. Then Howell's problem became acute, for charges to trippers—from 75 cents to $2—have never covered costs.

The war delivered another body blow. With the armed forces providing "all-expense tours," attendance skidded. To ease the burden, Howell moved into a drab basement near Columbia University.

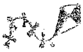
There, despite financial struggles, Reconciliation Trips is today doing some of the best work in its 25-year history. "I have made so many mistakes," Howell says, "that I believe there are no more to be made."

There are some who cannot understand why a qualified minister should prefer a basement apartment to the comfort of a regular pastorate. Howell's plain answer is backed by 25 years of financially poor but spiritually rich experience:

"As Jesus came into the world to reach people in all walks of life, so I desire to follow Him and to help all peoples. To do this I must understand them and their philosophy of life. But first we must establish the little island or large continent upon which we can agree. Then we shall have ground to air and enjoy our differences."

Teachers College awards credits to students who put themselves in the other fellow's place through Reconciliation Trips. Dozens of other colleges and theological seminaries require the tours for certain classes. And since a majority of trippers are educators and students, they carry the lessons learned back to classrooms. Thus the influence of Clarence Howell is slowly spreading all over America.

With colleges again overflowing and travel unshackled, he expects to pass on his message to fresh thousands: "Through the heart of society run great gorges, between the rich and poor, black and white, immigrant and native, Jew and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, Oriental and Occidental. We can have no heaven on earth while there is discord between groups."



The Only Way

To avoid criticism: say nothing; do nothing; be nothing.

Mexico's Super-plan for Education

by **WILLIAM STEPHENSON**

In a mammoth crusade to bring learning to all her people, our neighbor to the South is undergoing a national rebirth

WHILE ALLIED TROOPS were battering forward to victory in August of 1944, President Manuel Avila Camacho of Mexico was only just declaring war on an enemy which had surrounded his people since the days of the Spanish Conquest.

"Our greatest foe," he proclaimed, "is the appalling illiteracy of almost half our people. Yet if every man, woman and child in Mexico who can read and write will teach *one other person* to do likewise, our enemy will go down in defeat."

Since that day when the campaign against "*Analfabetismo*" (illiteracy) was inaugurated, a visible change has taken place in this oldest nation of the Western Hemisphere. The whole country, as a matter of national pride, has taken the crusade to heart. Office workers from the city have taught peasants from the country, employers have taught employees, youngsters have tutored parents.

As a result, stubby fingers which never dreamed of holding anything slimmer than a plow handle now clutch pencils wetted by eager lips. Road signs, characters on billboards, pamphlets, books and newspapers which hitherto were meaningless now leap out to entice this new race of readers with fascinating and informative stories.

Throughout Mexico—in the deserts of Chihuahua and the mountains of Oaxaca, in the jungles of Vera-Cruz and Yucatan—a joyous sound is being heard these days as new schools, hospitals, libraries, research institutions appear. It is the age-old thwack of chisel on stone, combining with the modern drone of the electric drill and the booming pulsations of the pile driver to produce a new New World symphony—a stirring and dramatic composition—written of, by and for the Mexicans.

The situation which precipitated this campaign was a desperate one. Mexico, a land of some 20,000,000 people, had been so rocked by political strife since gaining its independence from Spain in 1821 that few administrations had been able to plan peacefully for the country's education. Up until 20 years ago, however, this had proved no great liability. The peons on the haciendas seldom ventured into the city, and thus had no pressing need for worldly knowledge. But with the coming of railroads, cross-country highways, airlines, radio, and then war, the need for Mexico to take its place in world affairs became apparent.

To make progress, the Mexicans realized, they must industrialize. To industrialize they needed technological brains, for Mexico had sorrowfully learned in the past what happened when you were content to import these brains. But there was something else besides the economic need for educating the nation's youth. What of the older generation? What of the millions who could not read the simplest signs, who knew nothing of distant kinsfolk simply because they could not write letters, who lived in depths of ignorance comparable to the Dark Ages? Who would teach this unfortunate generation the fundamentals of education?

THE PROGRAM ACTUALLY got under way in 1944, when to Jaime Torres Bodet, one of the world's great educators, was entrusted the job of heading SEP, the Secretaria de Educacion Publica. Torres Bodet knew what was needed—schools first, then more schools. But since he was thinking on the grand scale he would not be satisfied with the brick or mud hovels in which he had gleaned his ABC's. He wanted schools that children would like—bright, airy edifices, full of color and light—schools which when not in use might serve as the cultural center for a whole community. So he called in Mexico's best architects and offered premiums for designs.

In the first year, more than 200 new schools were built in Mexico, more than had been erected in the whole decade before. They varied from 50-pupil buildings to 3,000-pupil structures, but always they contained those elements of beauty which made passersby stop and stare. In each community they fitted into the scheme of things, adapted to the needs and customs of the people. All this was a good start, but the SEP director knew it was not enough.

Torres Bodet introduced another innovation — a free art institute open to earnest young people from any land. To this school in Mexico City he brought his country's best instructors, then issued an invitation for the world to attend. Today, with 190 students, some 60 of them from the U. S., this nucleus of culture is serving as the alma mater for youngsters who may become the art leaders of tomorrow's America.

As one GI student, an Iowan, said: "I still can't believe it. Our instructors are the finest in the country. The school provides paper, paints, models; they take us on field trips. And everything is free!"

Under the impatient hand of Torres Bodet, the plans for Mexico's renaissance quickly became concrete realities. He introduced staggered classroom hours in grade

schools so that all existing buildings could be put to fullest use while new ones were being built. He started streamlining courses to give youngsters more practical subjects, and put emphasis on physical education. And then he set in motion the machinery for bettering the lot of one of the most neglected groups of individuals in perhaps the whole world—the teachers of Mexico's grade schools.

Today, 12,000 rural teachers are enrolled in correspondence courses designed to acquaint them with the most modern methods of instruction. The full course is of six years' duration. But at the end of the first year, if the teacher passes her examinations, she is given a 16 per cent raise in salary. At the end of the second year, she gets another 16 per cent boost, and so on. When her six-year course is completed, she has doubled her income.

But while he gave orders right and left, Torres Bodet listened too. Especially did he listen to an idea propounded by Professor Guillermo Bonilla for "Cultural Missions." Up to that time, wealthy individuals or groups had infrequently sent out small parties of technicians to backwoods hamlets in an attempt to bring poor villagers an idea of what was going on in the world. The missionaries would tell the peons how to build better houses, grow better crops, treat disease. They might even instruct a few persons in simple arithmetic, writing and reading.

"Why not modernize this service?" asked Professor Bonilla. "Why not equip trucks, so that parties can reach the remotest places to carry on this humanitarian work?"

When the professor said "remote" he went far beyond the North American conception of the word—areas where people had never seen a white man, a flashlight, a car; where natives still practiced barbaric religions and believed in the ultimate return of the Aztecs' ancient war gods.

Out of this idea came the Misiones Culturales, a program which could likewise be used to advantage in the hinterlands of the U. S., Canada and Alaska. With dozens of trucks to carry the necessary equipment and small groups of practical experts to demonstrate, this service has done much to bring Mexico's backwoods people into tune with the rest of the world.

But these preliminary skirmishes with Mexico's educational problem were only workouts for the big job ahead. And no one knew this better than Senor Torres Bodet. He recognized the fact that you could not hope to create a literate, enlightened nation if you permitted the generation which was well past school age to live in ignorance. It was then that the idea for the Analfabetismo campaign came to him.

"If each person who can read

William Stephenson, a native of England, has packed a variety of careers into his 26 years. He has been a miner, newspaperman, research chemist and publicist. During the war he was Editor of Magazines for Canada's Wartime Information Board and since 1945 he has been a free-lance magazine writer. For more than a year Stephenson has lived in Mexico, wandering about the country to get a first-hand view of its people, customs and institutions.

and write teaches one who can't," he exulted, "our problem is solved."

He knew that Mexicans have a fierce national pride. If you appealed to this pride, thought Torres Bodet, there was no limit to what you might accomplish. So, in August, 1944, following the address of his President, he went to work with this motto: "Mexico needs your help."

Once launched, the campaign went forward with fantastic speed. In every public place the SEP put booklets and pamphlets showing the educated how to teach others to read and write. In a short time, 10,000,000 Spanish primers and 7,000,000 notebooks were distributed. By newspaper, radio and streetcar advertising, by huge posters done by Mexican illustrators, by mobile truck and by traveling puppet shows, by special issues of postage stamps, the campaign was brought to the attention of every literate person in Mexico.

And having made the law, they were ready to enforce it. Six months after the campaign had begun, woe to him who could not show he had instructed or was instructing someone less fortunate. But there were difficulties, nevertheless. You might think that since approximately 50 per cent of the population could write, it would be comparatively simple for them to pair off with the 50 per cent who couldn't. But the stumbling block was the distribution of illiterates.

Mexico City, for instance, might have 1,500,000 literate and only 500,000 illiterate. A mountain village, on the other hand, might contain only four literates in a population of 700. This problem was partially solved by sending groups of special instructors into rural communities.

There was another problem, however, which might have stumped a less determined man than Torres Bodet. Mexico has about 52 native races. Most of them speak Spanish in addition to their mother tongue, but approximately 1,200,000 speak no Spanish whatsoever. Thus it was necessary to set up a program within a program to instruct certain races first to read and write their own tongue and then gradually to work in Spanish words and phrases until the whole instruction became Spanish. The difficulty was complicated by the fact that some primers necessitated special type and typesetting machines, and the training of teachers in these newly-written tongues. But under Torres Bodet's driving impetus, the obstacles were overcome.

MEXICAN INDUSTRY, waking up to the national trend, began to cooperate with the government's super-plan for education. One book company produced a paper-bound edition of the classics which are now available almost anywhere in Mexico for 25 centavos. A matchbox firm put pictures of the world's art treasures on its products. Book stalls, equipped with public-address systems to broadcast classical music, appeared in public parks. The International Book Fair held in Mexico City last June attracted unprecedented crowds.

By the end of 1945, little more than a year after the campaign had begun, more than 1,350,000 Mexican citizens had been enrolled as "students." Last August, on the program's second anniversary, more than 600,000 men and women received diplomas for reading and writing efficiency. At this rate, subtracting the non-Spanish-speaking natives and the 600,000 children who will receive their training in school, the SEP believes that in eight years the whole country will be literate. Enthusiasts point to the 352 new schools that decorate the countryside, the 588 partially completed, the 796 projected.

"We are doing our best," says Senor Torres Bodet simply.

Mexico knows of course that not all its educational problems will be solved by SEP measures. The country has not enough universities, professors are underpaid, economic conditions in many families make it imperative that children leave school to help support the family. Not nearly enough funds are available for research grants, for scholarships, and for subsidizing the experimental institutions which Mexico knows she is badly lacking.

Yet Mexico today, as a result of her efficient SEP and the cooperation of the whole country, is truly on the threshold of a 20th-century renaissance. In a tenement, a newly instructed mother, nursing her child, scrawls again and again the name of her infant, and smiles with pleasure at the look of the words. And in a farmhouse high on a mountainside, a work-gnarled peasant looks up from the book he is reading by a sputtering oil lamp.

"I always wished to read the Good Book myself," he says softly. "Now I will read all of it before I die."

* * *

"Thanks"—for the Memory

Ever notice what a wonderful effect a "Thank you" has on some folks? I have. It's a hurry-mad, unappreciative world in the large, but I have always maintained that we can make life easier for one another by a bit of effortless courtesy and an occasional word of sincere appreciation.

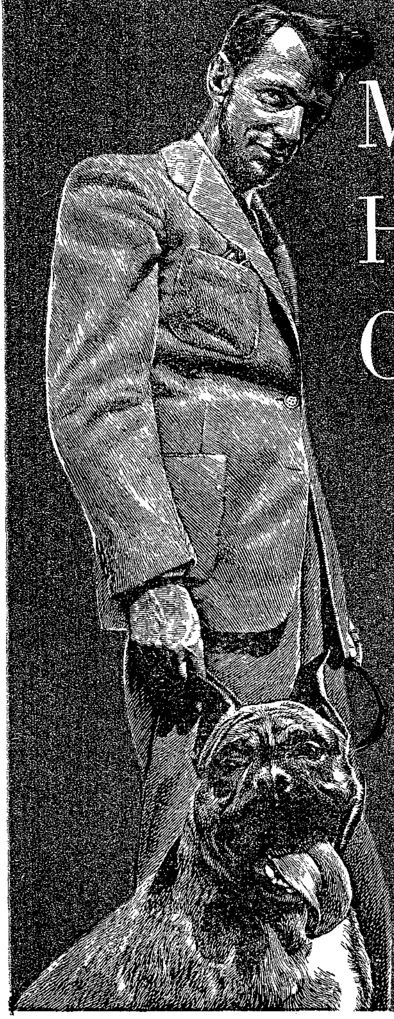
Which reminds me of the farm woman who, at the end of a heavy day's work, set before her men folks a heaping pile of hay. And when they indignantly asked whether she'd gone crazy, she replied: "Why, how did I know you'd notice? I've been cooking for you men for the last 20 years, and in all that time I ain't heard a word to let me know you *wasn't* just eating hay."

In the Russia of the Czars it was the custom of the upper classes, when they had enjoyed a fine dinner, to insist on having the cook brought into the dining room to receive their congratulations. And, if you ask me, I think that's a whale of a fine idea.

Let's smile more. Let's speak more kind words. Let's be more appreciative of those who help or serve us.

We can add to our personal assets—and oh! so much to our personal pleasure—with an appreciative word for others once in a while. —Jerome P. Fleishman

Condensed Book



My Eyes Have a Cold Nose

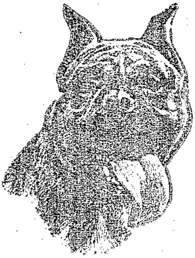
BY HECTOR CHEVIGNY

Here, condensed on the following pages, is an exciting new best seller which retells the true story of a man's fight against overwhelming odds with as much drama as the finest novel, as much suspense as the most thrilling "whodunit." It is a story you'll be sure to remember long after you have forgotten its name.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCORMACK

MY EYES HAVE A COLD NOSE

by **Hector Chevigny**



“There's no doubt of it,” the doctor told me. “The retina in your left eye is detaching. If you try going back to Los Angeles, you'll be blind before you get there. You'd better let us take you to a hospital right away.”

The mind does not grasp information like this quickly; it doesn't want to. I must have shown my disbelief, for Dr. Conrad Berens added gravely, “You're in a bad jam, boy.”

I had spent a good share of my adult years designing plots in which people find themselves in difficulties —but if Dr. Berens was right, this was one of the best. It surpassed anything I would have thought safe to invent; editors would have called it “too contrived.”

The day was November 13, 1943. I had arrived in New York eight days before from Los Angeles, where I had for years been a professional writer. Taking the train at Los Angeles on November 3, I had no inkling that ten days later I would be told by a Manhattan specialist that my sight was rapidly going; as I said good-bye to my wife and two children in California, I never thought I was literally seeing them for the last time.

The business on which I had come to New York was of enormous importance, representing the coming together of many past efforts. I had a roseate picture of days ahead as the train pulled into Manhattan. Now it was all to dissolve into an unknown and unknowable future. That which we presume can never happen to us was happening to me.

I had spent 16 years writing about drama in the lives of others. When I came to New York from Hollywood I was walking on air; under one arm I had the half-finished manuscript of a novel the publishers of my previous book were asking to see, and warming the other arm was a fat radio contract. Then I decided to ask a doctor to explain those black dots dancing in my field of vision. . . .

When I was ten years old, living

Condensed from the book *My Eyes Have a Cold Nose*, published at $3.00 by Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.: copyright by Hector Chevigny

in Montana, cataracts were first observed in my eyes. Each eye was operated upon a few years later, but I had no further trouble beyond the need for strong glasses. I did not know of the high incidence of retinal detachment in later years after the removal of cataracts.

Detachment occurred in my right eye in May, 1943, rapidly and without warning. I was walking down Hollywood's Vine Street when abruptly from the upper corner of my field of vision a jet-black curtain descended. There was no pain, no sensation whatever. But where there had been vision there was now only a mottled perception of light.

The decision was not to operate, for it was felt that an operation might disturb the left eye, which was clear and vital. The doctor told me there was no chance of a similar accident occurring in it; I could go about my business.

But in New York it took Dr. Berens only one glance through the ophthalmoscope to order me to a hospital. Today, in retrospect, I find it hard to believe that I had the reaction I did; I fought off Dr. Berens' verdict. I was beyond all reasoning: the ability to reason had deserted me. I told him I'd have to think it over.

My state of mind is shown by the fact that on the following day I accepted a friend's suggestion to go to a movie. In the midst of it I asked her to leave with me. As I watched the screen, something suddenly happened which told me that Dr. Berens had been only too right. As if an invisible finger had pushed down my retina and crumpled it like cellophane, my vision clouded past center. Accompanying the drop was a startling display of blue fireworks. Yet, queerly, I was suddenly calm. My whirligig of contradictory thinking stopped. There was nothing to do but put myself in Dr. Berens' hands, hoping that my actions of the past 24 hours had not made his task impossible.

At 3 o'clock the next afternoon, clutching an admittance slip, I entered the Eye and Ear Infirmary on the lower East Side.

"LEAVE ME ALONE," I said testily to the nurse who stood beside my bed, ready to help me. "I'll make it all right by myself."

I was getting up from my bed in the Infirmary for the first time in three months. In the tone and phrasing of that sentence, I was saying something I was to repeat thousands of times before long. "Just hand me my bathrobe and slippers. Guess I still remember how to get out of bed!"

The three attempts at surgery made on both eyes had been failures. For days after each attempt there had been hope; but always the retinas detached again, as painlessly as the first time.

Complete cooperation by the patient is an absolute necessity to the success of the operation. For weeks he must lie absolutely immobile. The head, held by sandbags, must be neither moved nor jarred in the slightest.

The three weeks' immobilization after the first operation was the most difficult ordeal I had ever endured, for it seemed impossible to anticipate every involuntary movement of the body. But after a while habit comes along to help the will. For six weeks, following the second and third operations, I did not move my head an inch, either in wakefulness or sleep.

Then Dr. Berens sat on the edge of my bed. There was nothing more to try, he said bluntly. Now, four days after his visit, I was going to try walking in the full knowledge that I would henceforth be totally and, in all probability, permanently blind.

It's not just an experiment in being without sight, that first walk. You rise from your bed and test your knees gingerly. You are pleased to note they don't immediately buckle. You walk toward the place where you know there is a window—because you've felt the draft. You find the window, surprised it is so quickly reached. The room is smaller than you had imagined.

Making too quick a turn to cross to the other side of the room, you become disorientated. The other wall isn't where you thought it would be; the bed, the table, the chairs are somewhere other than you think they are. You haven't yet learned to listen; if you knew how to rely on hearing, a split-second of listening would indicate the position of the windows by the traffic sounds outdoors.

But that knowledge isn't going to come for a long while yet. You suddenly realize that a whole dimension has dropped out of your daily living. The physical world which used to have length, breadth and thickness now has only breadth and thickness.

At last you have to ask for help from the nurse who has been standing by in sympathetic silence. You've got to find that bed because your knees are beginning to buckle. But it's hard to admit you're lost—even though you know very well that she knows you're lost. It seems a surrender, a lowering of your pride.

Maybe Miss Calkins knew what my next reaction would be, because after getting me back in bed she shut the door and left me alone. I wept, for the first time in 30 years—tears of frustration, rage, emotional exhaustion, self-pity. "It can't do this to me," I said in effect to the pillow—meaning Fate or Nature or whatever had done precisely this to me. And there was no escaping the realization that this was only the first 15 minutes of a new lifetime.

There would be more of the same kind of experience, much more. This room was only a very minor fraction of the enormous whole that had to be investigated. There were the halls outside my room to be tried, and after that the stairs. Then must come apartments, homes, public buildings, streets. From now on I must comport myself every second of my waking life on the assumption that I'm not alone.

The full realization that my future depended on people now descended on me. While lying immobile in bed all those days and weeks, naturally I foresaw that in the event of blindness my movements would, to a great extent, depend on the help of others. I could get a Seeing Eye dog, of course, and I eagerly listened to all the information I could get about those dogs. But a great deal of it I dismissed as the fiction too often associated with both dogs and the blind. It seemed to me that the dog, however clever, must be only a partial answer to the problem of freedom.

Now, freedom seemed the most infinitely precious thing on earth. All the other drawbacks dwindled in importance. That I would never again know the thrill of a sunset, that a great part of literature would henceforth be closed to me, even the fact that the formidable economic problem of making a living waited for solution, seemed unimportant by comparison.

But I didn't want to kill myself. Just why, I couldn't figure out. Examining my feelings further, I could even discover a grim curiosity about the future. This business of being blind was going to be a damned nuisance, but it might not be without a certain academic interest. In any event, I couldn't choose to die; that just wasn't in me. . . .

To friends who kept in close touch with me during those dark days, it seemed excessively cruel that my doctor told me the final truth so bluntly. They felt it would have been better for me to come to an awareness of my new state in easy stages. With this I emphatically disagree. Dr. Berens did exactly right. The time had come for surgery other than a bodily kind, and he had grasped the scalpel with courage.

There is only one possible rule for a man who must make adjustment to a new condition of living: he has to know the truth, the whole truth, at once. Only by knowing it all can he determine his true relation to it. If he is physically able to make an adjustment, he is physically able to take it. To withhold any of it from him is to risk the entire structure of his adjustment.

After the shock of Dr. Berens' news, I had a healthy reaction. I can't say truthfully that I awaited with eagerness my new life; but the one thing I did want—and greatly—was to leave behind me, as quickly as possible, everything that had to do with doctors, hospitals and surgeries. They had tried to do their job and I was grateful; now there was another job to be done and to delay its beginning might endanger the outcome.

A MONTH AFTER leaving the hospital, I entered Seeing Eye in Morristown, New Jersey, to begin a month of training in the use of a guide dog.

After three days of lectures in theory and use of equipment I was formally introduced to my new eyes. They acknowledged the introduction with the kind of snort made only by a friendly male Boxer and the touch of a very cold and very broad nose. "Wizard" turned out to be my eyes' name.

I had needed no urging about getting a guide dog. Argument as to whether the dog was advisable or not for a blind man seemed to me as foolish as argument about a wooden leg for a man who has lost his limb. But wood has hardness, toughness, consistency: it isn't a living thing with an unfathomable personality. Just how does a dog lead you, how does he know where to go? It seemed incredible that anyone would dare try crossing Lexington Avenue in New York City with only a small animal to guide him.

Oh, I was familiar enough with the story of Seeing Eye. I was willing to grant the dog was the nearest substitute for sight that has yet been devised. But I reserved judgment until the day my dog and I would try that first crossing of Lexington Avenue. For I had had dogs and I had loved them, but even how to break one of chasing cars or teaching him to do anything more useful than bringing home the paper had been beyond me.

Well, here I throw away everything I know about telling a good tale and give the ending at once. Although Wizard has his off days when he would rather take a taxi or bus than walk up Fifth Avenue in the rain, as a usual thing he takes me wherever I want to go with much of the old freedom. I take a trolley or bus and walk across streets with as much safety as ever. The fact that Wizard needs the exercise makes me get out more often, too, than I used to. No sedentary existence for us.

Special legislation in New York State permits us to go together on all transportation systems. And Wizard now counts the Chrysler and RCA Buildings among the places he knows. Having been in them once or twice, he now turns toward them on my command to veer left or right at the first familiar entrance.

We attract attention when we are together, but Wizard is a ham and loves it. He weighs 80 pounds, has a brindle coat—they tell me—and a curiously black, wrinkled face, and when he walks with me he keeps his tongue lolling out and his bulldog teeth exposed in a way that quickly clears the path ahead. His ferocious appearance belies his character, though. I have never heard him bark. He is a sensitive creature, susceptible to moods, and I have to be careful to be bright and cheerful with him or he gets worried about me. When he isn't cheerful I worry about him, so between us we do a great deal of worrying and are well matched.

THEY HAVE AN apt phrase at Seeing Eye; the dog doesn't belong to you, you belong to the dog. The month you spend training there is none too long, for to be successful with your dog, before you leave the place you must have won his affection and cooperation in a way that has never before been done with a dog on earth. The relationship between man and dog is as old as written history, but it remained for Seeing Eye to bring it to its ultimate closeness.

I am fairly familiar with philanthropic organizations, yet I have never encountered one more ably managed than Seeing Eye. Students come, an average of 16 a month, from every part of the U.S. and Canada. To support this work contributing members everywhere give annually what they can. I understand that about 20,000 people now comprise the contributing membership.

The students are not only given their training and the dog selected for them, but are lodged and fed in excellent quarters. To any civilian, the total charge is $150; to an ex-serviceman, $1. A man returning for his second or even third dog has a charge of but $50. Manifestly, the cost to Seeing Eye is many times these figures.

The charge, in fact, is so small a fraction of the cost that one sometimes wonders why the entire service, including the dog, is not given free. But an essential in the philosophy of Seeing Eye is giving each student the feeling that he himself has paid for what he gets. Also, the fact that Seeing Eye believes in the student's ability to meet an obligation is in itself a major factor in developing self-reliance.

I am going to tell my story of Seeing Eye as though it happened in one period, but actually I spent two months there, with two groups of students. Before my first training was finished, Wizard became ill and I was assigned another dog. But Seeing Eye, deciding that the second dog was not for me, offered to let me return when Wiz was himself again. That turned out to be the following month. However . . .

Snow lay on the ground that February day when I enrolled with 15 other blind. My first class included two servicemen and two girls. Of my second class, four were women, three were servicemen, four were Negroes, and one was a Latin-American. They were musicians, salesmen, newsstand operators, factory employees. One was a housewife with three children; she needed a dog to help with shopping. Another, an old-timer returning for his second dog, was a practicing attorney whose first dog had taken him through four years at Cornell. Still another was a masseur—and our ranks even included a night-club entertainer.

Enrollment day was very casual. No one led me anywhere. On my first evening I got lost trying to locate the lobby; but a staff member came to my rescue with the genial remark: "What are you trying to do, knock the house down?"

You butter your own bread, cut

Do The Blind "Feel" Their Way?

IN 1749, THE French philosopher Diderot, noticing the remarkable ability of a blind friend not only to detect distant objects but to estimate their distance accurately, wondered whether a certain skin sensitivity might not be involved. Many of the blind who possess this faculty to high degree are not themselves sure it is due entirely to their hearing. Some assert that they feel definite skin contractions.

In 1924, the French researcher Romains brought out his theory that the tactile nerve corpuscles of the skin were really little eyes and were brought into function by the blind. The consensus of experimentation, however, to which a series of experiments at Cornell has contributed much, is that hearing alone is the faculty called into play, and that the phenomenon is entirely explainable on the basis of reflected sound waves.

your own meat; if you complain you have never done these things before, you are told it's time you started. All this is part of the philosophy of Seeing Eye. Leave a man alone and he will rediscover his independence. Every member of the staff, even the cooks and waitresses, keeps this philosophy in mind and never deviates from it.

I began to understand this unanimity of purpose when I learned that every important member of the staff has spent at least one month living the life of a blind person, his vision cut off by a mask, until he is thoroughly convinced he knows what it is to be without sight. Sympathy, therefore, is not excluded at Seeing Eye, but pity is; the essence of the Morristown philosophy being that pity is the luxury of the giver and the destroyer of the recipient.

The day my group was assigned our dogs was as perfectly fashioned a piece of drama as any I have ever devised. At breakfast, our director said: "You will go to your rooms. Please remain there until each of you is called. Then you will go to the recreation room, where your instructors will introduce you to your dogs. I hope you will be satisfied with them."

I shall never forget the next two hours; my roommate and I paced our room, smoked too many cigarettes, exhaustively speculated on the kind of dog each would get. Our success or failure at Seeing Eye depended entirely on the rapport which would be effected between our dogs and ourselves. We had been warned that it was unlikely that the bond would be set up immediately, but we also wanted the first impressions we made on our dogs to be of the best.

Finally there came a call for my roommate. "Wish me luck," he said, and left me alone to my thoughts. Ten minutes later he was back, bursting through the door like a tornado. "Holy smoke—look what I got! Meet Deedee."

The friendly German Shepherd at the end of the leash was jumping all over me. But I had no time to get acquainted with Deedee, for the instructor said, "You're next."

My blood turned to water on the way to the recreation room. "Chair to your right," came the instructor's quiet voice. I sank into the chair. Then the instructor said, "This is Wizard." And that big male Boxer was suddenly all over me, snuffling and whiffling and licking my face—the creature who would be my almost inseparable companion for presumably the next ten years.

We spent the rest of the day in our rooms, getting acquainted with our dogs. Our floor sounded like a house full of canaries; everybody was whistling. The first disagreement developed that afternoon between my roommate and myself; he maintained that Shepherds are the world's greatest dogs, flying in the face of the plain evidence of Wizard that the Boxer is the world's greatest breed.

The class's dogs responded with equally varied reactions. Some were bewildered by the unaccustomed attention, some received it with apparent indifference. Wizard was one of the indifferent ones. Oh, he took my caresses patiently enough, but he was full of the dignity peculiar to a Boxer, and his attitude expressed the feeling that in accepting my attentions, he was only doing what his real master, the instructor, wanted.

NOT UNTIL THE fourth day did we try our dogs in harness on the streets of Morristown. Wizard allowed me to put on the light equipment and trotted beside me amiably, responding to the ten words used in command when I gave them. But it soon became apparent that he was cooperating only because ordered to do so by the instructor. Wizard had just gone through three months' training and had conceived a passionate adoration for the instructor. It made things look tough. But the instructor assured me that there would come a day, even an observable moment, when Wizard would show himself *my* dog.

At that moment, Wizard would no longer be doing by rote what he had been trained to do, but would be actively on guard for my safety, leading me around puddles, keeping me from lampposts, and finding a way to get me up on the curb without running me against a mailbox, which he did not yet seem willing to do. In answer to my anxious question, I was told that this rapport usually took about three weeks.

Life now became strenuous. We got up at 5:45 A.M. to take the dogs outdoors for curbing. By 8, we were on the Morristown streets practicing, our instructors taking us in pairs with our dogs. Our day ended with the last visit of the dogs outdoors at 8 P.M.

I am certain that, at first, Wizard felt profound contempt for me. He probably wondered why he had been turned over to this jerk who held the harness so ineptly and who kept stepping on his toes. The fact that I fed and watered him didn't fool him a bit—he knew the instructor brought the food pans. I knew he knew because I brought a pan to the room one day. Wizard just yawned—he hadn't heard the instructor come up the stairs.

Then suddenly his attitude changed from indifference to something worse. Wizard made the discovery that I could not see. This meant that all kinds of tricks could be played on me. He observed that I didn't know I was at the end of a street until I touched the curb. If he succeeded in turning me at a corner before taking me to the curb, he could deflect me to the warmth of the bus station or toward the car in which we had come from the school, thus saving himself an hour's practice. He found, too, that because the ground was frozen, I didn't know when he took me off the sidewalk, and so he devised a shortcut to the park when we visited it for curbing at 5:45 A.M.

My classmates began having the same trouble, and we were disappointed and gloomy. We stopped bragging about our dogs and complained of their behavior. We beefed about the instructor, wondering what he had been up to during the three months he was supposed to have been training our dogs.

The instructor, however, knew

what was happening. The time had come to teach us how to administer discipline. Until then, we had not been allowed to use more than a mild verbal reproof. Now we were taught the word —"pfui"—which is used in dog training as the sign of disapproval, and to give it authority, if necessary, by a tug on the leash. This was not punishment, we were told. Seeing Eye dogs are never punished; they are corrected. And when the dog resumes doing things the correct way, the praise must be unmistakable.

After being taught this, the class begins to relax. We are not hitting so many lampposts or running down so many street signs. Our dogs have learned that sharp reproof will follow either mistake, and that the only reward for playing tricks is to be brought back to position to perform the task over again. But this is still rote. We haven't yet been truly adopted by our dogs. They aren't aware of their responsibility. They still can't be trusted entirely alone with their masters in crossing a street.

What makes the dog decide ultimately to assume this responsibility seems beyond human understanding. The dog will go to sleep under his master's bed at Seeing Eye one night without it, and the next morning awaken with it. From that point on the master is safe. He can cross any street, he can proceed up the most crowded sidewalk. His period of training, except for a few further technical pointers, is over. He is ready to go home.

From that day until his death, the dog is seldom separated from his master. He sleeps beside his master's bed. His ears are so accustomed to his master's tones that he can distinguish soft commands amid the roar of traffic.

What is the dog's reward for this lifetime of devotion? I am often asked this question by those who believe that the dog is forced to his task or that his training has been based on coercion. The dog's true reward is affection. In human terms this may seem ridiculous, but in a

The Dog Demands Full Partnership

A FAMOUS DOG trainer told me that never has it been discovered that failure of the guide dog-man relationship was due to the dog. Invariably, the master was found to be at fault; the dog was not getting those rewards which make him want to remain in partnership.

So the responsibility is wholly on the master; he has a duty which he cannot ignore. That reverses his position. Before he got his dog, in theory at least, others had the responsibility for him and he had duties only insofar as he wanted to assume them. That a creature—this dog—should look to him for everything, returns living in a measure to its proper balance. A being looks to him for happiness. Thus he comes to realize the truth in our well-founded cliche that the creation of happiness in another is the easiest way to attain it in one's self.

dog's terms it is anything but that. The relationship between the blind man and his dog is the closest rapport of its kind ever achieved. The very privilege of this closeness is the dog's reward.

Graduation at Seeing Eye is as casual as matriculation. The staff—busy preparing for the class coming in the next day—seems mildly surprised at our hearty handshakes and enthusiastic promises to write to them. There are no diplomas, no certificates.

The bell rings for our last meal; in ten seconds we have our dogs harnessed. We bound from our rooms, banging the doors. (The first day we dared to quit our rooms, we felt our way along the walls.) We dash across the recreation room, run downstairs — strictly against rules—burst into the dining hall and find our places. Time: 30 seconds. On our first day it took 12 minutes.

But however great the change in us, it is no less great in our dogs. There is a tautness about them as they stand beside us in harness: there is a new pride in their carriage. They hold their heads high, ears cocked. They are creatures with an important office and they know it.

That afternoon my wife came to Seeing Eye. We greeted each other for the first time since we'd parted in Los Angeles five months before. It might have been a harrowing meeting, but for the presence of Wizard. For I went to the meeting walking like anyone else, and when we took the bus for New York an hour later, I entered it with the confidence of one who's accustomed to getting into busses without assistance. Our family had acquired another member—that was the only difference.

MY FIRST ACT after dressing every morning is to take Wiz out for curbing. My last act at night is to take him outdoors again. In our part of New York, virtually everyone owns a dog and it usually takes Wiz at least 20 minutes to say hello to all his friends.

Because I have Wiz, I transferred my business activities from my apartment to an office building two miles distant. It seems a shame to waste money on taxis while I have the dog, so we take the Third Avenue trolley for a nickel. I am now one of the 9 o'clock regulars.

As I write this I am in my office; Wiz is lying under the table, thinking no doubt of dinner, which is some two hours off. We have been at the office all day; indeed, we're at the office all day every weekday. Our only visit outdoors after 9 in the morning is at noon, when we go to lunch, and at 6 when we go home. Tonight we have to go to a meeting; I have several packages of dog food in the desk, one of which he will get, mixed with water, at 6:30—his regular dinner hour. In 15 months he has not had any serious illness.

Dogs vary a great deal in temperament and personality, like human beings, and the master must discover the special wants of his dog. I have found, for instance, that Wiz can stand much more petting from others than seems to be good

Blinded Veterans Are Looking For Jobs

The Blinded Veterans' Association is a vigorous organization determined to convince employers that there is variance among the blind just as there is among the sighted. Some members have not hesitated to approach important businessmen with the same aplomb they learned in forcing enemy positions in Europe and the Pacific.

Two of these lads called on the skeptical head of a New York department store and made him go down to the street to see how they got through revolving doors. The executive was dumfounded to see the boys approach the store along the sidewalk, turn in, go through the revolving doors and find their way unassisted to the elevators.

Then one of the boys got back of the handkerchief counter and showed that by the sense of touch he could tell the more expensive items. The belt and leather-goods counter was the next point of demonstration. The boys were just making for the ladies' shoe department when the executive decided to call a halt to the experiment.

If that executive can make his colleagues believe what he's seen, perhaps that store will represent a battlefield at least partly won. In any event, this executive knows that some blind have a sense of humor.

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for most Seeing Eye dogs. This is partly due to the nature of the Boxer, a breed that seems to be more able than most dogs to distinguish between affection received from others and from the master.

Others besides myself now often feed or water him; he knows that he can occasionally look to my wife or my secretary for food. But with Wiz the point upon which I cannot encroach without hurting his feelings is to leave him behind for a very long period of time. Occasionally I cannot avoid deserting him for an evening; theater managers don't understand why Wiz should want to see plays or hear concerts; and anyway, when in a warm place he starts snoring as only a Boxer can snore.

When I return home after leaving him behind, he shows his disapproval in unmistakable terms. Onlookers think I'm being attacked by a vicious animal; he is like a parent whose child has shown up after an unaccountable disappearance and whose anger almost overmasters relief at seeing the loved one again. And the next time we go out together he throws himself into his work as if to say, "See—you do it much better with me along!"

Yes, Wiz can be left behind, if need be, but there isn't much desire on the part of either of us to be separated. The other day I was curbing him in front of our office building when a stranger asked how much I would take for the dog. I said: "Oh, about a quarter of a million dollars." The man was very huffy; he thought I wasn't serious.

Once I stood poised on a Fifth Avenue curb, listening for a change in traffic so we could cross. A voice to my left asked if he might pet the dog. Politely, I refused. "Oh, but I just can't resist a dog like that," the man said, and by the motion of Wiz's body I knew he was being fondled.

The traffic direction changed at that moment; I sharply ordered the man to take his hands off the dog. Wiz apparently thought I was criticizing him and stopped dead in the middle of Fifth Avenue. I was frightened, being already late in crossing, and shouted an order to go on. This really confused him.

Traffic changed again and there I was—caught between thundering taxis and busses. I got safely to the other side somehow and was petting Wiz to calm him when the stranger whose stupidity had almost gotten us killed came up. He had the effrontery to upbraid me for my severe treatment of that wonderful animal.

Then there was the woman who lived for a time in our apartment building. She thought it was a sin to make dogs work, and told the elevator operators they ought to be ashamed to speak to me.

There will probably always be people who think Seeing Eye dogs are under forced labor. These are ever on the lookout for evidences of abuse by the master, and are always reporting such evidence to the police. But New York police are wonderful: I would be very remiss in giving thanks to the world if I did not acknowledge the part they have played in making life easier for me. "Okay, Mac—the light's changed." When I hear that, I know it's a cop.

We take everything in our stride, Wiz and I—and a good fast stride it is. We are grateful to people who still ask us if we need help in crossing the street and we thank them politely but assure them that we'll get across all right. We go where we want to go, swiftly and without anxiety. We are independent.

Our life together would be fairly simple, in fact, if we were not constantly being asked to do tricks. I am supposed to know all about dog training; it ought to be easy for me to teach him to show off. It's a simple principle, I am told; it rests upon the superiority of the human mind over that of the animal.

Well, I tried to apply that principle on Wiz. I did try teaching him some tricks. He didn't learn any, but how would you like to see me scratch my right ear with my left hind foot?

CREDITS

Photos: Pages 27-33, 34 (top), Edward Rinker, 34 (bottom), C. Ramsey from FPG; 59, 60 (bottom), 63 (top), 64 (top), Drennan; 60 (top), 64 (bottom), 66, MGM from "Traffic with the Devil"; 61, 146, 150, 154, 163, International News Photo; 62 (top), Roy Dunlap, Indiana State Police, Northwestern University Traffic Institute; 62 (bottom), Walter Sokol, Michigan State Police, Northwestern University Traffic Institute; 63 (bottom), Blaine F. Skeen, Los Angeles Police Department, Northwestern University Traffic Institute; 65, Acme Newspictures; 76, Infant Welfare Society of Chicago; 143, Dave Cicerto, International News Photos; 144, Simon Nathan; 145, Alexander Alland; 149, Langill and Darling, Culver Service; 151, Sonnee Gottlieb, International News Photos; 152, 153, Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.; 155, Wide World Photos; 156, Keystone Pictures, Inc.; 160, S. W. Vandivert, International News Photos; 161, 162, Roger-Coster from Rapho-Guillumette.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and must be accompanied by postage or provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event that they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

Coronet

VOL. 21, No. 5; WHOLE No. 125

Publisher:
DAVID A. SMART

Editor-in-Chief:
OSCAR DYSTEL

Executive Editor:
GORDON CARROLL

Managing Editor:
HARRIS SHEVELSON

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Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Alfred Smart, Sec.-Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Treas. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 per year in advance; no charge for Foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U. S. A. Semiannual index available on request.

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Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

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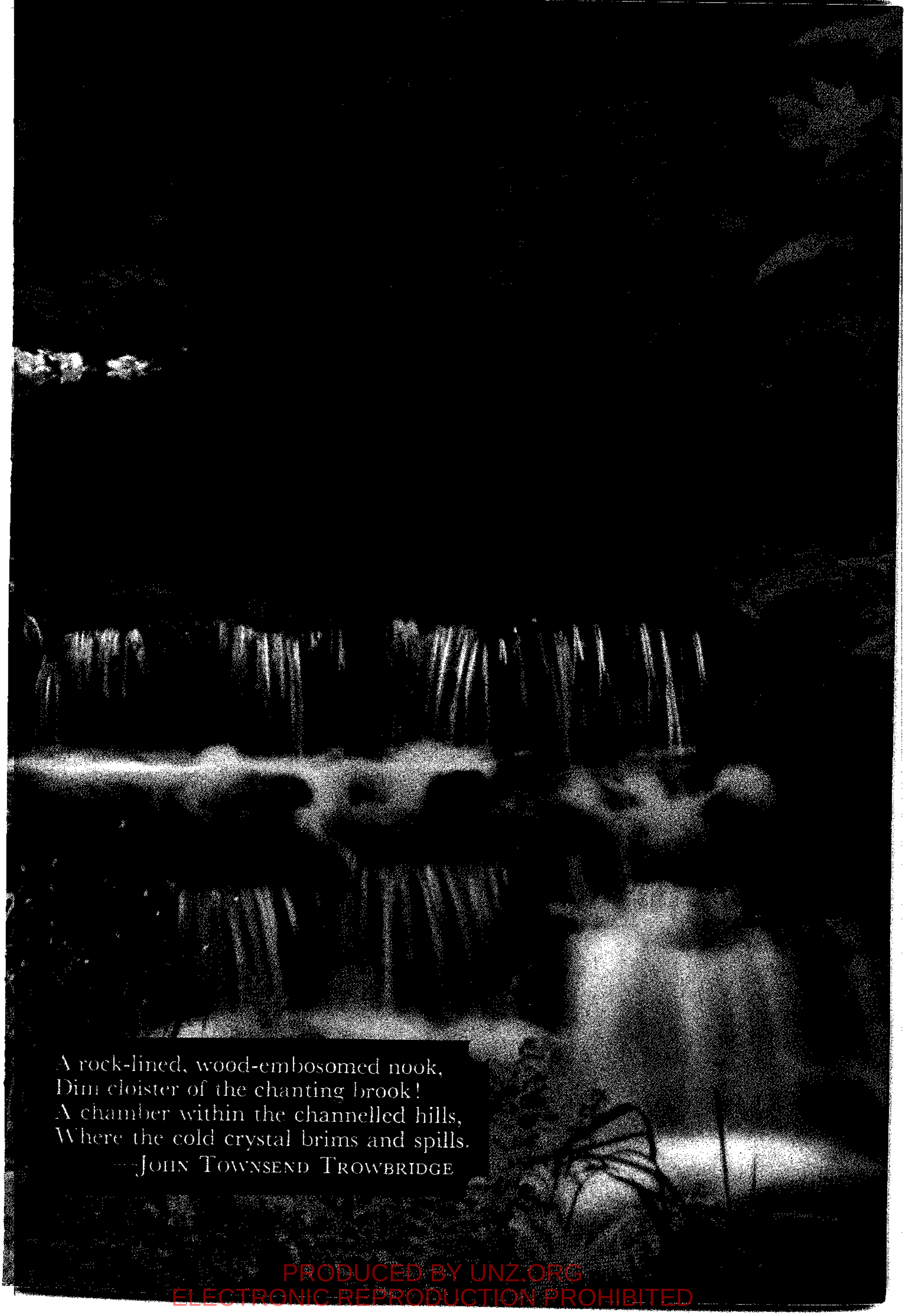
This Month's Cover: In painting Coronet's springtime cover, artist Dave Mink drew on his own experiences with the home-owner's most thankless chore—the battle of the storm windows. The house in the painting is near his home in Evanston, Illinois, and the harassed householder is an actor who modeled for him. Mink, a well-known magazine illustrator, has had numerous one-man shows of gallery paintings in New York, Chicago, Cleveland and other art centers.



A rock-lined, wood-embosomed nook,
Dim cloister of the chanting brook!
A chamber within the channelled hills,
Where the cold crystal brims and spills.
—John Townsend Trowbridge